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No. 1

In a day of peace, let us advance the arts of peace, and the works of peace. Let us develop the resources of our land, call forth its powers, build up its institutions, promote all its great interests, and see whether we also, in our day and generation may not perform something worthy to be remembered. Let us cultivate a true spirit of unity and harmony. In pursuing the great objects our condition points out to us, let us act in a settled conviction and habitual feeling that all our provinces are the making of one grand country. Let our object be our country, our whole country, and nothing but our country.

Adapted from Daniel Webster's speech at Charlestown, June, 1825.

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"Listen now," he said, "you got to quit growling!"

The confessions of a Publicity Agent. See Page 108.

MACLEAN'S MAGAZINE

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The Sphinx of Alberta

Canada prides herself on the fact that her democracy has evolved a type of public men that is creditable to modern civilisation. History has cast a halo around great men of war, politics, and learning in the past in all the really great countries of the world. When one looks at close range at the living figures of his time he is most liable to adversely criticize these in comparison with the virtues of the past which have been added to "by their being far." It has been the policy of Maclean's Magazine to give character sketches of her living public men, and in this regard our readers have much commended us. The present character sketch is among Mr. Craick's best. He has just returned from a trip to Alberta, where, as he says, he saw the Sphinx in his home province.

By W. A. Craick

THE square white-walled chamber gleamed brilliantly under a flood of light spilling down from a spangled ceiling. Opposite the visitors' gallery, the seven seats of the Opposition, stood out like lonely palm trees in the midst of an oasis of yellowish linoleum. The Speaker, debonnaire, like all his tribe, swung to and fro in a big swivel chair. To his right the three ranks of desks, brokenly occupied by a listless crew of government supporters, imparted a lopsided appearance to the apartment. A sprinkling of onlookers in the galleries and a few weary-looking reporters aloft in the narrow recess above the Speaker's dais, completed the scene.

A coup d'oeil from a vantage point, memory-staged the scene. Something in the picture held. A figure partially recombent in the first front seat on the government side, with feet extended on the adjacent chair, body thrown back, elbows at rest on the arms of his chair

and hands clasped, completed the expression of perfect relaxation. The face in repose is thin, priest-like, ascetic and impassive; the eyes are keen and black. It is a face that catches and holds the attention, impressing one with the strength of personality behind a sphinx-like mask that conceals the workings of an active mind. Among them all,—these legislators of the western province,—he stands forth as the predominating personality in the new white-walled legislative pile.

The semi-recombent figure is the Hon. Arthur L. Sifton, premier of Alberta. Strange to say he is dignified even in this favorite, undignified attitude. A certain aloofness about him, from the clean-shaven face to the immaculate button-holes, makes him appear quite proper in almost any position. His delicate hands, with rings on both little fingers, are as dainty as a woman's. His double-breasted coat is a perfect fit. The

wing collar and the black tie are precision itself. Yet the impression is not that of the fop or the extremist. There is nothing loud or showy about his dress. In short he is a careful student of detail, taking pride in his sartorial appearance.

Impassivity is not the invariable characteristic of Premier Sifton's face. The Siftonian smile is notable. At a pointed remark from an opposition speaker, he swings round in his chair and, catching the attention of one of his colleagues, exchanges with him an amused glance. It is the eyes that give the smile its significance. An opponent might term the expression of the face sardonic. There is a raising of the eye-brows, a sparkle in the pupils and almost a smug about the lips. The transition from grave to gay is rapid, like the passing of a ray of sunlight across a field in shadow, and as suddenly the former imperturbable look is resumed.

These momentary gleams of amused interest in the lunge of opposition speakers is an indication of the rapidity of the premier's mental action. Gifted with really remarkable powers of intuition, he is a man who sees quickly, grasps comprehensively and acts with supreme confidence in his own judgment. His faculty for absorbing an argument in detail is noteworthy. He has been known to sit calmly through a three-hour oration from a member of the opposition, in which facts and figures were hurled at him in bewildering confusion, and then without note or memorandum, rise to make an elaborate reply. His impassivity irritates his opponents. He is not discourteous but he conveys the impression of being quite unconcerned, twiddling his thumbs or making meaningless hieroglyphics on a scrap of paper.

Alberta's premier comes of a family, long gifted with an aptitude for dealing with practical politics. His father before him, the late Hon. John W. Sifton, was active in the public life of Manitoba as far back as 1878 and for some years was Speaker of the Legislative Assembly of that province. His younger brother, the Hon. Clifford Sifton, is one of the

notable figures in the larger sphere of national politics, whose services to the country have been of great value.

AN ONTARIO BORN.

Arthur Lewis Sifton was born near London, Ontario, fifty-four years ago. His grandparents had settled in Middlesex County in the early thirties, having emigrated to Canada from Pinnerbury, but the Sifton family are of English, not Irish origin, notwithstanding. His father went west in 1875 to undertake some contracting work and took his wife and children with him. Arthur had by that time advanced sufficiently in his studies to be almost ready for the University, and after putting in a winter session at Wesley College, in Winnipeg, was sent back to Ontario to enter as an undergraduate at Victoria University, then situated in Cobourg. The family were staunch Methodists and believed in supporting those educational institutions which were conducted under the wing of their own church.

Graduating in arts in 1880, he began the study of the law in Winnipeg the same year and after taking the usual three-year course was duly called to the bar in 1883. He promptly hung out his shingle in the town of Brandon and started in to win a name for himself as a leader in municipal politics. He entered the council and while he retained his seat at the council table is said to have managed to keep the municipal pot boiling merrily. Then being young, optimistic and venturesome, he wandered away in 1885 to Prince Albert, then probably enjoying one of its earlier booms, and practised there for four years. Following this one finds him invading Calgary, where he continued to reside for quite a number of years.

IN THE OLD NORTH-WEST COUNCIL

On politics he continued to bestow an intermittent interest. This led finally to his being elected a member of the Council of the North-West Territories for the district of Banff. Judge Haultain was leader of the territorial government at the time and soon after the Calgary lawyer's entry into the Coun-



Hon. A. L. Sifton at his desk.

cil, the latter was made treasurer and commissioner of public works. After holding office for two years only, so rapid has been political advancement in the West, he was transferred from the executive to the judicial department of the government as chief justice of the supreme court of the North-West Territories. This was but a short time before the autonomy bills of 1905 brought into being the new provinces of Alberta and Saskatchewan.

The changes consequent upon the foundation of the two prairie provinces had their effect upon Judge Sifton's position. He was offered two alternatives, the leadership of the Liberal party in Alberta or the chief justiceship of the same province. He chose the latter as it meant practically a continuation of the kind of work to which he had already decided to devote himself. The story of how he was ultimately called from the dignified independence of the bench to take part once more in the turmoil and strife of party poli-

tics, is a familiar one to all Canadians who follow the course of public affairs. There was disintegration at work in the Liberal party of Alberta which spelled disaster. Only one man could heal the breach and that was Judge Sifton. He was appealed to, consented to come to the assistance of his former political friends, threw aside his robes and stepped down from the bench.

A PROGRESSIVE LEGISLATOR.

Much progressive legislation has been put through during the three years that ex-Judge Sifton has been at the head of the Alberta government. There is no province of the Dominion, with the possible exception of Saskatchewan, which has taken such advanced steps. That much of the legislation has been initiated by the premier himself is undoubted. From a long experience of Western conditions he has come to a thorough realization of Western needs and he has not been slow to put into force those measures, which he has

deemed of value to the young and rapidly expanding province. Thus it is significant that Alberta has to-day the first measure of direct legislation to be passed in Canada, that it was earliest in the field with a *comprehensive workmen's compensation act*, that its new *system of agricultural schools* has been pronounced the most effective plan of agricultural education yet devised in Canada, that its *co-operative elevator act* is an even more radical measure than the successful Saskatchewan act and that the provincial university is being developed along the most liberal lines.

But the premier did not come into office without having to assume a heavy burden in the shape of the Alberta and Great Waterways difficulty, which may yet prove a serious obstacle to progress. With characteristic tactiturnity and a dislike of divulging his policy until absolutely necessary, he has not yet given an indication of what steps will be taken to get rid of this old man of the sea. His friends and admirers are confident that he can overcome the difficulty. His opponents hope to see it compass his overthrow.

MAKES DECISIONS QUICKLY.

The experience which Premier Sifton gained on the bench has had much to do with his success as an administrator. As a judge he was famed for his penetration and quick decision, coupled with a fearlessness that led him to enforce the law with the utmost rigor. It was largely through his firmness and zeal that cattle-rustling was stamped out in Alberta, while other forms of lawlessness had short shrift from him. When his energies were diverted to the making of laws, instead of their enforcement, he put these same faculties to good use in their drafting and enactment.

When Chief Justice the speed with which he rendered judgment was an astonishment to many members of the bar. He could estimate the value of an argument in relation to a case in point almost as soon as it was delivered and did not require hours of study to arrive at a decision. This was well illustrated in the lumber combine case of 1907, when the court listened to evidence and

argument for ten days. The final address of counsel was delivered, onlookers and participants were preparing to leave the room, when to the amazement of everybody the Chief Justice, instead of announcing that he would postpone judgment as was anticipated, rose in his place and calmly proceeded to deliver his finding. Though in many respects a most complicated case, the whole thing was over in twenty minutes.

There is one explanation which is sometimes advanced to explain Premier Sifton's propensity for settling problems quickly. Realizing his power of summing up a situation with accuracy and despatch, it is said that he has gradually assumed a sort of mental indolence, which makes any long continued application to study distasteful. Concurrently he is equally averse to having the necessity for making a decision hang over him and so, to put himself entirely at his ease, he seizes his *bête noir* by the horns and has done with difficulties as they arise. By a strong exertion of will-power he settles the lumber combine case "right off the bat" and doubtless went home a much more contented man than had he used the excuse of requiring more time for deliberation, in order to save the trouble of immediate action. Be this as it may, Premier Sifton is certainly not to be described as a "plugger", nor does he possess the power of long, concentrated application, which has given Hon. Clifford his advantage.

IN HIS PRIVATE OFFICE.

In the premier's desk in his private office, there is a box, well-known to his friends. It has a glass top, through which one can see the even layers of an excellent brand of black cigars. The premier is an inveterate smoker and a connoisseur in the matter of weeds. He and his black cigars are seemingly inseparable. If he is not puffing at one of them, he is at least holding it in his fingers or picking it up from his desk, and the replenishing of his glass-topped box is a frequent necessity.

A STORY FROM THE BURNINGS.

Apart from his love of tobacco, Premier Sifton has no other so-called bad



A MAGNIFICENT PILE.

Alberta's new Legislative buildings on the banks of the Saskatchewan at Edmonton. The foothills of the Rockies make its setting to the west, while around it stretches out a fabulously rich agricultural province.

habits. No one has ever heard him swear and he has the reputation of never having taken a drink in his life. What is more, he has such an aversion to intemperance that he would not countenance a man even partially intoxicated in his presence. On this he is very decided. Apropos of his temperance principles, the story is told that when he was campaigning in the Banff district in 1902, his friends the late Malcolm Mackenzie and Paddy Nolan, accompanied him one day to the collieries at Bankhead, where he was to address a meeting of miners. Nolan was throwing money around with Celtic generosity, treating the men lavishly, but Sifton with characteristic distaste for such proceedings held aloof. His attitude was remarked by the men, who presently began to notice each other and point to him. Nolan saw that his friend was not gaining anything by his adherence to principle and, to offset any possible loss of prestige, took a few of the miners into his confidence and whispered mysteriously by way of explanation: "*He's interdicted, boys. That's*

why he can't join you." This bit of information circulated rapidly, the candidate became an unconscious hero and his stock rose appreciably.

The Honorable Arthur has been induced on occasion to patronize horse shows where his brother, the Honorable Clifford, has exhibited some of his famous horses. He would endeavor to look interested in the proceedings, watch the jumping attentively and applaud the fraternal triumphs, but would fall on the whole to understand just why people should get so enthused over such a performance. Despite the rakish look, which the cigar and the tilted hat impart to his appearance, Alberta's premier is not to be classed as a sport. He plays no games himself and rarely goes to watch others play.

NO REAL ESTATE SPECULATOR.

So far as it can be known of one so reserved, the premier has never speculated in real estate. Indeed his reputed ignorance of the business is so great that it is said he doesn't even know the name of one of the subdivisions around Ed-

monton. Be this as it may, it is not a bad characteristic in the man who is at the head of the government of a province, in which real estate speculation has been carried on so extensively.

Premier Sifton, (or the Chief, as he is generally called around the Legislative Buildings, the name having clung to him from judiciary days), has made very few intimate friends. To the people at large, even to the large majority of his supporters in the Legislature, he is a riddle. They respect him personally, cherish a warm admiration for his abilities, but love him little. He is courteous but cold, polite but markedly reserved, a man with a mask to all but a small group of close personal acquaintances. Those who enjoy his confidence, men like the Hon. Charles Mitchell, fairly worship the ground on which he treads. His secretaries and those who work under him in his own department, are loud in his praises, calling him a prince among men. But one must needs be very intimate to get under the shell.

There are two places where the Chief is in his element and these are so opposite in character as to arouse comment. One is in the forefront of a spirited debate in the Legislature and the other is at an afternoon tea or evening reception in his own or a friend's house. In both situations his sharp wit and sharp tongue find opportunity for agree-

able employment. He enjoys the flip-pant talk of the drawing-room, as he revels in the keen play of argument in debate, and it requires no second invitation to induce him to attend a society function.

As a platform speaker he possesses notable abilities. He is fluent, convincing and practised. His style is perhaps a trifle too caustic and aggressive to be generally appreciated. He likes to ridicule his opponents and often indulges in satirical references to their achievements, but as a party fighter he knows how to please his followers. The Chief is a strong partisan with an inherent dislike of Toryism and a prejudice against all Tories.

When necessity demands it, he can be as *ambiguus as the best mugwump orator* in the field. Prior to the Dominion election of 1896, he went down to Pincher Creek to address a meeting on the issues of the day. The greater part of his speech, which lasted for an hour and a half, was taken up with a discussion of the Remedial bill. After the meeting an old rancher came up to him in a perplexed state of mind and said, "Mr. Sifton, I've been living out here quite a long time now and I've sort of got out of touch with things down east. Our family used to be good Liberals in Ontario. Would you mind telling me now, which side you're on in this Remedial business?"

IMAGINATION

Imagination, like hope, and all other racial gifts, is hard to kill. Some men and women hold it so sacred that neither the elements nor the wild flowers are ever quite forgotten; their clothes are never in the way of their wings and their feet are beautiful in the meadows. Indeed the fairy-sense, if I may so call it, will never die. It is innate as the religious sense itself. Although intellectualism may give us theology for gospel, academic technique for virtue handicraft, school curricula for education, yet—and notwithstanding these fruitless idolatrous trivium, Science and Witchcraft—the fairy sense still lives. It is clothing itself anew in old dance song and handicraft; while the children rise to give it welcome.

—From The Contemporary Review.

The Classic Commonplace

Why do art studies command such an influence over us? Why is it that the beautiful picture will arrest, hold and spiritualize the casual passer-by? It must be as Upton has well said, 'that true beauty is sweetness and sweetness is the spiritualization of the gross.' In Maclean's Magazine a series of articles have been appearing giving inside glimpses upon the work of some of our Canadian painters. This article is of a different type and will be found a necessary preparatory for a further appreciation of the good picture. It is noteworthy that the casual observer passes over a great deal of detail in the landscape which, to the trained eye, becomes intensely interesting. For later issues some especially good articles on art and artists are in preparation.

By Dewar Montague

BEAUTY, said the old proverb, lies in the eye of the beholder, but if the beholder is too busy to see it—this is the modern, Canadian completion of the proverb—that doesn't say that the beauty is not there just the same. Beauty is that quality in any object which, through our faculties of perception, stimulates agreeable feelings in us. But if our perceptions are pre-occupied with other things, such as selling real estate, or building sky-scrapers or digging post holes, it does not necessarily follow that the dawn is any less lovely. In the older countries, the countries from which we came in the first place, educated men and even the uneducated make a practice of observing the beautiful things about them. Their eyes are trained to look intelligently at the works of new painters or new sculptors, and to appreciate the masters long since dead. Their ears are more or less attuned to agreeable music, either in the form of a Strauss waltz or a classic at the opera. In short, in these older countries there is a whole literature of the artistic and the beautiful. But in

this country of ours, miles and miles of more exquisite pictures than any in a continental salon, and endless bars of greater music than that of their orchestras or their operas, go to waste every year simply because the country is too busy to see it, and cannot spare men to paint it, model it or write down in the form of music.

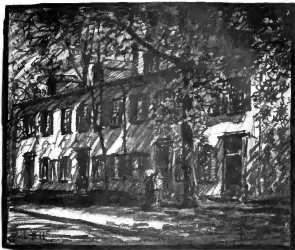
Of course beauty is not confined to the things a man sees with the eye or hears through his ears, but is found also in all the branches of man's activity. The performance of a horse on the race track may be really beautiful because it pleases the perception of the onlookers; the sheer honest manliness of a common laborer walking home from his day's work in the trench may be beautiful because it pleases certain perceptions of another onlooker; the working out of a problem in calculus may, by its very truthness delight the student of that subject; and so with a printing press, in which thousands of parts revolve in perfect harmony with the will of the motor which is driving it; so with the integrity of a public man, the accuracy of an adding ma-



"He—points with enthusiasm at an old tumble-down shack and an untidy back yard."

chime, the faithfulness of an old dog—these things have in them elements of the beautiful. But the more easily recognized forms of beauty are those which are expressed in color, line and form, or by the rhythmical and scientific combinations of sounds in music. By pencil and point, by wet clay and marble, or by written sheet and responsive instrument, examples of almost all that is beautiful are placed on paper by the men whom we call artists, in order that at least some of the beautiful

things of life may be recorded conveniently, and interpreted for those who are too busy to see for themselves and who have other work to do in the community. You and I in our places in the great industrial fabric of this nation have not always the time to see the beautiful about us. Beauty, like flowers in an astronomer's garden, blooms unseen about us, until the artist, whether in music or painting or marble, gives it permanent form by his work.



"A group of white-washed houses—and the cherry sunlight filtering through the chestnut trees."

It is an age of specialists, as has been said a good many times but, comparatively speaking, we lack specialists in the arts in Canada. Paris and London and Vienna overflow with artists. They have a quarter in Paris by themselves. They fill the garrets and the cellars and the middle floors of many a house—with nothing but the materials of their art. They spend their lives observing the effect of sunlight on a green field, or the shadow of a cloud on the grey side of what you and I would take to be merely a tumble-down cow-stable—and the rest of Europe is content to let them do it, and even pays them big prices for some of the pictures which are thus brought into the world, because the plain business folk of Enr-

ope have their own work to do—starting wars, or stopping them, or buying Sir William Mackenzie's bonds, or crowning a king or two—and so they leave it to these art specialists to look out for the beautiful things for them. It is the same with us, we leave jewel setting and watch mending to the jeweller, and putting up stove-pipes to the odd-jobs man, and laying the hardwood floor to the carpenter. But for Art! For the beautiful!—Canada has not yet been able to spare enough men from her railway building, wheat growing and real estate booming to make more than a small colony. The artists of Canada are a mere handful out of our eight million souls, and because we cannot spare much money for pic-

Fig. 2

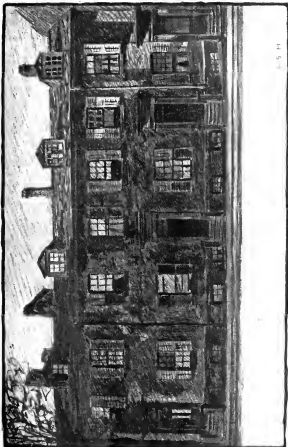
tures, but must use it in more material ways in this young country, we do not spend enough per annum in paintings, or sculpture to keep even those artists we have, in Canada. They flit abroad to the countries that have more time and more money for art, and they employ themselves seeing the beauty of other countries instead of the beauty in Canada. Men do not find it profitable to become, as it were, searchers after beauty in this country. Having graduated from college or high school they are sucked into the vortex of good healthy commercialism which represents the business life of Canada. If they want to paint pictures it must be after hours—unless they have private means or the courage to stand out and face a hard struggle for existence. Those artists who have prospered in this country and who are supplying, as best they can, the needs of this particular side of our national life, are doing so in spite of the youthfulness of the country, in spite of its absorption in more mundane affairs.

So for want of interpreters a great percentage of the beauty that lies about us in our Canadian country and towns goes unappreciated. Occasionally a business man, taking a holiday in the northern woods or in some place where nature still has a chance to show her head, has a sort of feeling that there is something about that sunset over there, or about that dawn, or that snow-storm sweeping down over the frozen lake, or the greyish-purple haze on the burned-over hills, or the glow of the camp-fire at night—that makes him long to be an artist. Perhaps, if he gets confidential, he may exclaim that he "wishes to goodness" someone had taught him how to draw, and that he could only make a picture of such and such a thing he saw that stirred agreeable feelings in his mind. Or, hearing the wind in the forest at night it makes a weird music which he wishes he could remember. It has a tune and yet not a tune. It has rhythm and yet no rhythm that one could mark by tapping his foot to it. He wishes he were able to write music, and write

down the great symphony of the forest. Or, he hears the crash of the waves on the beach beside his summer cottage during a gale—and again wishes he were a composer. He sees and hears a thousand things which he longs to remember. He yearns for the power of expressing himself. But he ends up, as a rule, by going back to his desk in the city and trying to forget all about it by dictating crisp business letters into a dictating machine. It is possible that next year he takes a camera with him up into the bush to try to "snap shot" some of the scenes he likes. But the camera does not get the colors he saw, nor the soft effects of light in the early morning or the early night. He is baffled—until one day, in an exhibition of pictures, he sees a painting of almost the very thing, or at a concert he hears a great orchestra or a great choir reproduce the sounds of that wind in that forest. The things he could not write down or paint for himself the specialists of music and painting have caught for him and idealized. So he goes on making money in his boiler factory and buys one of these paintings, or subscribes to seats at the concert for the whole season.

Though we may not have a great many artists in Canada to interpret for us and place in permanent form the beauty that lies all about us, one can realize more of this beauty by getting the habit of looking for it. Of course it is a common practice for every sentimental person to admire sunsets and dawns—though fewer persons see the dawns than see the sunset—and the pretty effect of snow on trees, and moonlight on water, but these are only the simplest, most rudimentary and most obvious forms of beauty. True, they must not be ignored, but instead of letting admiration and appreciation stop with them, the average man or woman might just as well train the eye to see the beauty or the interest in less prepossessing things, and sometimes even in very unexpected places.

Almost every man has an instinct for proportion and balance and the



"The picture—of what were once aristocratic old houses in a fashionable part of the city."

general symmetry of objects. Most people have general notions of the way colors blend, and can appreciate the difference between the richness of a piece of sage green velvet and the shallowness of a piece of cotton of exactly the same color. And these, are the rudiments of an understanding and appreciation of the beautiful. As for music, its appreciation is more of a gift, and those who have not an instinct for feeling the moods of music and catching the spirit of a composition, can only hope to appreciate it properly by considering the mathematical side of it, the ingenuity with which the composer has made one small theme the subject of a great movement, how he has built up the composition by the repetition and variations of a musical phrase which never becomes monotonous to the ear.

Follow this artist down town some morning when he is in a communicative mood. Let us suppose that he is a real observer of the beautiful, one who is worth talking to. You may happen to say what an ugly, dull day it is and he may reply, in a lively tone, "Dull! No, it isn't dull. It's a beautiful light. Look at that sky. It's not very often you see it such a peculiarly soft shade of gray. See the light on those old rough cast houses. Isn't that a peculiarly rich tone of grey? Look how cold the glint of the winter sun is in those back windows!"

He takes you through a very poor district and points with enthusiasm at old tumble down shacks and untidy back yards; he passes a church in course of erection and bids you admire the "Quality of the light" in the gloomy littered up interior. He points to an old row of houses and remarks at the pathos in them. You smile. You say to yourself "Dippy!", in a way that conveys great meaning to the practical mind, and in reality you conclude that the artist is only bluffing and putting on airs. But he isn't.

Go to his studio three weeks later. He lets you see his paintings. You wonder whether this one is a scene in Normandy or in rural England. This

bit of seascape must be from the coast of Brittany, this landscape from Wales. For we Canadians have come to believe that nothing is worth painting but something abroad, and, indeed, there are still a good many of the painters themselves who cannot see anything beautiful enough to paint in Canada, but must flee to Europe for inspiration. But in reality these pictures in this particular studio were not painted on the far side of the ocean. They are good Canadian scenes. The one you thought came from Normandy really is a scene in Hutton County, Ontario; the bit of Brittany coast is Lake Ontario; the Welsh landscape is from Quebec, not far from Ste. Anne de Beaupré.

But presently, from another room, the artist brings out a handful of sketches.

"Made these," he explains briefly, "from little scenes along the way as we were walking down town together the other day. Remember? That was great stuff we saw that day—"

You say to yourself "Hmph!"

"—and I took down a sketching box and made these few notes. I had to get permission to go into some of the back yards in order to get some of the pictures, but the people were very nice. Look here."

You look.

These are not the things that you and he saw the other day as you walked down town.

Here is that old fruit shop on the corner of York and Adelaide—why it makes quite a picture. If you had photographed it there wouldn't have been anything to it at all. Just the way the artist has looked at it, the way he has shaded it here and there makes it a picture and somehow brings out the character of the building.

Next is that dirty row of old boarding houses in "the ward." You thought nothing about them as you passed them that day, but now—the picture makes you shiver. The man who made this sketch has caught the feeling of poverty, misery, grime and dirt about these buildings. They looked clean enough from the outside when you passed, and

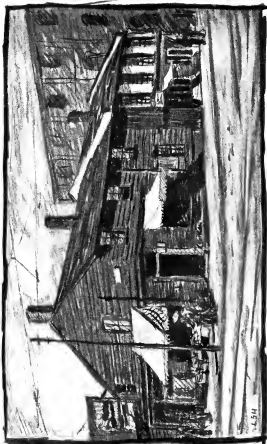


"Observe some slight cold effect of a winter sunset on the back windows— you will hurry in to your fire."

only your instinct told you they were inwardly unwholesome. Yet, the picture tells it also where the camera would have lied. See how the pencil has brought out the texture of the old roughest walls, and how the naked trunks of the half dead trees stand out, partly covered with snow!

There is on another street, a row of houses which you pass many times a month and which you never give a thought. The true artist passed them only once—and makes a picture of them! He tells you in the picture what you had not seen yourself; those were once aristocratic old homes in a

fashionable part of the city. They sheltered many a man distinguished in Canadian history, many a gay ball, many a formal reception by one of the elite of those old days. They were accounted wonderful dwellings then, with their solid walnut stairs and the dim old halls and the high-ceilinged drawing rooms. The picture tells you the comedy—tragedy of those old houses. They have been turned to beer uses. Some of them are respectable boarding houses, others are "lodging houses" for the tide of "transients" that continually flows in and out of the city. And



"Here is the old fruit-shop on the corner of York and Adelaide Streets."

there, like aristocracy brought low, the fine old doors and windows stand—monuments to progress, a progress which has left them behind. The artist does not only suggest that story but he makes the telling beautiful. The glint of light in the old squared-panes, the shadows on the time-stained walls—all these he brings out, where you and I would pass them unnoticed.

I am not arguing that such things as old houses make beautiful pictures—though the artists are ready enough to declare it—but I wish merely to show many things are to be seen even in a city street, and how the artists may see them for us. As you walk along a certain street in a very poor part of the city, you may observe a group of white-washed houses shaded by a row of chestnut trees. They are the tidiest and cheeriest houses in the whole district. The artist makes a sketch—just to record the cheery way the sun filters through the leaves of the dust-grimed trees on the sides of the houses. He only uses a few strokes of the pencil and yet, in those few strokes, he has told you more than you or I ever saw in all the times we passed.

Observe some night the peculiar cold effect of a winter sunset on the back windows of your house—you will shiver and hurry in to your fire. Now, the artist can put that shiver on paper or canvas for you, even though it is only a picture of the back windows of your house. He makes a picture of it. There is beauty in the way he expresses

the thing everybody saw, but only he could express.

So with a thousand other things. The portrait painter paints into his picture the thousand and one subtle impressions of the subject's character. He does not just record a certain number of features having such and such measurements and colors and mutual relationships. He interprets them by his impressions of the subject's own character. That is the difference between the portrait and the photograph. So with pictures from the brushes of great figure painters: they convey the beauty of form and color. So also with landscapes and seascapes. Thousands have seen the things the artist saw, but only the artist perceives them and makes pictures of them. Through his pictures we, whose specialities are of a more practical sort, are led to see the inward beauty of the subject.

In return for his art we do the chores for the country—each man to his own specialty. But as I said before, there are proportionately fewer artists in Canada than there should be, so that it behooves all of us to learn for ourselves a little of his skill, and to practice seeing the beautiful. Otherwise we miss thousands of pictures in a year, either in the street, or in the woods, or in our own houses; and we miss also many a fine symphony because we have not learned to look for music in the whining of the wind under our eaves, or the roar of the fire in the fire-place.





"Here, you boy, where're you been?" he said.

A Gambler's Chance

Readers of the April issue enjoyed "A Transaction in Bonds," written by Mr. Glass. This author was marked by many readers in that issue as especially clever in the field of business stories. "A Gambler's Chance" will be found to portray certain characteristics in the office and street life of the modern city which will particularly appeal to our readers.

By Montague Glass

LITTLE did it avail Jackie Feinberg that he sold more *Pagets* than any other boy in Seward Park, for the Semitic ancestry that determined the quality of his business ability had endowed him with an inordinate lust for gambling, which consumed all the profits of his newspaper vending.

Now, Jimmie Brennan's attitude toward gambling was different. He played cards because it was the vogue. If you didn't shoot dice, you weren't one of the gang, he reasoned; and so he continued to risk not only the small sum at stake, but a good licking from his mother to boot.

Mrs. Brennan allowed Jimmie out of

his weekly stipend sixty cents for lunches, which he was permitted to spend at the rate of ten cents daily; and to the end that none of it should go for riotous living, he was obliged each night to display the correct unexpended balance, or suffer the penalty. Rarely did he exceed his daily allowance, for his mother's hand was heavy and, laid on in correction, potent for good. Accordingly, one Monday morning it was an untoward destiny that confronted Jimmie with the tempter, Jackie Feinberg, and he arrived a half hour late at Mr. Goodel's office, with but twenty of the belated sixty cents remaining in his trousers.

Only the necessity of reaching the office before his employer had brought the game to a reluctant close, and it was with the promise to renew the contest on the dock at the foot of Wall Street between one and two that Jimmie had hastened down-town to his labor. He arrived breathless, to find his employer, Mr. Goodel, seated in the private office. Mr. Goodel frowned severely as Jimmie tiptoed to his little desk in the outer room.

"Boy," he cried in an awful voice, "you're late!"

Jimmie gulped and made no reply.

"Where have you been?" Mr. Goodel continued, and waited for a reply.

At last Jimmie's excuse found busky enunciation.

"I was sick," he muttered. His cheeks, already flushed by the exertion, became crimson in his effort to stem the impending tears; but do as he might, a large drop formed in the corner of his eye and rolled slowly down his cheek.

Mr. Goodel plunged behind the extended sheets of his morning paper and grew suddenly interested in the editorial columns.

"Well, sit down in your chair and take it easy," he said, in tones of gruff kindness. "Maybe you'll feel better after a while."

Then from the editorial page he turned to the stock quotations. In the transaction of his business of investment securities Mr. Goodel at all times displayed a conservative moderation. He dreaded wildest enterprises, and in reading the market report it was his custom to skim over in the most cursory fashion all references to mining securities, and rarely did he give more than passing notice to the quotations of industrials. To-day, however, his eye wandered over the financial page, and, caught by the leaded heading, "United Chocolate and Cocoa," he read with interest the item that followed:

In United Chocolate and Cocoa there was a resumption of the promotional activity which developed yesterday on the agreement between both houses of the House to increase the duty on manufactured cocoa fifty per cent. ad valorem. It is expected that the tariff-revision bill will pass the House by a

large majority, this afternoon, and in anticipation of the result, the price of the preferred stock rose thirty points yesterday. Conservative operators predict that it will reach par before the close of the market to-day.

Thus read Mr. Goodel. He made a rapid calculation by which he found that in selling five hundred N. Y. S. fours at ninety-nine, and investing the proceeds in "Chocolate," as the abbreviated term has it, he would net a profit of something like goodness knows how many thousand dollars before breakfast the next morning. Then his better judgment prevailed and he laid down the paper with a sigh.

New York Southern bonds are as tangible as gold eagles, but "Chocolate"—well, "Chocolate" was an unlisted security dealt in by curb-brokers on Broad Street—and, to Mr. Goodel, a curb-broker was even as a dissenting minister to a clergyman of the Church of England.

II.

At this juncture Goodel's brother-in-law, one Rushmore Luddington, entered and greeted him noisily. Luddington was a dealer in commercial paper—the dealer in commercial paper, and bail-fellow-well-met with every bank president in Wall Street. His conversation was studded with allusions to dialogues between himself and these executive officers, wherein he addressed each one of them by his abbreviated Christian name, and they called him in return, "Luddy, old boy."

He had a shrewd temperament beneath a boyish and jovial exterior that in an old man might be thought a trifle unbecoming. Goodel, however, had a high opinion of his brother-in-law's judgment, and could always gauge the importance of the information which Luddington could, if he would, disclose, by the degree of hilarity he developed.

This morning he was particularly boisterous, and Goodel sensed a valuable market-tip under the cloak of his brother-in-law's merriment.

"Hi! Luddy," he cried. "How's the market? Sit down 'n' make yourself comfortable!"

Luddy sank into the chair with a

grant. His two hundred pounds, contained within a trifle more than five feet, were further compressed by a frock-coat, which fitted without a wrinkle and made almost an acrobatic feat out of the simple act of sitting down.

"Look here, Goodel," he said, in tones of melting confidential timbre. "There's the opportunity of a life-time to-day. The House is sure to pass the tariff-revision bill, and when it does, there will be some astounding developments."

Goodel blew clouds of smoke that expressed his interest more eloquently than speech alone.

"I see you're been reading the financial page," Luddy went on; "but their prediction isn't half bright enough."

His voice sank to a whisper. "I have K. P.'s word for it, Chocolate will teach one hundred and fifty by next week."

Goodel shook his head. "It's no use Luddy," he said. "I haven't the available funds, and if I had, speculation is not in my line."

Luddington made an impatient gesture.

"The opportunity of a lifetime," he repeated. "You know I never take a flier, for I couldn't buy a hundred shares without every one on Wall Street knowing it; but really, my dear Goodel, it would be criminal to neglect this splendid occasion."

"I tell you what I'll do," Goodel interrupted. "Come and take lunch with me. In the meantime I'll think it over, and if I decide on anything, I'll let you know then."

Luddington arose and fairly wafted himself out of the office, for, despite his weight, he was remarkably light on his feet, and dashed around from bank to bank, peddling his commercial paper, with all the agility of a man half his age.

"I'll see you at twelve," he said, going out. He left a faint odor of violets behind him, for Luddy's *boutonnieres* was as much a part of him as his little spiked beard.

Goodel smoked furiously at his cigar until the ends of his moustache were

perilously near to scorching. "Boy," he called, flinging away the end, "how do you feel now?"

Jimmie arose and murmured that he was better.

"Then go out and buy me three evening papers, showing the opening prices," he said. "Be sure to get one showing the opening prices. Do you understand?"

"Yesir," Jimmie replied, and ran for the elevator.

He returned ten minutes later with three papers, one of them pink. Goodel took them into his room and shut the door. He turned them over and over, but not a trace of any market news was visible.

"Boy," he roared, "didn't I tell you to buy me a paper with the opening prices in it?"

"Yesir," said Jimmie.

"Well, where are they?"

Jimmie folded the first page and grimed triumphantly.

"Here they are, sir," he cried, and pointed to a double heading: "To-day's Entries and Probable Odds."

Goodel seemed to be on the verge of apoplexy.

"You take these papers back," he yelled, "and get me the edition showing the stock-market opening."

When Jimmie came back, Mr. Goodel ascertained that "Chocolate" had opened at ninety with ten sales in the first three minutes. He peered up and down the room, and then, with an air of determination, he put on his hat and went down to the office of Matthews & Company, his brokers, where he watched the ticker for a good three-quarters of an hour.

"Chocolate" advanced on thousand-shares sale to ninety-five, and had Mr. Goodel been a man of nervous temperament, his excitement might have conquered his judgment and he would have loaded himself up with every share of Chocolate available.

As it was, when he entered the office it need little pressure on the part of Mr. Luddington, for he had about made up his mind to buy a thousand shares. The utmost confidence prevailed in Wall Street that the tariff-revision bill



When Luddington bounded down the steps of the Industrial Trust Company building, Jimmie not only failed to see him, but was knocked squarely into the gutter as well.

would go through before two o'clock, and not only "Chocolate" but many other industrials on the list reflected, by a sharp advance in prices, the excited tone of the market.

Luddington arrived promptly at twelve, and Goodel and he left immediately, nor did they return until nearly one. Luddington's strident laughter testified to a successful luncheon, with at least two quarts of wine, while even Goodel was a trifle flushed and gurgulous. He sat down immediately and drew a check for a large amount, which, together with an order to purchase two thousand "Chocolate," he enclosed in an envelope addressed to Matthews & Company.

III.

It was now ten minutes past one, and Jimmie chafed at the delay. No doubt Jackie Feinberg would wait for him, but one hour was a trifling period in which to recoup his morning's losses. At length Mr. Goodel called him into his office.

"Boy," he said, "you go to lunch now, and while you're out take this letter to Matthews & Company. Be sure to go there first."

Jimmie seized the envelope and was off like a flash.

"Be careful," Mr. Goodel called after him. "Don't lose it."

Luddington rose, and they shook hands with such cordiality as a bottle of wine will engender.

"Wish you luck, old man," he said. "You're in for a good thing."

Goodel smiled a little vacuously, as Luddington closed the door, sighed heavily. Speculation, he reflected, plays the deuce with a man's money and peace of mind. His life uttered and re-uttered the words till a faint drowsiness came over him and, induced by his unenvied intemperance at luncheon, his head lurched forward on his breast and he sank into a profound slumber.

Jimmie hastened down to the foot of Wall Street, the note tucked in his breast pocket, and the thought of Jackie waiting there spurred him on, so that he arrived at about half past one. For once Jackie's luck stayed with him while they shook the dice and threw again and again until Jimmie's twenty cents dwindled to five, mounted to fifteen, diminished once more. At last, at a quarter to three, fortune entirely deserted him,



He arrived breathless, to find his employer, Mr. Goodel, seated in the private office.

and he was obliged to declare himself flat broke.

He retraced his steps to the office, plunged in despondency. As he reached the corner of Broad street, an excited mob surged around the curb-brokers' enclosure. Messengers ran hither and thither, and overgrown newsmen with husky bass voices were yelling their extras.

His hands were thrust deep into his trousers pockets and his mind dwelt on the licking to come, so that when Luddington bounded down the steps of the Industrial Trust Company building, Jimmie not only failed to see him, but was knocked squarely into the gutter as well.

Luddington rushed over to Goodel's quarters and burst into the private office like a whirlwind. Its occupant snored in oblivion of the disaster that awaited him as Luddington entered and shook him by the shoulder.

"Goodel wake up," Luddington yelled. There was no trace of the debonair "Luddy, old man" in the perspiring and disheveled figure that fairly danced with excitement.

"What's the matter?" gasped the rudely awakened Goodel.

"Awful, awful!" Luddy ejaculated. "The tariff-revision bill was defeated.

Some misunderstanding among the leading; 'Chocolate' dropped to fifty, and the bottom's fallen out of the whole market."

Goodel turned white and almost fainted.

"Let's get a paper. Here you, boy," he yelled.

There was no answer.

Goodel jumped up and reached the outer office just as the forlorn Jimmie entered, all dusty from his tumble, and attempted to reach his desk unnoted.

"Here, you boy, where've you been?" he said.

"To lunch," Jimmie croaked.

"Did you deliver that letter?" Goodel asked.

Jimmie jumped as though he had been shot.

"Oh, gee!" he muttered. "I forgot all about it," and reaching down into his breast pocket, he pulled out the crumpled missive addressed to Matthews & Company.

"Give it to me, give it to me!" Goodel shrieked hysterically, and without waiting to open it, tore envelope, check, and order to a thousand pieces. He sank into a chair utterly exhausted with excitement.

"What delayed you all this time?" he said weakly, trying to maintain a semblance of composure.

Jimmie hung his head.

"I met a kid I know and we were shooting craps," he almost whispered.

"What!" roared Goodel. "Gambling, hey? And you lost, too, I'll bet a million."

Jimmie nodded dolefully.

"Well," said his employer, reaching down into his pocket. "Here's a ten-dollar bill for you. Don't ever gamble again. It's a terrible thing to do. It loses your money and destroys your peace of mind, by gad!"

He turned to Luddington with a smile.

"And now, Luddington," he said cheerfully. "Let's go down and steady our nerves."

The Ethics of Taxation

The writer of this article is the son of the first Minister of Agriculture for Ontario, the Hon. Charles Drury. He is a graduate of Guelph Agricultural College, the Ex-President of the Denison Grange, and at present the Vice-president of the Canadian Council of Agriculture. He has frequently been the spokesman for farmers' organizations and deputations that have waited on the Parliament. He has a well balanced mind and can present his case in such manner as to mark him as an antagonist against whom no debaters in the country will ungrudgingly enter the lists. He has very strong views on the tariff and other outstanding questions.

By E. C. Drury, B.S.A.

SINCE the days of Matthew the Publican, and long before, the tax-gatherer has been an important, if not a popular, personage in all civilized communities. Popular opinion of him may have somewhat improved since the days when "publicans and sinners" were included in our dark generalization, with the publican first, but it cannot yet be said that the tax-gatherer is regarded as a welcome visitor. He is rather regarded as a bad necessity, a thing to be shunned and avoided as long as possible.

"There are two things you cannot dodge," says a popular proverb. "Death and the tax-gatherer." And yet this much maligned personage is, or should be, our greatest benefactor. Without his assistance, not all the efforts of the most enlightened members of the community could prevent a return to a condition of anarchy and anarchy. But for him there should be no popular education, no civic or national improvements, no law and order. *Club law* would replace *jury law* as a means of settling disputes, and bed as our present condition in regard to laws and lawsuits is, that would admittedly be worse. We should undoubtedly revise our ideas of the tax-gatherer, and instead of regarding him as an evil, look upon him as an angel of light, in disguise.

Yet, in spite of these very real and obvious reasons for regarding the tax-

gatherer as a benefactor, it is an unquestionable fact that most people look upon him as a natural enemy, and think it no crime to cheat him whenever possible. Men who would not for one moment think of a dishonest act toward another man, make false statements as to property and income when the assessor comes around, and go to church with a clear conscience the next Sunday. And, while the business of smuggling is generally looked down upon the most respectable citizens, pillars of the state and elders in the kirk, will smuggle a little, privately, when they get the chance. Undoubtedly there is an unreasonable feeling of antipathy deeply implanted in the minds of most people towards this greatest public benefactor, which leads them to assume an attitude of hostility towards him, and to apply to him a different code of morals than that which applies to other people. It is possible that this feeling is an inherited instinct, handed down to us from days when the tax-gatherer was not a benefactor, but an oppressor when taxes were not, as now, a contribution to a fund for enlightened community effort, but were really a tribute, yielded unwillingly to a tyrant, or to a conquering foe. It is possible that some of our methods of taxation are relics of the same dark days.

In our country, leaving out of consid-

eration those funds which are raised by the sale of natural resources, as, for instance, in Ontario, the revenues which are derived from the sale of timber limits, taxes are raised in two ways. For municipal and provincial purposes they are raised by direct taxation, that is, they are collected directly from the people, on the basis, in some few municipalities, of their land holdings, and in others, and so far the greater number, on the basis of their evident wealth,—their land, buildings, improvements, income and bequests. For Federal purposes taxes are raised indirectly, by means of a customs tariff, or tax levied on goods entering the country, and by means of an excise tariff levied on certain classes of goods, as spirits and tobacco, produced within the country. Let us consider the effect of these taxes.

At one time it was considered that all that was necessary was that a method of taxation should raise money for the taxing authority, that it should raise as much as possible, and do it without raising at the time undue opposition on the part of those who were taxed. There can be little doubt that both our methods of taxation grew up when these ends were the sole thoughts and consideration. The simplest direct tax was the poll-tax, a levy of so much per head from every subject. This, however, proved unsatisfactory in that not enough money could be raised by it. If the poor men were taxed no more than he would pay without violent protest, the rich man escaped too lightly. Hence, the tax was modified. Instead of a simple tax of so much per head, it became, in proportion to his riches, a tax on the evidences of wealth. Lands, houses, the number of windows in the houses, homes, servants, etc., have all been at one time or another, subjects of direct taxation in the endeavor to tax the rich man in proportion to his riches. The modern direct tax has been simplified to a tax on land, improvements and income, but the object is the same, to tax men in proportion to their wealth. Nor can it be denied that this object is worthy and just, provided it works out. That aspect of the case we shall examine presently.

But, while the object of the direct tax was to tax men in proportion to wealth, with the original idea of raising as much money as possible, the object of the indirect tax was entirely different. Here the main end in view was to raise money *quietly*. The main difference between direct and indirect taxation is the difference between the highwayman and the pickpocket. The fellow who levels a pistol at the wayfarer and demands "your money or your life," may get money, but he also stands a good chance to get a broken head, a bullet, or some other pleasant little reminder of the occasion. The more diplomatic pickpocket gets the money just as surely, and much more safely, his victim not knowing where his money has gone or in some cases even suspecting that it is gone. When someone discovered that taxes could be raised by the simple expedient of levying a toll on merchandise as it passed a certain point, and best of all, that the people would remain largely unconscious of the tax, we can imagine what a boon it was to arbitrary and unpopular governments. I do not know who made the discovery. Some credit it to the Moorish pirates, who, during the Moorish occupancy of Spain, used to sail forth from the town of Tarifa, near Gibraltar (hence the word tariff) and buy tribute on passing ships. I suspect, however, the discovery was much older. However that may be, it was at one time immensely popular. Not only national governments, but the barons of the Middle Ages, and even the cities and towns, raised money in this way. When Browning's Italian gives his reason for living in the country, instead of in the city, where he would prefer to live, he says:—

"They have clapt a new tax on salt,
And what oil pays, passing the gate
'Tis a horror to think, so the villa
for me, not the city.
Beggars cannot be choosers."

With the modern rise into power of the national governments, these local tolls have been abolished as hindrances to trade, the national governments reserving to themselves the right to collect taxes in this way. As of old, how-

ever, the tariff tax has this for its chief merit, that it is paid unconsciously for the most part while in many cases people are even under the delusion that the more they pay in this way, the richer they are. Thus governments are saved much venustous criticism of their expenditures.

TAXATION ALONG ETHICAL LINES.

With the growth of modern economic ideals, however, men are beginning to demand more of systems of taxation than that they shall raise money plentifully and peacefully for municipal and national governments. This is perhaps a natural growth of democracy, for the subject is now the ruler as well, at least nominally, and naturally his viewpoint of the whole question is somewhat different from that of the arbitrary ruler, who was not so directly concerned with the question of the effect of taxation, but more particularly with its yield. But the ordinary citizen, the man who is being taxed, is now directing his attention to the effect of the taxes collected, on industry, on wealth, on public morality, on the vitality of the race. He is seeing, more and more clearly, that in the raising of taxes, as in the making of laws, the object should be, to make it *easy to do right, and hard to do wrong*, so that those who are engaged in useful activities and who live manly, shall be taxed as lightly as possible, while those whose commercial or other activities are useless or injurious to the public, or whose manner of life tends to folly or luxury, shall pay as largely as may be into the public revenues. Thus, in taxation, as in laws, the good should be encouraged, and the bad and useless, discouraged. Let us see, in the light of this test, how our present systems of taxation are serving the public well-being.

RAISING MUNICIPAL TAXES.

First, as to the direct taxes raised for municipal purposes. The system at present most in vogue in Canada, with some Western exceptions, taxes both land and improvements. During the past year there has been a considerable

movement in Ontario in favor of so amending the Assessment Act as to allow municipalities to exempt improvements if they wished, and several deputations have waited on the Provincial Government with this request. Their request, however, has been denied as radical and dangerous, and, if reports are true, as likely to lead to anarchy, the dissolution of the home and destruction of the marriage tie. The connection between the marriage tie and the taxation of improvements is not very obvious, of course, and it may be that the reports given to the public were more or less exaggerated. But the requests were denied, and a circular, instructing assessors to tax improvements at what they would add to the selling value of the land on which they stand, has been issued. This is a definite policy of taxation. Let us see how it works out in encouraging industry and discouraging idleness or injurious speculative activities.

TAXING THIEFT.

I think it will be generally admitted that the man who improves a farm, builds a barn or house on it, drains it, or plants an orchard on it; or in a city or town, builds a factory, store or residence on a vacant lot, is doing a service to the public as well as to himself. *Wealth*, that is, *those things that increase the efficiency and happiness of life*, comes, it is true, from the land in one form or another but from the land improved, not unimproved. The savage cowers, shivering and hungry, in his wigwam, in the midst of unimproved land, which could yield many times over, all he could possibly need, had he the industry or knowledge necessary to improve it. He who improves land, creates wealth, not only for himself, but for the whole community. All our national wealth and all the advantages of civilization have their origin either directly or indirectly, in the improvement, the use, of land. Yet, how do our laws reward the improver of land? By inflicting on him a heavier burden of taxation.

Let us illustrate. Here is a school-section of four thousand acres in, say,

New Ontario. Let us suppose the land is worth, when the section is opened for settlement, \$5 per acre. Of the four thousand acres, two thousand are held by actual settlers, and two thousand by absentee who are holding the land for speculative purposes. There are twenty settlers, each holding one hundred acres of land, originally worth \$500. The settlers proceed to improve their land. They build houses and barns, clear, drain, and fence the farms, each putting \$1,000 worth of improvements on their farms. Their investment is now \$1,500 each, \$500 in land, and \$1,000 in improvements. But meantime their industry has made the section more desirable as a place of settlement. The values of land have risen. Unimproved land is now worth \$10 per acre, instead of the original \$5. Each hundred acres held by a settler is, on this basis, worth \$2,000, while the speculator's hundred is worth \$1,000. The rise of land values, due to the enterprise and industry of the settlers, has increased the value of their investment by 33 1-3 per cent., while the investment of the speculator has increased 100 per cent., for which he has done absolutely nothing, nay more, he has been a hindrance and a clog to his industrious neighbors.

But now a school must be built. Fifteen hundred dollars is required for this purpose. The land and improvements, under our present system, are assessed to raise the money required. On this basis the twenty settlers, each holding one hundred acres, valued at \$2,000, each are taxed \$50 for this purpose. The twenty speculators are taxed \$25 apiece. But the presence of the school again raises land values, say one dollar per acre. The settler, who has paid \$50 toward the school, finds his holding increased in value by \$100, by its erection. The speculator's land has also increased \$100 in value, while he has paid but \$25 toward the school. And so with every municipal improvement which increases land values, the settler receives proportionately less value for the amount paid, than the speculator, for land values are increased by municipal enterprise, while the values of improve-

ments are not so increased. And thus our present system of direct taxation discriminates against the land improver, the maker of wealth, in favor of the land holder, who is not in any sense a maker of wealth, but merely a taker of the wealth which others have, by their industry and enterprise, made.

WE EXEMPT SPECULATIVE CUNNING.

It may be said that this is an extreme instance. I am not at all sure that it would be extreme in very many of our pioneer sections. But, granted that it is, the principle illustrated holds good, not only in pioneer farming settlements but in older localities, and in towns and cities. We tax industry, skill and foresight. We exempt idleness, thriftlessness and speculative cunning. One would think that the activity of the land-speculator was that most valued by the state, and must be encouraged, while that of the land-improver must be discouraged. Nothing more grotesque or foolish could be found in the entire kingdom of Topsturvydom.

Nor can this system be defended on the ground that it taxes men according to their wealth. Quite as often, perhaps oftener than not, it exempts the wealthy and taxes the poor. That land is improved does not necessarily mean that its owner is rich. Quite generally, improvements are made with borrowed capital, while unimproved land is held by the rich as an investment for their surplus money. There might, of course, be individual instances where the introduction of the only sensible system, that of exempting improvements and taxing land values only, would result in a poor man paying a larger share on his unimproved land than he now does, but in general it would undoubtedly be found that more often it would result in the rich man paying a fairer share on his idle holdings. The best that can be said for the present system is that it is a survival of a past age of ignorance, unscientific and inefficient and that in its operation it discourages all good citizenship, and encourages all bad. It surely is not ideal.



Before and After. Showing what education and higher standards have done on Liabert Reserve.

The Indian Is Not Dying Out

Considerable prominence has been thrust upon the Indian in Canada of late owing to the action of the British Columbia Government in making a settlement of reserves a question of controversy with the Dominion Government. Another movement is on foot in the Dominion to bring all the Indians into a common representation for the purpose of bettering their conditions. It will be a surprise to some readers to know that the Indian is not subject to the white man's diseases in the manner that has been represented. The Indian has adapted himself to changes of circumstances in many ways that are surprisingly commendable.

By John MacCormac

"THE Indian problem? Yes, that will solve itself in a few years, you know. The Indian is dying out."

How many Canadians, one wonders, would so express themselves if called upon to go on record in regard to the present condition and future prospects of the first citizens of this North American continent?

Assuredly a large percentage, for certainly few questions have been made the subject of so much vague misinformation and of few things has such absolute nonsense on occasion been said, as the problem presented by the aboriginal races of Canada and the United States. Though perhaps little taken into account by the average citizen, the problem is none the less a serious and vital one, and it will never solve itself as popular opinion would have it do. Popular opinion places the

Indian in the same category as the great elk, and it is prone to link him with the fast vanishing buffalo, to whose extermination, by the way, he himself has largely contributed, but popular opinion is wrong. Any Canadian Indian department official would proclaim it so.

True, he would admit, the Indian, as has been the case with many another aborigine, has passed through a period of exhaustion consequent upon the first contact with civilization, but this once behind him, he either remains stable or begins to increase and multiply again. How to help him to do so is one of the things the governments of two great nations are yearly spending millions on. What is to become of him ultimately is another question. The two together make up the Indian problem, so called.

As regards the first question, the preservation of the Indian from exhaustion, experience has shown several things necessary. The red man's health must be preserved, the stamina of the race in general improved, through education he must be brought to a higher mental level, and Christianity must benefit him ethically. The Indian has been regarded as the sick man in the North American scheme of things, and like any other sick man he has needed nursing. He has needed it through his feverish days, when the virus of a raw and crude civilisation was racing through his protesting veins, rainy days when that which he had not laid up for himself according to the scriptural precept, had to be laid up for him, and dry days, when his throat thirsted for the white man's whisky. He got the nursing, got the very best, and got it free. Indian departments don't cost the Indian much.

WHEN THE CALL OF BLOOD FAILED.

We in Canada, however, think we supplied the better nurses and solved the Indian problem first. The fact that this country's legislation has been federal in character since the British North America Act, and that Canada has followed a consistent policy in dealing with the Indian problem ever since British occupation, has given her a great advantage in dealing with her native tribes. Her system has always been the same. It has kept the red man in tutelage to a certain degree; he has had to be fed when he hungered, but it has finally succeeded in inspiring him with a wholesome respect for civilisation, and for the white man's intentions toward him. The basis of the Canadian system, established by law as far back into history as the 17th century, has been that no Indian should be dispossessed without his consent. You cannot in Canada to-day buy a foot of land from an Indian without a legal surrender from the Crown and from the Indian himself. The result of this policy has been evident. The Riel rebellion has been Canada's only serious trouble with the Indians, and

even then only the Cree went out while the rest of the red men turned a deaf ear to the call of blood and remained loyal.

The Indian is not dying out. His recuperative force is remarkable. In the middle of last century, for instance, the gloomiest of prophecies were made as to the speedy and total extinction of the Six Nations; yet from 1880 to 1910 their increase in Canada was over thirty three per cent. The total Indian population of this country is 103,661 Indians, with some 4,800 Eskimos, British Columbia boasting the greatest number and Ontario following close. The number would be greater were it not for the prevalence of the white plague, which has also become a great red plague. The unsanitary condition of dwellings and premises is the great obstacle in the way of a general betterment of health, for the Indian's attitude toward spending money in their improvement, has hitherto been as the needle's eye to the camel. But time is telling and the red man is learning the greater good, expressed in terms of prophylaxis.

Public opinion has never rated the Indian very high as a producer, unless it be of furs. It comes rather as a surprise then, to learn on glancing over the statistics covering the total production of the Indian population of Canada during the last year, that their total amount is \$1,460,462.46, an increase over the preceding year of \$85,847.46.

SOVING THE LABOR QUESTION.

This increase and, in fact, the whole industry, is the direct result of the promotion of farming and the assistance which has been given to ex-props of boarding and industrial schools, to establish themselves on the soil immediately after graduation. Figures show that a total population of 89,280 Indians, comprising only those districts where farming is possible, has a total acreage of 58,550 under cultivation, and is carrying on a vigorous live stock industry. A little further investigation discloses the fact that the Indian is becoming an important factor

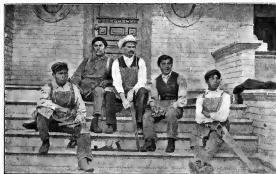


A favorite Indian occupation in British Columbia. There are no suffragettes here. No one is idle and even the babies seem to have a serious object in life.

in the labor market, sufficient in fact, to account for a million and a half dollars annually as a reward for his labor. The most striking exemplification of the change is in the provinces of Manitoba, Alberta and Saskatchewan. There, where the Indians a few years ago followed their nomadic modes of life in all their aboriginal creed and labor was delegated to, nay forced on, the squaws, a large proportion are now engaged as farm laborers and their services are sought after. Their training in the industrial and boarding schools has qualified them as expert farm help. True, the labor of Indians so occupied does not go to improve the reserves to which they belong, but on the other hand their absorption in the industrial life of the country is tending, more than any other cause, to the final solution of the Indian problem.

Farming does not, however, absorb the greater portion of Indian labor power. Wages, and the proceeds from various industries, account together for \$2,392,965 of total earnings per year. Hunting, fishing and trapping, which the natives of the North American continent have followed from time immemorial, first that they might eat and clothe themselves, and later that they might benefit by supplying the necessities of others, still continue to be profitable, and one million and a half dollars is realized from their combined pursuit every twelve months.

In the pursuit of these different industries the Indian is exhibiting an unsuspected adaptability and more capability than he has ever yet been given credit for. A shining example was the late Dr. Oronyashakha, executive head of the Independent Order of Foresters



Indians whose training as carpenters has enabled them to drive a nail or put timber and joists together with the white man.

and a financial genius supreme in his own field. The production of even a single mentality such as his is evidence that education is slowly erasing tradition, and the attrition of constant contact with civilization is wearing away hereditage.

Education is the big factor in bringing on the Indian millennium; education in its three main phases, social, industrial and moral. On it the government has concentrated its energies, and an efficient and well staffed system of day, boarding and industrial schools has been established with a total enrolment of 11,190 pupils, and a percentage of attendance of 60.44. These schools are carried on altogether through the medium of the religious bodies, the government contributing financial assistance in the form of a per capita grant.

A youthful instructress in an Ontario Indian day school smiled indulgently over her class of hutton-eyed statuettes in bronze as she spoke of her work of teaching the young Indian idea how to shoot, and assured the interviewer that it did not lack results.

"Yes, the work here is most interesting and, with those who attend steadily, very satisfactory. My pupils are quick to learn and were it not for their difficulty with the language and their bashfulness, they would do as well as white children. The language is the big trouble, though. I find it so difficult to get them to write it correctly, and they do persist in leaving out what they think are superfluous words. You know Indians always use as few words as possible in speaking, and it is well brought out in some of the replies I get from my children. 'Mind baby' is the laconic excuse they give me for absence, and 'Gone town; work' is another favorite.

"They have a natural taste for bright colors, so I let them do a lot of drawing, which pleases the parents very much. I also try to teach them cleanliness by urging them to keep themselves and the schoolroom neat. I must say their manners improve greatly after a few months here. But I do wish they would attend more regularly," and here the youthful educationist sighed.

This matter of irregular attendance

is really one of the most serious that the education of the Indian has to contend with. As a rule, when school begins each year, at least one half the population of the reserves is absent. A white man who had finished work on his own small farm and was inspired by a laudable desire to accumulate extra wealth outside would leave his wife and children behind to take care of the home. Not so with the Indian. When he seeks fresh fields of employment he must take the whole family with him, and both home and school may then take care of themselves as far as he is concerned. The result is that during the warm season of the year, when conditions are such as to enable the children of even the poorest in the land to attend school regularly if so disposed, the Indian child is in camp with parents or guardians near some town or industrial centre. Early winter finds the whole family back on the reserve with, perhaps, barely sufficient food to keep those in his care from experiencing the pangs of hunger until the return of spring, but with his children poorly clad and unprepared to go from home in the cold weather even so far as the schoolhouse.

In some reserves, too, the old time

pagan festivals have survived the iconoclastic influences of modern days, and are still held regularly at stated times of the year. They last a week at a time. Religious in nature they are considered of greater importance than the "white man's education" and all men, women and children attend regardless of the scholastic term. All these various causes of intermittent attendance help to paralyze educational efforts, and hence it is that the progress the majority of these Indian schools make is surprisingly satisfactory under the circumstances. When one listens to pupils, young aborigines whose fathers would have viewed the alphabet with wonder and regarded an arithmetical formula as "bad medicine," reading with fluency, distinctness and a good accent; when their ready and intelligent solution of mathematical problems, and well executed penmanship and drawing are witnessed, and their undoubted interest in their work apprehended, there is little room or justification for further pessimism in regard to the future of Canada's red races.

Wherein lies the ultimate economic salvation of the Indian? In education.

What is the real Indian problem of



The well-known half-breed in his garden near Edmonton, Alts. He is getting rich by his personal efforts in this work.



An old cross. A type of the Southern U. S. Indian.

the present day? And the answer once again is, education.

It has been made the basis of many a short story, but it's hard fact to the officials of the Indian departments of two nations. You will find it under a separate heading in the bluebooks, labeled Degeneration of Graduates in Reserves, and there are as many causes as cures for it. Briefly, it is the difficulty met with in changing these people from hunters and trappers who have been nomads for ages untold, to a pastoral community in touch with the conditions of this modern age.

The difficulty is perhaps not so much in changing the Indian as in keeping him changed. The aboriginal character is always more or less in a condition of flux, and ever ready to flow back into the old mold. The schoolboy who goes back to the reserve with all his newly absorbed knowledge heavy upon him finds himself suspended between heaven and earth. The old people laugh at his "white" ways, and the young people who have not enjoyed equal educational advantages seem cut off from him. He has been educated out of touch at the very point where he should be in touch to make a success of life. The accessories of modern civilization, its adequate lighting and heating equipment, its breadmixers, its

washing machines and perhaps its pocket manicures, have bred in him a contempt for things as he will have to meet them on the reserve. There are no organs there, and that is why the case of the Indian girl who asked to remain an extra year in a boarding school because she "was getting along so well in her music," is a particularly apt illustration of this form of over-education.

THE SOCIAL CLEFTAGE OF THE RACES.

Lack of social sympathy from their white brothers and sisters also contributes to decadence. The color line is drawn, in other words. Here and there one finds flashes of ambition in scholars of the best type who, having nothing in common with the reserves, make for the cities and there find employment as deckhands, shop assistants and carpenters. Money comes easily and they want to spend it. Lacking sympathy from the better class of white people, they find association with the lower type, the next best thing, and then begins the easy journey along the downward path of degradation. Laws to the contrary, someone may always be found who will sell liquor to the Indian, and thus the set is bred, while the girls, too "smart" for the Indian villages and unfitted because of hereditary tendencies for city environment, swell the ranks of the white slaves.

These are individual cases, however. In general a wide adherence to the moral code is to be recorded. From their peculiar and distinct position in society, Indians are open to ignorant censure from the very class of the community that stands aloof from all efforts to improve their condition, but, considering their proneness to be sought out and influenced by the less desirable members of the white community, who tempt them with their own vices, the Indians stand well as moral and law abiding citizens. The native code of ethics is not, clause by clause, the same as that of the white race, but they are capable of practicing Christian morals, and do so after education and experience.

What then is the future of the Indian? That first contact with civilization results in seeming decadence and that this decadence, apparently final, with further development proves but the first growth of a later progressive evolution has been indicated. But evolution is an everlasting process, and now that we have embarked our red brother on it we owe it to him to follow it to the end.

A NEW RACE OF STOICS.

What is that end to be?

Absorption and inter-marriage will bring it to pass. Think of the North American continent as a huge basin. Visualize the Indian as liquid in the basin's bottom which has never had a chance to slop over the rim. Consider the collective Caucasian as a sponge, drop the sponge in and observe how it soaks up, or if you prefer it, absorbs, the liquid. The analogy is simple, but correct. The white man of Canada and the United States is slowly, steadily and surely absorbing his red brother. The higher the latter's ascent up the social scale, the more that is done for him by education and Christianization, the quicker will the process be. But even in his present imperfect stage of development it is going on. In the Canadian province of Ontario one whole band has already disappeared. It has not died out; it has simply lost its racial identity. Others will follow and absorption will not cease with the half breed. Ultimately he, too, will disappear and with him will go the old Indian traditions and the barbaric traits which are as impossible to civilization as a vacuum to nature.



Ojigotche Indians in the interior of British Columbia.

In time there will be no more Indians. But there will be a new strain in this new world blood of ours, and a new writing on the palm-leaf of national character. We believe nowadays in the survival of the fittest. Let it be our hope, therefore, that, gradually freeing ourselves from the inherent weaknesses that were the Indian's, we may retain, in this North American breed of men, some of the stoic virtues of his race.

"Mazeppa"

Travelers through Canada will have come in contact with many troupes of actors who visit the small towns in their annual circuit of the country. George Hubbard has found in this feature of Canadian life material for a good story. It will be particularly interesting to the dwellers on the prairie. Romance, daring, and enterprise are strongly mingled in a happy result.

By George Hubbard

AT the small way-station the sad-eyed man wearing the overcoat with the worn astrakhan collar sat on the large iron-bound trunk. It was marked in fading letters, "Mammoth Folly and Fancy Aggregation."

"Speaking of the procession of the equinoxes and the tide in the affairs of men," he said, "once I was lifted on the crest of the wave of opportunity, hung suspended amid the glittering froth of fortune, and then— Well, speaking of the way the cut jumps, the town was a one-night stand, though that hardly describes it either, for there was a palpitating doubt, almost amounting to certainty, that it might not stand for us—even for one night. We were giving 'Mazeppa.' Now, of course, you'll understand that we weren't an outfit carrying any untamed steed of Cayuse breed about with us. For the wild corner of the plains we mostly had recourse to the local live-stock. Mapleton, though, wasn't of a size to host a live-stock, and the horse that the hotel proprietor sent out with the buggy had temporarily succumbed under a twenty years' strain of dragging drummers round to the cross-roads stores. Speaking of 'my kingdom for a horse,' Gridley, the manager—he played the Castellan of Lauriolski, and the trombone before the show—was ready to go to the perilous extent of 'moet a dollar and a half for the hire of one for the evening. A breath of relief was breathed by the entire company when by superhuman efforts and the aid of the

Mapleton barber an animal was secured. We hired him out of the wagon of the Mapleton Steam Laundry. They had bought him the day before from a farmer out in the country. His name was Napoleon. You'd have concluded, to look at him, that it was Napoleon at the end of a long, hard, Russian winter. His knees were bigger than his boots, with his head hanging down between them, and his ribs like the gratings they have to keep the cows from straying on the railroad tracks. Still, I never liked the look of his eyes, which was by way of being red where it ought to be white."

The narrator at this point took from his pocket the half of a cigar, which he lit and inserted in his mouth.

"Now, speaking of misfortunes never coming otherwise than in mixed sizes," he went on, "that wasn't all which we was up against on that particular pleasant April evening. Charley Springer—Montaga Delorme, who was lead and Mazeppa—had been stricken with the mumps to a degree that even Mapleton wouldn't have accepted him for a heroic figure. He might be all right next day, for they were subsiding, but at that moment his face looked more like a punching-bag than anything human. Well, as the subjects come up of what's one man's dope being another man's dinner, I wasn't keeping back any hot, burning tears because of Charley's inability to appear. In fact, they weren't pressing forward at all ready to fall. My eyes were as dry as a village the day

after it has voted prohibition. The *entente cordiale* between Charley and me was to say the least strained, owing to his riding something of the high horse even when he wasn't playing Mazeppa. My chance had come. You know the story: The star out, the understudy called in; the scene of tumultuous applause at the fall of the curtain; the accidental presence of the metropolitan manager; the contract at his own terms waiting for him in his dressing-room; a season on Broadway. Of course there wasn't going to be any metropolitan manager in Mapleton, or any Broadway to follow for a demitasse. I was bound, though, to show them what I could do, and if Charley Springer got one of those engagements about which he was always boasting, why, I might have the glory of appearing every night before an enraptured audience in 'Fish legs, arms, and body, short tight trunks, half body of brown cloth' (which is the costume directions for the big scene), to say nothing of drawing increased pay when the ghost walked on Saturday."

Here the speaker paused to rekindle the cigar, the end of which he kept alight with difficulty.

"Since Cardinal Richelieu—I played the part in stock for a week in Toronto, Ontario—made use of that bright lexicon of youth in which there was no such word as 'fail,' there's other editions of the dictionary been brought out in which it's to be found fast enough, with several other distressing synonyms. I had made up my mind, though, to make good, for the reason already stated, and likewise, moreover, and according to the party of the second part, because—now, right here comes in that heart interest without which no drama can be complete. Her name was Nettie Mayhew! Being by chance in the drug-store, I beheld her at the soda-water fountain, and I heard her whisper to the second female juvenile who was with her that if she could induce 'popper' to bring her in from the farm that evening she was going to the play. How did I know who she was? No sooner had she passed from my sight than I sought

the requisite information. Thereupon, I learned with further satisfaction that she was the daughter of old farmer Mayhew, out on the Millpond Trail, whose holding of stock in the Mapleton Private Bank amounted to more than half. Within half an hour of our walking up from the station, the village had picked out each one of the 'actors.' I saw she knew who I was, and if I had not misread a look in her eyes, I had reason to believe that I had something to do with her wishing to be present in the evening.

"I had a temperature. Speaking in the words of an all-star cast of Iago and Monte Cristo, if I got it over, 'the oyster was mine.' Do you think I was anxious? At I stood in the balcony before the Mapleton Opera House, where the supers that were Tartar Shepherds were doubling in brass, and saw the youth, beauty, and fashion of the fairest gem of outstrung villages of the prairie crowding to the door, I swore that I'd be worthy of the occasion and of her. When I went down to dress, I noticed that Charley Springer was putting up a talk that he was all right to go on. A sight, though, of his face, which resembled a contour map of the country round Edson, Alberta, was enough to satisfy anybody; so for that night—'Only to-night, only to-night, as the old song has it—the centre of the stage and the limelight were mine. I dressed with care in Charley's costume, which fitted well enough, and when I stood in the files I felt the pleasing sensation permeating my being that there were no flies on me. And just then a kicking and a stamping, mingled with a suppressed murmur as if the mob was a-coming on before its cue, caught my attention. They were leading in Napoleon through the stage entrance, it being on the ground floor, with an opening as big as a barn-door into the alley. This was easy enough, but Napoleon objected. There seemed to be something about the air of the play-house that didn't attract him.

Now, if ever there was a horse that you'd say offhand could be warranted to stand without hitching, it was Na-

poison. Seemed as if that was the job he'd have naturally sought in life, but now—! He sidged this way and that, and those cunning old eyes of his with the red whites kept looking here and there. Anyhow, they finally got him in and stationed at the R. U. side off. With a pair of binders and a nose-bag, we strove to impart the impression to his mind that no evil was intended. They say one of those old guys, Ed. Keene, used to shake a prop. ladder just before he went on in one part of Shylock, to get himself waked up. The little encounter with Napoleon had the same exhilarating effect on me. From the moment I stepped into sight of the audience, I knew I had 'em.

When I spoke these few simple opening words: 'Olinks! Dear Olinks! Ere yet the envious daylight robs my soul of the sweet privilege of drinking from thine eyes deep draughts of the bright liquid fire which as from twin stars of love stream through my enraptured heart,' and so forth, you could have heard a roselod drop from the cornice of the belle of the village green in the front row. When I came to the utterance, 'Aim at my heart; it has no defense but courage and this good sword,' the volume of sound had such a pressure to the square inch that no boiler-inspector would have passed it if it had been steam. And there was an explosion! I took five calls at the end of the fourth scene of the first act. All was going well, gloriously. The only drawback was that I could not discover Nettie in the audience. However, she might be sitting back in the darkness under the gallery, and I played as if I knew that her eyes were upon me.

"The stage directions of Scene Sixth, Act First, read: 'The Outer Terrace of the Castle, overlooking a tract of desolate country, composed of precipitous mountain ranges, abounding with cataracts; the rocky pathway crosses a stupendous waterfall by a slight rustic bridge, and is finally lost in the chain of lofty eminences stretching into the distance.' Of course in the way of 'stupendous waterfalls' and 'lofty eminences' the most high-browed critic couldn't

accuse us of any over-elaboration of realism. Later there is 'music,' and the book says, 'The horse is brought forward.' Well, as to the horse, we were all there. We had a horse. At least, Napoleon would have passed with a Professor of Zoology, if not with judges of the Horse Show. Also, he allowed himself to be led on. His little playful attempt to land with his off hind-foot on Rudeloff, which, if it failed to reach that character successfully, put Drolinsko out of action, added verisimilitude to the occasion. Instantly he won the plaudits of the multitude. He was restless while I was being bound to his back. Charley Springer had been obliged to go on among the 'Knights, Officers, Guards, Heralds,' where his face didn't count, and was not feeling kindly about it. He fastened those knots as if he were a committee tying up a clairvoyant. To move in the least was impossible for me—and then—

"I don't blame Charley Springer for what happened. Charley has his little faults, but he'd never play it low down like that. The leader of the orchestra was to blame. He started it—beginning all of a sudden before the time with the bars of the 'Ride of the Walküre,' that we brought in to set the audience off. Well, it did, and it set Napoleon off. He stood straight up on his old hind-legs. Gridley cried 'Whos!' which wasn't in his lines, and the rest of the dramatic personae began to make remarks for which they'd have been fined in any theatre in the country. No wonder! Napoleon was scintillating all over the place. That horse wasn't a horse; he was a centipede. He had the stage cleared in a minute. All the actors were looking out from round corners of the scenery, except those which had climbed down into the orchestra for safety. For an instant Napoleon stood still. Then he headed for a group which had ventured forth a little L, consisting of Abder Khan, King of Turkey; Thamar, Zamba, and some Chieftains and Warriors. He went through them like the champion Harvate quarterback through the line of a minor college for 'stoss yards. Next

he pranced into the space behind the back drop, where the door to the alley was. He rumped out of that into the alley, where I caught for an instant the frenzied tumult in the opera house. He clattered up the alley and round a corner. Round another corner into Main Street. As I dashed past, all the men and boys on the sidewalk shouted.

"The cries faded away. I don't know Napoleon's pedigree, but when he got going he had speed. We were out in the open country. The road led into a wood. We tore through that. Once more black fields rose on either side. There have been some rides in history—some. Paul Revere took quite a little run for the money. I once heard a reciter put it up about a fellow who rode from a place called Ghent—I wonder if it was in Alberta—to I. None of them, though, even took their riders dressed in pink tights and little else, tied to the hark of a strange horse going they didn't know where or the time he'd take in getting there. The night was clear and starry—and cold. Napoleon seemed 'most as good in wind as in limb. I began to entertain nervous doubts as to how long he could keep it up. Miles passed. Time went on. So did Napoleon. The lights were out in the houses. We met nobody in the road. The first line exhilaration of the adventure was wearing down, wearing down to the bone. At least, I was chilled to the bone. At the rate he was going, the night air whistled over me. On, on, raced Napoleon, as if he thought that he was entered in some equine Marathon, and then, just as I was about thinking of having my berth made up for the night, he turned into a lane. He pounded down it and into a farmyard, and brought up against a barn door with a bang that would have waked any one. I could see the farmhouse, which was a big, picturesque-looking place. At once I started to call. Finally lights began to glow in the windows, and at last the door opened. An old man with a lantern appeared on the threshold.

"What's the matter?" he growled.

"'Most everything,' I answered. 'Come and see.'

"He looked about cautiously, and concluding there was no one else, he came forward. A girl, who had evidently dressed hurriedly and held a shawl about her and over her head, followed him. It was Nettie.

"What April fool's business is this?" he demanded, and I could tell how easy it was for him by nature to be unpleasant.

"If you think anybody's going to ride a night like this, dressed like this, for a joke—I began.

"Why," cried Nettie, looking at the horse, "it's Napoleon?"

"So it is," said her father, his curiosity overcoming his propensity to make himself disagreeable. "How in thunder—"

"If you'll unfasten me," I answered, "and let me get a little warm, I'll tell you all about it."

"Of course in common charity he had to take me in and take care of me. They gave me something to eat, and now I ask you, wasn't there enough in the manner of my arrival to satisfy a girl who had followed from page to page stories of romances all her happy young life?"

"You didn't come to the play," I whispered tenderly to Nettie, as she offered me another slice of peach pie.

"Father wouldn't let me," she replied, with a laugh which greatly disquieted me. "But this is as good as a play."

The whistle of the way train sounded faintly beyond the head as the narrator stood up and looked along the tracks.

"Nettie? No, I didn't marry Nettie. Charley Springer came out with Gridley the next morning about the horse. He'd got over the mumps. When Charley Springer and Nettie saw each other, there couldn't be any doubt from the first blush that it was a case of two souls with but a single thought, two hearts that beat as one. They say that Charley Springer is a supervisor out there now, and that father-in-law Mayhew is going to make him president of the bank."

Can Canada Deliver the Goods?

Some very erroneous arguments ensue very often from premises that are not all inclusive. The point raised by a London financial paper as to Canada's prodigious powers is an illustration in point. Comparative census returns of a particular crop cannot convince if there were countervailing influences for better production in other lines of which the report does not deal. The writer, who is a well-known authority in matters of finance in Canada, handles this question.

By James Cranmer

IF there is one thing more than another to which Canada can point as justification for heavy borrowing, it is the responsiveness of natural resources to the hand of labor. Whenever, therefore, any of her critics aid in drawing attention to the productive resources of the Dominion, and to the extent to which they are being exploited at the present time, and the rate at which actual production is increasing, sober Canadians ought to be grateful.

If Canada cannot show results as a consequence of much borrowing, her credit in the money markets of the world ought to and should decline. On the other hand, if the money borrowed is well cared for and the returns upon it are satisfactory, aid in the form of new capital will be furnished in steadily increasing volume to further the exploitation of the vast resources which rightly enough Canadians pride themselves in possessing. We may be ever so proud of what we own, but that will avail nothing at the bankers' counters in Paris, Amsterdam and London unless we can show a measure of production from year to year in proportion to the amount of borrowing registered against us.

This is a question that vitally concerns every Canadian. If any one of them borrows an insignificant amount from an investor and shows to him at the end of the year that he has produced with the money borrowed enough to pay the principal due, the rate of inter-

est as agreed, and in addition a substantial profit—then if he wanted more money there is no doubt he could get it if there was any to be had. If, however, the borrower had spent the proceeds of the loan he got, in 'blowing' about what he could do, or otherwise making a "fuss," and at the end of the year pays interest out of the capital he borrowed, then the purse once opened to him would be closed. This may sound very elementary, but nevertheless it is a principle which applies to the nation as well as to the individual, and for the economic health of the former should be kept well in mind.

During the past few years the amount of money borrowed has been enormous, and there is a tendency in the London market to ask what Canada has been doing with it. Exports are far below imports in value, and the acreage cropped last year was actually less than in the year previous, are points of attack. Both these statements have their basis in official figures issued by the Dominion Government. Those respecting the adverse balance of trade have been fully explained by some of the leading financial journals of the world's metropolis and by eminent authorities, amongst whom Sir Edmund Walker and Sir Williams Taylor can be included. Since the discussion on this particular question subsided, that with respect to an alleged decrease in the area under crop in 1912, as compared with 1911, has arisen.

The London *Economist* gave place in its columns to a statement to the effect that agriculture was not progressing—that, as a matter of fact, the area cropped in 1912 was less than in the previous year. The editorial opinions of that influential journal have been noticeably critical of Canadian investments and the character of Canadian development for some time. It is not the purpose of the writer to take issue with the *Economist* as to its opinions, or with those expressed by its correspondents, but the effect of the discussion which they have given rise to, has been to suggest doubt as to whether production in Canada has developed as rapidly in proportion as the extent of borrowing. If a suspicion to the effect that Canadian production has not increased by the aid of so much borrowed new capital, gains headway, one of the results would be a serious depression of our credit in the money markets. Procuring new capital would be made more difficult and higher rates would be demanded, even though the market was less stringent than at present.

The *Economist* is to be commended for its frankness and independence in permitting freedom of expression of opinion in its columns. No matter what statements, made in good faith, appear there with regard to Canadian production, perfectly frank and free discussion will sift out the truth. That is just what we, as Canadians, should most desire. The prominence into which the question, even in a very limited sense, is lifted by its being sponsored by so eminent a journal might well be taken as justification for Canadians asking themselves: *Are we delivering the goods?*

If that question can be answered satisfactorily, then Canadians need have no fears with regard to the money market. They will get their share. But after some seasons of heavy borrowing it is but natural that lenders should want to know just what we are doing with all the money received. If we cannot answer promptly and effectively, then our national bookkeeping is at fault. By bookkeeping, in this particular con-

nection, is meant the gathering of statistics which measure periodically the wealth produced in the Dominion. In the older countries this may be necessary for social and political purposes, but in younger countries like Canada, readily accessible and comprehensible accounts should be kept, showing the increase, or decrease, as the case may be, of the wealth of the nation from year to year, or at any rate more often than from one decade to another. Decennial census returns constitute a reliable guide, but they might well be supplemented each year by a less elaborate but reliable account of wealth produced if for no other purpose than to satisfy fully the lenders of the annual and generous supply of new capital, which Canada can use to the mutual advantage of lender and borrower.

BOG PRODUCTIVE GAINS.

The census returns of Canada, the only measure of the production of wealth available, furnish facts which we might reasonably hope will satisfy the most exacting investor. At the present time the writer has not access to a full report of the census returns of the Dominion made in 1911. He has, however, before him a paper by Dr. Archibald Blue, chief officer of the Census and Statistics of Canada, which was read before the Manufacturers' Association of Canada in September last. It shows the amount of capital employed in the manufacturing of Canada in each census year, commencing with 1890, as follows:

Year	Capital employed	Value of Products
1890	\$331,635,499	\$368,696,723
1900	446,916,487	481,053,375
1910	1,247,583,609	1,165,976,639

In ten years the increase in capital employed was therefore approximately \$861,000,000, or roughly \$160,000,000. It might be explained that "capital" for census purposes, in this case is defined under two heads: (1) value of land, buildings and plant occupied by the factory, and (2) the amount of working capital employed which might include money borrowed for carrying on the factory operations.

We may look forward to other figures from the census returns that will show a corresponding advance in other departments of national activity in Canada. Already the investing public is familiar with the recently published figures setting forth a substantial gain in the mineral output of 1912. British Columbia is rapidly forging ahead, and it would appear from the character of the reports of mining companies in Ontario that that province is but in its infancy so far as the mining production is concerned.

CANADA HAS MADE GOOD.

To refer to the growth in the area devoted to the raising of cereals, either from year to year or from decade to decade, is superfluous. Through the various emigration offices of the Dominion Government, and also through the equally effective offices of the great Canadian railways, agricultural statistics are supplied in abundance. It might however be pointed out in view of the recent criticism in the *Economist*, to which reference has already been made, that it is quite possible, through weather conditions, one year's acreage cropped may be less than that of the previous

year. But the average of any five-year period will show a very rapid increase. It would be quite possible to furnish further figures and facts showing how rapid has been the increase in the volume of production in Canada. But enough has been said on the subject to warrant the conclusion that Canada has "delivered the goods." The capital borrowed in so large a volume is represented in a wonderful industrial growth; in a railway mileage that has increased at the rate of 1,000 miles a year and at present totals over 26,000 miles; in the equipment of cities and villages and in the settlement of vast new areas every year. While thus building up the country and absorbing approximately 300,000 new immigrants every year, the exportable surplus of our wealth produced has been less than our import needs. We have, however, in Canada to represent the balance of trade against us, a development and growth of wealth-producing assets that will demonstrate their power to "deliver the goods." If there is temporary doubt as to that result, there will possibly be some diminution of the supply of capital for a time, and a consequent slowing up in Canada, but it will be only temporary.

A SPRING SONG

"What are ye dartin', ma bonny wee birds
Among the hedges hidin'?"

"Biggin' a bower! Biggin' a bower,
Biggin' a bower tae bide in!"

"But April wi' its wind an' weat
May blatter down an' harm it."

"We'll licht a fire! a fire! a fire!
The fire o' love tae warm it!"

"An when ye've theekit yae hit boose
What wull ye pit intill it?"

"A peck o' hairms! A peck o' hairms!
A peck o' hairms tae fill it!"

—Tosser Foad, in *Poll Mall Gazette*.

The One-Price System

By Elbert Hubbard

THE greatest change in modern business came with the One-Price System. This has all been brought about since the Civil War.

The old idea was for the seller to get as much as he possibly could for everything he sold. Short weight, short count and inferiority in quality were considered quite right and proper. When you bought a dressed turkey from a farmer, if you did not discover the stone inside the turkey when you weighed it and paid for it, there was no redress.

The laugh was on you. And, moreover, a legal maxim—*covert emptor*—"let the buyer beware," made cheating legally safe.

Dealers in clothing guaranteed neither fit nor quality, and everything you paid for, once wrapped up and in your hands, was yours beyond recall—"Let the buyer beware."

A few hundred years ago business was transacted mostly through fairs, ships, and by peddlers. Your marchant of that time was a peripatetic rogue who reduced prevarication to a system.

The booth gradually evolved into a store, with the methods of the irresponsible keeper intact. The merchants cheated their neighbors and chuckled in glee, until their neighbors cheated them, which, of course, they eventually did. Then they cursed each other, began again and did it all over.

John Quincy Adams tells of a certain deacon who kept a store near Boston, who always added in the year 1775 at the top of a column, as seventeen dollars and seventy-five cents.

The amount of misery, grief, disappointment, shame, distress, woe, suspicion and hate, caused by a system which wrapped one thing when the buyer expected another, and took advantage of his innocence and ignorance as to quality and value, cannot be computed in figures.

Suffice it to say that duplicity in trade has had to go. *The self-preservation of the race demanded honesty, square dealing, one price to all.*

The change only came after a struggle and we are not always quite sure of the one price yet. But we have gotten thus far that the man who cheats in trade is taboo. Honesty as a business asset is fully recognized. If you would succeed in business you can't afford to sell a man something he does not want; neither can you afford to disappoint him in quality any more than in count.

Other things being equal, the merchant who has the most friends will make the most money. Our enemies will not deal with us.

To make a sale and acquire an enemy is poor policy. To a peddler or a man who ran a booth at a hamper or fair it was "get

your money now or never." Buyer and seller were at war. One transaction and they never met again. The air was full of hate and suspicion, and the savage propensity of physical destruction was refined to a point where hypocrisy and untruth took the place of violence. The buyer was as bad as the seller—if he could buy below cost he boasted of it. To catch a merchant who had to have money was glorious—we smote him hip and thigh. Later we discovered that, being strangers, he took us in.

The One Price System has come as a necessity, since it reduces the friction of life and protects the child or simple person in the selection of things needed, just the same as if the buyer were an expert in values and a person who could strike back if imposed upon. Safety, peace and decency demanded the One Price System. When we reach the point where we see that all men are brothers, we have absolute honesty and One Price.

And so behold! we find the Government making favoritism in trade a crime and enforcing the One Price System by law. And just remember this, law is the crystallization of public opinion, and no law that is not backed up by the will of the people can be enforced.

As we grow better we have better laws. In Kansas City the other day three men were fined forty thousand dollars each for cutting prices.

They were railroad men and railroad men have only one thing to sell, and that is transportation. To cut the price on it and sell to some at a less figure than to others is now considered not only immoral, but actually criminal. The world moves.

And this change in the methods of business and in our mental attitude toward trade has grown out of a dimly perceived but deeply felt belief in the Brotherhood of Man, or the Solidarity of the Race.

Therefore he who ministers to the happiness and well-being of the life of another is a priest and is doing God's work.

It is quite as necessary that you should eat good food as that you should read good books, hear good music, hear good sermons or look upon beautiful pictures.

The necessary is the sacred. There are no menial tasks. "He that is the greatest among you shall be your servant." The physical reacts on the spiritual and the spiritual on the physical, and rightly understood, are one and the same thing.

We have ceased to separate the secular from the sacred. That is sacred. That is sacred which serves. Once a business man was a person who not only thrived by taking advantage of the necessities of the people, but who banked on their ignorance of values. But all wise men now know that the way to help yourself is to help humanity.

We benefit ourselves only as we benefit others. And the recognition of these truths is what has to-day placed the Business Man in the fore-front of the learned professions. He ministers to the necessities of humanity.

Between Two Thieves

By Richard Dehan

SYNOPSIS OF PREVIOUS CHAPTERS:

In the first chapter we catch a passing glimpse of Hector Danefoss, the hero of the story, aged, pathetic and near to death, favored and respected by Kings and Bishops for the great life work in the cause of suffering humanity. Three in turn and back service years, and we find him in about the year 1200, a boy at the Military School in York, fighting a duel with a comrade, de Montgoy, who is wounded owing to Hector's extraordinary falling.

Hector's mother was the daughter of the Hereditary Prince of Wales, a Norman Prince, and had married a countess as Marie Theres de St. Prunon, which she left to marry Marshall Danefoss, Hector's father, formerly one of King's close friends. Her income of over a million francs previously dedicated to the poorest was afterwards retained by her husband and sold to him as a condition that she should never enter the convent, which she did when Hector was eight years of age. It was the reason why de Montgoy told this story of which Hector was ignorant, that led to the duel.

A quarrel takes place, de Montgoy takes an oath never to touch a penny of the money thus indiscreetly acquired, while de Montgoy in return swears to be his friend till death. Shortly afterwards they are extinguished by the circumstances of a fatal report that Hector's fall was fatal and that he had wounded de Montgoy by a fall. His new gloves him in some financial straits, but he makes rapid progress in his profession and becomes adjuster of his relations.

After hearing the details of the story of whom Florence Nightingale is the prototype, has met Hector and studies his self-control in refusing to touch his mother's fortune.

The scene of the present chapter is laid on a sandy road near the residence of Thompson Jewell, a revivifying army contractor, who meets Jack Macdonald, a prince in the British Army, and enters into conversation with him.

XI—Continued.

"You ask me three questions, Mr. Jewell, sir, that I can but answer in one way; and a fourth," returned the red-haired trooper, looking frankly up out of a pair of very clear blue eyes at the large face of disapproval bent upon him from the lofty altitude of the mail-coach's front seat, "that I can't answer in any way at all."

"I hope I don't understand you, Joshua Horrobin," said Thompson Jewell loftily. "But go on, go on! Damn you, don't fidget!" He addressed this exhortation to the more restive of the champing blacks, who had switched his flowing tail over the reins, and was snorting with his scarlet nostrils spread, and his wild eye cocked at the hodgepodge, as though to be detained upon the road to the home-table for the purpose of conversing with a common soldier was a thing past bearing by a high-bred horse.

"Whoa!" said the driving groom.

"Whoa, then, my beauty! That can't be a link too tight, Mr. Jewell," said Joshua Horrobin, betraying for the first time, by a lingering smack and twang of the broad local accent, that the county of Sloughshire might claim him as its son. "Shall I let it out a mile? He'll stand like a rock then."

Thompson Jewell nodded in answer, and the thing was done in a moment, and Horrobin back in his old place by the side-step, saying:

"You wanted to know just now, Mr. Jewell, where I'd left my proper pride, and my enthusiasm and eagerness and ardor for a soldier's career? I've left 'em yonder, sir." He lifted his riding-whip and pointed across country. "Over to the Cavalry Barracks at Spurham, where Ours have been quartered best part of three years. With your leave, sir!"

He spat in a soldierly, leisurely way upon the sandy road, and hitched his piebalded pouch-belt, and shoved a finger of a white-gloved hand within

the edge of his sword-belt of gilt lace with a white stripe, and went on speaking:

"It seems to me, sir, when I've casted round to think a bit—beving done a bit o' gardening for mother in old days when I wasn't busy on the farm—that pride and enthusiasm and ardor and eagerness for a soldier's career are like hardly plants that will grow and put out leaf and bloom even in a soil that's as poor as ours at Upper Clays, if they're not wedd a bit and the smails and slugs picked off 'em, and a drop o' water given in drought, and hobnailed boots, and wheelbarrows, turned aside from crushing of 'em down!"

"Well, well, my man! Where does this bring us to?" demanded the autocast of the cocked inquisitive nose, and puffy cheeks, and goggling, greedy eyes, from his lofty perch upon the front seat of the sordid mail-photon.

"It brings us to this, Mr. Jewell," said the trooper, with a fold coming between his thick broad smear of dark red eyebrows, and an angered narrowing of the blue eyes that were so clear, "that if you want a dog to respect himself, let alone his superiors, you'll give him a clean kennel to sleep in, and decent food to eat; and if he's to do a dog's work for you, you'll not curse and bully him so as to break and cow his spirit. Nay! and if you respect yourself, you'll give him, whether he's been a good dog or only a tolerable sort to one—some sort of nursing and care when he lies sick, if it's only the roughest kind, before he kicks his last on his straw bed. Then throw him out on the dung-heep if it's your liking; he can't feel it, poor brute! He be just all that. But where's the use of a Soldier's Funeral with a Firing Party and a Bugler, if—when the man was living, you branded his soul with as many lines of anger and resentment and rage as there are stripes in the Union Jack; God bless it! that, him being dead, you lay as a pall of honor on his coffin? That's what I want to know!"

"You want to know too much for your rank and station, Josh Horrolian—that's what you do!" said Thompson

Jewell, frowning displeasure upon him. "You're one of the Melcontents, that's what you are. If you were to tell me on your oath you weren't, I wouldn't believe you. I've met your breed before!"

"If you have, Mr. Jewell, my answer is that it's not a bad breed," retorted the trooper, with a hot flush and a bright direct look of anger. "Without trying to use finer language than my little education warrants, it's a breed that will fight to the death for Queen and Country, and hold that man a damned and despicable cur that hangs back in the hour of England's need. But when the same bad usage is meted out by the Authorities in Office to the willing and the unwilling, the worthless and the worthy, let me tell you, sir, a man loses heart. For Drill and Discipline and Confinement to Cells for defaulters, and Flogging for the obstreperous; with Ration Beef and cabbage, and suet-balls, tight clothes and tight belts, and a leather stock that saves your ears off, can't make a machine of a human being all through. There's got to be a living spot of flesh left in him somewhere that feels and tingles and smarts. . . . And the sooner the great gentlemen in authority find that out, the better for England and her Army," said Joshua Horrolian, with a straightforward, manly energy of voice and look and gesture that would have gone far to convince, if the right man had been there to hear him.

"Now, look you here, Trooper Joshua Horrolian," said the wrong man, "it's confounded lucky for you that these opinions of yours—and the private soldier with opinions is a man we don't want in the Army and would a great deal rather be without—have been blown off to a person who—having a regard for that decent women your mother—who I'm not above acknowledging, in a distant sort of way, as a relation of my own—isn't likely to report them in quarters where they would breed trouble for you, and maybe a trest of the Black Hole." The speaker held up a large fur-gloved hand as the trooper seemed about to speak. "Don't

you try my patience, though! I've listened to you long enough. . . . Discontented, that's what you are! And Discontent leads to Murmuring, and Murmuring to mutiny. And Mutiny to the Gallows—in your case I hope it won't—but I shouldn't be at all surprised if it did. So beware of being discontented, Joshua!"

"I may be wot you say, a grumbling soldier, though I don't recognize myself in the picture you draw of me," returned the trooper; "but if the time came to prove whether I'd be willing to lay down my life for the Old Shop, I'd be found as ready as any other man. And I have cause for discontent outside the Army, Mr. Jewell." And the speaker squared his broad shoulders and drew himself to his full height, looking boldly in the bullying eyes of the great man. "While I have been e-sporing my mother's farm has been going to rack and ruin. Some little-knowing or ill-meaning person has advised her, Mr. Jewell, for these three years past, to turn down they low-lying gore meadows of hers beside the Drowse in clover and beans and vetch. Grazing cows is all they're good for, being flooded regularly in November and February, and April extra-wet. And what with the cold, rainy summers we've had, has suffered in pocket, and worse she will suffer yet! For if her beving borrowed money on mortgage to throw after what has already been lost beyond recall is going to bring her any good of—I'm a Dutchman!"

"Now, I'll tell you what, Trooper Horrolian," said Thompson Jewell, purple to the rim of his sporting person's hat with something more stinging than the bitter February wind, "I don't pretend not to know what you're driving at, because Aboveboard is my name. If my distant relation, Mrs. Sarah Horrolian, is pleased to drive over from Market Drowsing sometimes on her egg-and-butter days, for the purpose of asking advice from a man who, like myself, is accustomed to be looked up to and consulted, supposing I happen to be at home at my little place"—which was a huge, ornate and showy

country mansion, with a great deal of avenue, shrubbery, glass, and experimental garden-ground about it—"I am not the man to gussy her, to gratify her long-legged puppy of a son."

"I'm obliged to you, I'm sure!" said Josh, reddening to his red hair, and angrily growling, in his desire to restrain himself from incautious speech, the shiny black strap by which the idiotic little muffin-shaped forage-cap of German pattern approved by Government, was sustained in a perilously slanting position on the side of his head.

"My name being Plump and Plain," said Thompson Jewell, once more extracting the large fur-gloved hand from under the leather apron of the phetion, "I'm damned if I care this snap of my fingers"—he clumsily snapped them—"whether you are obliged to me or whether you ain't! Is that clear to you?"

The groom who occupied the driving seat beside his master laughing dutifully at this, Thompson Jewell's righteous indignation was somewhat appeased, as he proceeded:

"If the river flooded those fore-lands of your mother's, and the rainy season finished what the river began, I'm not the Clerk of the Weather Office, I suppose? Call Providence to account for the bad season, if you must blame somebody. . . . Though, if you do, and should happen to be struck dead by lightning as a punishment for your wickedness, don't expect me to pity you, that's all! Granted I gave a pound or so for Sarah Horrolian's mildewed clover and stinking beans, and barley that had sprouted green in the ear, to burn for top-dressing; and let her have a bit of money at easy interest on her freehold of Upper Clays—I suppose as it's her property, having been left her for her sole use and benefit by her father (who was an uncle of my own, and don't my admitting that prove to you how little proud I am?), she's free to borrow on it if it pleases her. You are not the master yet, my good fellow?" "And won't be, please God!—for many a year to come!" said Mr. Jewell's

good fellow, with unaffected sincerity. "Nor will he ever, Mr. Jewell, supposing my mother not able to pay off your interest. You've foreclosed on too many of the small freeholders in this neighborhood, for me to believe that you'll be more generous and merciful with your poor relation, than you've been with them you've called your good friends?"

The groom who drove, forgetting himself so far as to chuckle at this, Thompson Jewell damned his impertinence with less of dignity and more of flustered bumptiousness than an admirer of the great man's would have expected.

"And poor as my mother is, and hard as she has been put to it," went on the trooper, perceiving his sore subject, "if she had dreamed that the spoiled fodder she sold you for the price such unwholesome rubbish was worth, was not to be burned for top-dressing, but dried in them kilns that are worked in another name than yours at Little Midding—and mixed with decent stuff, and sold as first-class fare for Army horses, poor beasts!—she'd have seen you at Jerusalem beyond the Jordan, before she'd ha' parried with a borrow-load of the rot-gut stuff, or she's not the woman I take her for!"

"You insolent blackguard!" said Thompson Jewell, blowing at the speaker, and swelling over the apex of the phaeon until the soundness of its leather straps must have been severely tested. "You've heard of the Lock-up and Treasuries for proved defamers and slanderers, haven't you, in default of the damages such vermin are too poor to pay?"

"I've heard of lots o' things since I joined the Army, Mr. Thompson Jewell," retorted Joshua Horrobin, who had retained his coolness as the other had lost self-command, "and I've seen a few more! I've seen such things come out of the middle of Government hay-and-straw trusses as nobody, except the Contractor who sold and the Forge Department Agents who took 'em over, and the Quartermaster-Sergeant who served 'em out, and the soldiers who got

'em, would expect to find there. Not only cabbage-stumps and waste newspapers," said Josh forcibly, "which in moderation may be good for Cavalry troop-horses. But ragged flannel petticoats, empty jam-tins, and an old hat with a litter of dead kittens inside of it, form too variegated and stimulating a diet to agree with anything under an ostrich; and I'm none too sure that such wouldn't be too much for the bird's digestion in the long-run."

The groom covered himself with disgrace at this juncture by exploding in a guffaw, which Thompson Jewell, mentally registering as to be expiated next per-day by a lowering of wages, loftily ignored. He realized his own over-condescension in arguing with the worm that dared to lift up its head from the ground beneath his chariot-wheels, and argue with and denounce him. He changed his tone, now, and, instead of bullying, puffed the crawling thing.

"You don't understand what you're talking about, Horrobin," he said patronisingly, "and being a poor uneducated, common soldier, who's to be astonished at it? The British Government is too great and powerful and glorious and grand a Power to trouble itself about rags and jam-tins, or a half of dead kittens, shoved for a joke inside a truss of Army forage by some drunken trooper. Possibly next time you're in liquor, my man, you'll remember that you put them there yourself! As for any person being unprincipled enough to sell sprouted gramin and mildewed hay, mixed up with sound stuff, as you suggest some persons do; what I say to you is that such people don't exist, such wickedness couldn't be possible; and if you undertook to prove to me that it is—I shouldn't be convinced! And, further, understand this; and what I say to you is what I said to an impudent, middle-class whelp of a young foreigner I met in the train 'tween dear betwixt Dullingsstoke and Waterloo—the British Government will RE the British Government, in spite of all the fault-finding and grumbling of mutinous and impudent upstart Rankers or their betters! And the iron wheels

of Administration will keep on a-rolling, and so sure as heads are lifted too high out of the dust that is their proper element, those iron wheels I speak of will roll over 'em and mash 'em. MASH 'em, by Gosh! D'y'e understand me?"

"Quite well, Mr. Jewell," returned the other composedly. "But I've good hopes of being able to roll or crawl or wriggle out of reach before those iron wheels you speak of roll my way. Mother heaving come round at last, I'm to be bought out of the Army come next Michaelmas, having served with the Colours—I humbly hope without a single act that might be calculated to dishonor them, or soil the reputation of an honest man and a loyal soldier!—rising five years out of the twelve I listed for; and, once being free, I mean to put my shoulder to the wheel in the farming-line in good earnest; and leave the officer's sash, and the pair of gold-lace epaulettes you spoke of, hanging at the top of the tree for some other fellow fortunater than I have been, to reach down."

"Go your way, ungrateful and obstinate young man," said Thompson Jewell, sternly, expending his cheeks to the rotundity of a tombstone cherub's, and snorting reprehension. "I hope for your respectable's mother's sake it mayn't end in ruin and disgrace, but—my name being Candid—I shouldn't wonder if it did!" He shook his pear-shaped head until he shook his hat over his goggle eyes, and so took it off, and blew his large cocked nose sonorously upon a vast silk handkerchief he whisked out of the crown, adding: "I suppose you are on furlough, and were bound for the Upper Clays when I overtook you marching along the Queen's Highway with your riding-whip in your hand?"

"Why, a cane might be better, for a man on leave to carry," returned Joshua Horrobin, meditatively running his eye from the stout handle of the riding-whip to the strong lash at its tip. "But though I came by the railway, I mean to go back by road. My Captain, being a rich gentleman, and having a good opinion of my judgment in horseflesh!"

—he said this with a flash and sparkle of honest pride—"has bought my young horse—'Blueberry'—for the troop. And I'm to ride him. He won't look so fat and shiny on the Government forage as he does on what he gets at home, but he'll do credit to the Regiment yet, or I'm no judge. Good-afternoon, sir!"

He saluted and wheeled, setting his handsome face ahead and Thompson Jewell, in surly accents, bade the groom drive on. And as the spirited blacks broke at once into a trot, carrying their owner from the scene so rapidly that the pick-and-pan mail-phaeon became behind their lively heels a mere flying streak of scarlet, he directed towards Blueberry and his owner the fervent aspiration: "And I hope your brute may come a downer when you're charging in close order, and break your infernal neck for you!" But he did not utter the words aloud.

XXII.

MEANWHILE Josh Horrobin pursued his march, but without the cheerful whistling accompaniment, decapitating the more aggressive weeds and thistles growing by the roadside with such tremendous slashes of the stout riding-whip as to leave no doubt that he executed in imagination condign punishment upon certain individuals unnamed. Indeed, so far did his annoyance carry him, that, disturbed by measure by the incessant chattering of the frosty wind amidst the crisp dry leaves of an elm-hedge he was passing, he bade the timeless element hold its noise, in what was for him a surly tone.

But, coming to a hog-backed stile, breking the hedge and leading by a narrow right-of-way over some clayey wheatlands, where the first faint green blash of the young corn lay in the more sheltered hollows, together with a powdering of fine unmelting snow, his bent brows relaxed, and the shadow that darkened his handsome sunburned face vanished. He whistled again as he threw a long blue leg, with a white

stripe down the side of the tight trouser strapped down over the spurred Wellington boot, across the iron-bound log. For on the high bleak ridge of the sixty-acre upland, stood his mother's farm, facing away from him to the west; where the fall of the clay-lands upon the other side sloped to the deep and muddy Drowse, spanned by an ancient stone bridge that had rude carvings of tilting knights in plate-armour, upon some of the coping-stones of its parapet. The bridge crossed, a mile of country road dotted with farmhouses and cottages led to the small and sleepy borough-town of Market Drowsing, in the shadow of whose square Anglo-Norman church-tower many tall Horrocks had mouldered into dust. . . .

The sight of the low, irregular brown-and-red-tiled roof of the old home building, with its pale-ivory patch of garden at the southern gable-end, its great thatched barn sheltering it on the north side, and its rows of beehive-shaped ricks, each topped with a neatly-plaited ball of grass, tarred to resist weather and impaled upon a wooden spike, warmed the man's heart, not for the reason that a somewhat cheerless boyhood had been passed beneath those mossy-green, lichen-yellowed, old red tiles, but because they sheltered Nelly.

"I wonder if she sees me?" he questioned with himself, as the path took a curve and the great church-shaped barn reared up its gray and ancient bulk between him and the homestead. "The little dairy-window at the house-hack—this being about the time of day she's drawing off the skimmings for the pigs—ought, if so be as she's on the look-out, to have given her a view"—his smile broadened—"of the approaching enemy."

Of course it had, long happy minutes back. Even as the image of her rose smiling in his mind, she came running down the pathway straight into his arms, and with the joyful shock and the warm contact of her vexations fled away, and she snatched her not at all objecting, to his heaving heart, and they took a long, sweet kiss—rather an experienced kiss, if one may say it, and

more suggestive of the full-orbed sweetest of the honeymoon than of the wooing-time that goes before.

"Now, do 'e give over, Josh!" she said at last, and emerged all rosy with love and happiness from his strong embrace, and straightened her pink quilted sunbonnet, pouting a little. "Bain't you ashamed?"

"I'd like to see myself!" declared Josh stoutly, and had another kiss of her upon the strength of it, and then held her off at arm's length for a long, satisfying look.

She was very pretty, this Nelly, orphan daughter of a small freehold farmer named John Pover, who had borrowed money upon a mortgage from the great Thompson Jewell, and had, unhappy wretch, once the suckers of that greedy octopus were fairly fastened on him, been drained by means of extortionate interest, until he cut his throat—an absurd thing to do, seeing how little blood was left in him—leaving his freehold, farm, and stock to be gulped down, and his girl to take service as dairymaid with that grim Samaritaness, Sarah Horrocks.

She had sweet, soft, shy, dark eyes, had Nelly, and a sweet round face, the top of its rosy cheeks dusted with golden freckles. There were some more on her little nose, a feature of no known order of facial architecture, but yet distracting to male wit, taken in conjunction with the rest; and a powdering of yet more freckles was on her darling upper lip, and the underlip pouted, as though it were jealous at having been overlooked. Her dark hair had a gleam of yellow gold on the edges of the curls that had escaped the control of the sunbonnet that now hung back upon her shoulders; and she had the round neck and plump breast of a dove, or of a lovely young woman, full of the vigour of fresh life and the glow of young hope, and the joy and the promise and the palpitating, passionate fulfillment of Love, without a bitter drop in the cup—until you came to Sarah Horrocks.

Josh came to Sarah, when the first edge had been taken off his appetite

for kisses. He asked, unconsciously dropping back into his broad native accent, so he stood under the lee-side of the big barn, with his strong arm round Nelly's yielding waist, and her curls scattered on the broad breast covered by the tight blue jacket:

"Well, and how be mother?"

"I reckon much about the same. Throwing Scripture at a body," said Nelly, with a grimace that only produced a dimple, "whenever her be wopsy."

"And that's all round the clock," said Sarah Horrocks's son decidedly. He added: "Hard texts break no bones, Pretty. I learned that when I was a lad. And how's old Blueberry? Proper? That's right. He takes me back to-morrow—starting early so as not to overdo him, good heart!"

"I believe you love him better than poor Nelly," she said, with tony crowding on her long dark lashes at the thought of losing her love so soon.

"I'll show poor Nelly whether I love her or not." He pretended to hit a pink finger of the soft hand he cherished in his own. "Let's just forget to-morrow till it's here." His tongue broadened insensibly into the Sloughshire dialect as he went on: "And how be my old dog Roger? And Jason Digweed? Does he still take off his boots to clean pigsty, and then put 'em on again over all the muck? And wear no clothes at all to-house, and answer a knock at door naked as my hand? O' course he do! It wouldn't be Jason else. There's nobody can tell me anything new about him."

"Meb-be I might!"

He took her by the chin, and turned the coquettish face to him, and looked into the dancing eyes with a twinkle in his own.

"Now then, what is it? Speak up, you teasing witch!"

Nelly dimpled and blushed, and finally burst out laughing, smothering her mirth against Josh's blue sleeve in a very endearing way.

"Hurry up, or I shall go!" Josh's florid face broadened in a smile, and his blue eyes twinkled knowingly. "I

doubt but I do guess, though, all the same. Still, tell!"

She shunned his eyes with provoking coyness.

"I don't half like to say it out loud!"

"Whisper then," he said guily, "and give a man a chance to kiss a pretty neck!"

"Behave yourself! But stoop down. You be so tall."

He stooped, and she whispered, and the whisper sent him off into a guffaw of laughter.

"Ha, ha, ha! Well, to-be-sure!" He slapped his thigh, and roared himself red in the face, and she laughed with him, though in demure fashion. "Where that beats all! So Jason be in love, after all his cursing of females, and wishing as the Almighty had seen fit to people the world without the help of petticoats. But who's the maid, if it be a maid, and what's her mind to him, seemingly? Will she swallow the mortal down, with a hold on her nose, or turn it up, and hid him get to windward with that mug of his, as a New Zealand idiom might be jealous of? Come, give her a name! or I'll say you grudge her her good fortune!"

"You gave her your own, not so long back!"

"You don't mean yourself?"

Convinced by Nelly's blushes as by her laughter that she did mean herself; a purple hue swamped the tropic's florid countenance and a weakness took him in the knees. He rocked awhile, holding his blue-cloth-covered ribs, and then his laughter broke away with him, and wakened echoes that the harrack-room knew, but that the blackened, cobwebbed rafters of the ancient barn had not echoed to since a roaring bachelor squire of the soldier's name had held Harvest Home there in the dead old days when the Second George was King.

Nelly checked him when he reached the climax of gasping speechlessly and mopping his overflowing eyes. He croaked out:

"Well that hangs the best! And what did you do when he made up to 'e? Oomh his hair wif a muckfork, or

courtesy and thank him kindly for his damned presumption!"

"Use proper talk, else I'll tell 'e nowt," she threatened.

"I will, I vow! From now I'm the best boy in the Sunday-school,—mild as a dish o' milk, and as mealy-mouthed as Old Pooker—not that he's a bad sort, as the white-choked corps go!"

"See you keep your word! Well then . . . Says my customer to I . . ."

"Meaning Jason? . . ."

"Meaning Jason. Says he, smirking all over his face, as how I be a main pretty maid; and he have wrestled in prayer upon the matter, and me-ho if I looked out wi' my bright eyes sharp enough, I should see myself stundin' up before the Minister to Market Drowse Baptist Chapel, being preached into one flesh wi' he—ho—ho!"

Josh drew a deep breath, inflating his broad chest to the utmost of its lung-capacity and hellowed:

"And this is the man as down-cries all women. Why, he got round mother that way, cussing of the female sex for traps and snares and Babylonish harlots, though why that kind o' talk should tickle her, hang me if I know! her being a woman herself, by way of I . . . But how did you meet the hold woe? . . ."

"Tossed up my chin like so"—she furnished a distracting example—"and telled 'e as no living minister should mould me into one flesh wi' any mortal man!"

"Having been regularly tied up in the matrimony-knot by a person—my blessings on his tallow face!" said Josh, with a triumphant hug, "that snowy day in January when you met me at the little iron church down the Stoke Road near Dullingscote Junction, wi' the licence buttoned in the pocket of my borrowed suit o' plain clothes, and the ring jammed on my little finger so precious tight—for fear of losing it!—that it took you and me and the bandle to get it off again!"

Upon the strength of these reminiscences he did some more hugging. She freed herself from the enclosing girdle

of warm, muscular flesh and hot blood, pouting:

"Behave, and let a body finish! To that about the minister, and me never marrying, Jason he tells I as all young maids be 'locked at axing. 'But a'll gi' thee another chance,' says he. 'Oolt thee or 'boutest thee? Cry 'banns' when I cry 'peas,' and it's a bargain!' Wi' that, he offers to kiss me!"

"The-frowsy son o' a gun! Don't say you ever—"

"Likely! . . . I fetched 'n a smack in the fore . . ."

"Bravo!"

"Following up with the promise that I'd rather die than wed 'n, and all the same so if he were hung wi' gold and diamonds . . ."

"There's my girl! What more?"

"Oh, Jason he were cruel cased down. Quite despatchlike, and threatened me he'd list for a sger . . ."

"Why, they would wash 'e! I talk 'n; and be bundled away in a girl hurry, and haven't come aither I since. . . . But your mother must ha' heard, her looks be so mortal glum."

"Never mind her looks! Tell her I've got a better husband for her pretty dairymaid than her pigman comes to, dang his danted impudence!"

She rallied him in ruda country fashion, its homeliness redeemed by the beauty of the speaking mouth and the dancing hazel eyes.

"You be jealous!"

"Jealous, am I?" He rapped out the fashionable oath, caught from his officers: "Egad I you rogue, I'll punish you for that!"

So seemed to like the punishment rather than not. And as she gasped, crimson under his kisses, there was a rustling inside the barn, near the great doors of which the lovers stood. One of these swung open, affording to the views of those without, had their absorbed faces but been turned that way, a segment of the vast churchlike interior, with its noble raftered roof upheld by kingposts of the gable-ends, and only lighted by the gleams of cold wintry sunshine that found entrance by the partly open door, and by the cracks

between the ancient side-boards, and here and there where birds or rats had tunnelled holes in the ancient brown thick. Mounds of recently-threshed wheat occupied the granary at the higher end; with piles of sacks, cord-kind, destined to receive the hard, sound, golden grain. The lower threshing-floor was ankle-deep with the chaff of beans, and stout bags of these, newly tied, stood in rows against the opposite wall, while a great mound of the straw rose in the background. The wooden flail that had been used in the bean-threshing lay upon the floor. The man who had wielded it had yielded to the desire for a snooze, a weakness of Jason Digweed's when the beer was working in his muddy brain. . . .

When the lovers had jested about him and his unlucky wooing, there had been a stirring in the heart of the mound of bean-straw, and a dirty finger shod with a black nail had worked a spying-hole for an unwashed face, embedded in a matted growth of dirty hair, to rest in. Thus, unobserved, Mrs. Sarah Horrobian's pigman, foggy, cow-keeper, and general factotum, favored by the widow on account of his dissenting principles and avowed and sturdy misogyny, could see what took place, and be entertained by the conversation.

It had fallen to fitful whispers. The man was urgent, and the damsel coy. The experience of the ambushes of the sex had to be drawn upon for the context of the broken sentences that reached the dingy ears under the dirty hair-thatch.

"Miss Impudence!" Josh called his sweetheart after some retort of hers. "Miss!" she hushed, so softly that even her lover barely heard her.

"Miss Nelly Pover to the world as ye, and in the hearing of folks to home here. But Mrs. Joshua Horrobian in snug corners when there's none to listen or pry. Eh, my heavy?" she said, hugging her.

"I don't know how I durst ha' married you!" she panted. "and me that afraid o' your mother. . . ."

"Let me but gat bought out of the

Army and settled in my proper place as master of this farm," said Josh in a loud, ringing voice of cheerful hope, "and there's no one on earth you need hang your pretty head for, or ever shall, my darling!"

XXIII.

MEANWHILE Sarah Horrobian, a small, determined, flat-bosomed woman of curiously heavy footsteps and vigorously determined aspect, attired in a narrow gown of rasping wincey and a blue-checked apron with a wedge-shaped bib, made plaint, growning over the hideous wickedness of this world as she pounded with the roller at the dough upon the pestry-board. It helps the picture to add that the widow's pastry was of a consistency so tough and lasting that no human being, save one, partaking herself, had ever been known to venture on a second helping, the exception being Digweed, the pigman.

When Sarah's only child, Joshua, then a white-skinned red-eared, hurly youngster of eighteen, already standing nearly six feet high in his deceased father's solid mahogany-topped boots and old-fashioned cords, and the haggard velvet-eaten coat with the huge horn buttons, even when the hard, shiny, low-crowned hat hung on its peg against the passage wall—when Josh took the Queen's Shilling, it may have been an undigested slice of the widow's Spartan pie-crust, innocent of mollifying medium or shortening of any kind, that spurred him to the act, combined with Sarah's railing.

For the Lili and the Lilith, that ceaselessly chide, with shrill, weird, human-seeming voices, amongst the ruins of dead and long-forgotten cities on Babylonian plains, were as piping bull-finsches compared with Sarah Horrobian.

If she had ever met with any members of the sect, she would have shown as a Muggletonian. To denounce rather than to exhort was her religion. To proclaim sinners lost eternally, and bawdiest in the prospect of their frying, to call down judgments from Heaven

upon those who had offended her, was the widow's way.

News came to her from Jason Digweed, her unsavoury Mercury and general intelligence, that one Whichello, clerk and beadle to the Parish Church of Market Drowsing, whose incumbent claimed tithes from the widow, had suffered the loss of an eye, which had dropped out upon the Prayer-Book in the middle of the Litany, being a blind-er all along—though Whichello had never had the ghost of a notion of it—and nearly scared Parson into fits.

"Then the Lord has not forgotten me!" said the grim little woman, folding her great bony hands upon her meagre bosom. "He remembered that clutch of thirty addled Black Spanish eggs I bought of that whited sepulchre and set under our old Broody, and He has smitten, sparing to slay."

"Now mother! . . ." began Josh, wriggling on the low-backed settle; "you don't really go for to say you believe a thing of the Lord like that there!"

"Silence!" said the widow, turning her long, sallow, high-nosed face, with the seamy loops of black hair upon the temples, upon her son, and freeing even his accustomed blood with the glare of her three black eyes. "If so be as the Almighty wills to avenge His chosen, who are you to say Him nay?"

She went out of the kitchen, shaking the crockery on the shelves with her ponderous gait, and visited her stores and sent from thence half-a-bag of potatoes and a leg of new-killed pork to the clerk's wife. "For the Lord never meant the innocent to suffer with the guilty," she knew. Later, when she subscribed half-a-crown towards the purchase of a glass eye for the bereaved Whichello, she forgot to quote her authority for the act.

Poor folk in want approached Sarah, expectant of verbal brimstone, not unhelpful of receiving more substantial aid. For the widow Horrotian, after severely-exhaustive inquiries, failing to run Deception to its earth, extended silver in shilling drops, girding as she gave, when the well-to-do buttoned up their pockets and bestowed nothing but

sympathetic words. Yet these were praised as kindly folk, when there were no blessings for Sarah. For even as her hand relieved, her tongue dropped vitriol on human hearts, and raised resentful blisters there.

One of these blisters, breaking upon a Sunday night at tea-time, led to the outlying of Josh and his subsequent enlistment. A teapot was involved in the quarrel, which yet sprang from a milky source. For to the moral scourges with which Mrs. Horrotian lashed the quivering flesh of her only child, she never, never failed to add, as a crowning, overwhelming instance of the filial ingratitude of her son Josh, the reproach that she had nourished him at her maternal bosom—preferably choosing meal-times, and those rare occasions when guests gathered at her board, for these intimate reminiscences of the young man's helpless infancy.

To look at the woman raised doubts as to the possibility of her ever having nourished anything except a grudge or a resentment. No deal board could be flatter than the surface she would passionately strike with her bony hand in testimony to the fact alleged, causing Josh to choke with embarrassment in his mug of home-brewed ale, and eliciting from the guest—always a partisan and a crony of her own—grunts, if a male; or pensive, feminine sighs, or neutral clicks of the tongue against the palate.

"As if I could help it!" Josh suddenly burst out on the epoch-making occasion referred to.

The turning of the worm was so unexpected that the widow leaped back in her chair, and there ensued a silence only broken when the minister of the local Bethesda groaned. For the Reverend Mr. Pooker, with his wife and daughter, were frequently guests at Sarah's board, the widow, nominally a member of the Established Church, having seceded to Dissent, liking her religion as she liked her tea, hot and strong, and without sugar.

"I think you spoke, young man?" said the Reverend Mr. Pooker, setting down the pot of rhubarb jam into which

he had been diving, and staring solemnly at Josh. Mrs. Pooker faithfully reproduced the stare, and little Miss Pooker tried to do so, but only managed to look at the presumptuous youth with her little canary-colored head tilted on one side in an admiring manner. Not being sufficiently regenerate and elect to be insensible to the dreadful fascination of wickedness.

"I did speak!" asserted young Josh, boldly meeting the black eyes that flamed upon him out of the deep hollows under his mother's high narrow brow. "I said, 'As if I could help it' and I say so again. . . . Were there no teapots handy? A teapot wouldn't he pitched itself in a child's face years after he's earned the right, Lord knows! to call himself a man."

"Scuffer!" thundered the great bass voice of the little flat-chested woman. "Mocker! As though I, Sarah Horrotian, would disobey the command that bids a woman reukie her children?"

"Well and nobly said, ma'am!" commented the Reverend Pooker, reaching for the seed-cake. "And let us hope that the respect and gratitude owed by a child so nurtured to a parent—"

"And such a parent!" interpolated Mrs. Pooker tenderly.

"Will not be forgotten," said the Reverend Mr. Pooker through the intervening medium of seed-cake, "by this misguided and onerously Young Man!"

"Very well, then!" said Josh, driven beyond patience. "All right! But why be I to thank her for doing what the Lord commanded her to do? That's what I want to know!"

Sarah Horrotian rose up at the tea-board end of the Pembroke table in the best parlor.

"Another speech like that, Joshua, and if you was ten times the son of my womb, you should go forth motherless from these doors. What! Shall the Name of the Lord be taken in vain at my table, and I not drive forth the blamphemer from my roof?"

"Dear sister in grace . . ." began placid Mrs. Pooker, possibly foreseeing regrettable contingencies. But Sarah was fairly launched.

"And naked shall you go, Joshua, save for the clothes upon your back, and not a penny of my money shall be lavished upon the accursed of God and of his mother, for whom Hell gapes, and eternal punishment is most surely waiting."

"Hem!—hem!" coughed the Reverend Pooker, getting alarmed. But Mrs. Horrotian was wound up, and, as Josh knew, would go till she ran down.

"There shall you gnash your teeth in torment," boomed the awful voice of the widow. "There shall the Worm that dieth not gnaw your vitals—"

"Oh!—dang the dog-dashed Worm!" broke in the lost one, and at this hideous blasphemy the Reverend Mr. Pooker set down his refilled teacup with a bump that spilled half its contents over the suaver's edge, and the minister's wife and daughter fairly covered in their chairs.

"I be sick to death of hearing about worms and gnashings and torment. And as for going forth o' your doors, I'll go now. So good-bye, mother, for good, and my parting respects to you, Mr. Pooker and Mrs. Pooker! Don't 'e cry, Miss Jenny! I shan't go to Hell a day sooner for all my mother's cursing. A pretty mother!" said Josh in boiling indignation, "to be calling down damnation on her only son across her Sunday tea-tray. Why, one o' they Cannibal Islanders she throws away good money on converting 'd make a better shift at being civil to her own flesh and blood!"

Sarah did not recover her power of oratorical speech for some minutes after the best parlor door had slammed behind her departing prodigal, and his swift heavy steps had traversed the stone-flagged passage, and his manly voice, still vibrating with anger, had been heard telling the old mastiff Roger to go back to his kennel in the yard. Then she offered Mr. Pooker a fresh cup of tea, and when the pastor declined, suggesting application at the Mercy Seat for a better frame of mind for somebody unparaphrased by name, the stark little woman gave no more sign of consciousness of the intimate and personal nature of the supplication,

than if she had been asked to join in prayer for an obdurate Fiji Islander, determined on not parting with a favorite fetish of carved coconut-wood adorned with red sunset and filed sharks' teeth.

But when the farmhouse was silent, and its few inmates, all save the mistress, wrapped in slumber, Sarah Horrobin sat upon a hard, uncompromising, uncomfortable chair by the dying embers of the farm-kitchen fire; and wept, as might have wept a wooden mannikin, on some stage of puppets; wrenched with grotesque moans and wry throes of grief, holding her blue-checked apron squarely before her reddened eyes.

Ah! pity these isolated ones, stern of nature, obdurate of heart, who yearn to yield but are not fashioned for yielding. All they crave is the opportunity to rest and be tender, but it never, never comes! If someone had the courage to cling about those iron necks of theirs and pray them with tears and kisses, to be kind, they believe in their secret hearts that they could; but the waters of tenderness are dried up in them, or lost, as are forgotten and buried fountains in the great Desert, doomed never to spring to the light in crystal rindures and cool a thirsty traveller's lip. What tragic agonies are theirs, who can even see their dear ones die, unrecruited and unforgiven. . . . Ah! pity them, the obscure of heart!

As for the Prodgal, who had tramped it into Market Drowning, and bribed the under-constable at the Sergeant's Head Inn with sumpence to let him sleep in the hayloft appertaining to that hostelry after a supper of bread-and-cheese and ale, he had had a clinching interview with the tall Sergeant of Lancers at the Recruiting Office, before that stately functionary's palate had lost the flavor of his post-breakfast quart of beer.

Josh chose the Hundredth Lancers for the reason that he liked horses; and because the Sergeant, whom he hugely admired, belonged to that dashing Light Cavalry regiment. Also because there were knights in plate-armor tilting with lances in the half-obliterated

fourteenth-century frescoes that rainy weather brought out in ghostly blotches through the convocations. Protestant whitewash of Market Drowning Parish Church; and he had, from early boyhood, achieved patience throughout the Vicar's hydra-headed sermons, by imagining how he, Josh Horrobin, would wield such a weapon, bestriding just such another steed as Sir Simon Flanders's war-horse with the steel spiked nose-piece and breast-piece, the wide embroidered reins, and the emblazoned, parti-colored bounding swaying the ground like a lady's train. . . .

The Railway had not yet reached Dullingslake. But the Sergeant, with his plentifully-be-ribboned capivres, six other youths of Josh's own age, had marched into town—with frequent washings-out of thirty throats with pots of beer upon the way—and had whisked them off by the "Wonder" coach for Sparham before to Sarah Horrobin of The Upper Clays Farm came the news that her only son had joined in his lot with the shedders of blood.

Erelong, to that hopeful recruit, learning the goose-step at Sparham Bernecks with other raw-material under process of licking into shape, arrived a goodly chest containing comfortable provender of home-cured bacon, home-made cheese and butter, a stone bottle of The Upper Clays home-brewed ale, and a meat-pie with a crust of almost shell-proof consistency. In conjunction with a sulphurous tract, a bottle of horchound balsam for coughs, and a Bible containing a five-pound note pinned within a half-sheet of dingy newspaper, inscribed in the widow's stiff laborious handwriting: "*For my son, From his affectionate Mother, S. Horrobin.*"

Do you know stern Sarah a little better now? Do you comprehend the craving need of strong excitement, the powerfully-dramatic bent that found a relieving outlet in the provocation of those passionate scenes that left the simpler and less complex nature of her offspring suffering and unstrung?

He was the gaizner, she the lozer, by

that breach of theirs. Her terrible voice, her freezing glare would never overcome his soul and paralyze his tongue again. He would always have an answer for her thenceforth; her quelling days were over. . . .

For to Josh, who had been bred in the belief that the word of Sarah was as little to be disputed as the Word between the black stamped-leather covers of the great Family Bible on the best parlor side-table, had come the revelation that his mother was merely a woman after all. She had always promised him that he would be blessed by a lightning-stroke from Heaven did he presume to defy her awful mandates and dispute her sovereign will. He had done both these things, and what is more, had done them on a Sunday, and the effect upon the weather had been absolutely nil. One of the balmiest, rosiest, and lightest of summer evenings he could recall had smiled upon the exile's tramp into Market Drowning. He had thrown his early red head back, and squared his strong shoulders as he went, looking up at the pale shining splendor of the evening star. . . .

Full revelation of her loss of power to sway the imagination of her son did not come to Sarah Horrobin until two years later, when Josh, a full-blown trooper in Her Majesty's Hundredth Regiment of Lancers, came home upon her written invitation, to spend a furlough at The Upper Clays.

He had acquired a power of smart repartee, a military sangfroid which Sarah found disconcerting. . . . His way of smiling as he pulled at a recently-acquired red whisker betokened self-consciousness and vanity, that damning sin. . . . It was in vain she urged him to confess himself a worm, and no man. . . .

"That's your opinion o' your son, maybel. . . ." Josh played with the hirsute ornament, which his mother secretly admired, in the diffident way she abhorred, adding: "But I should call my father's son a derent sort o' beggar, taking him all round."

"Pride goeth before a fall," said Sarah, in her deep chest-notes of warn-

ing, "and the pit is dugged deep for the feet of the vainglorious."

"Ay, ay?" assented the soldier. "Perhaps I be vainglorious, a bit. But you have so poor an opinion o' me, mother, that I'm driven to have a better o' myself than I should in ordinary. Try praising me, if you want me to run myself down!"

Sarah was silenced. She shut up her mouth like a trap, and went about her work in rigid dumbness, while the voice of her son cried out in bitterness, sweetening with Heaven for the soul of her son, whom to praise, whom to take pride in, whom to favor and indulge were to damn to all eternity, according to the Book from which some souls draw milk and honey, and others corroding verjuice and bitterest gall.

XXIV.

This February noon, while the early sunset reddened the west and the sun made love in the barn, the mother prepared stewed rabbit in the kitchen. She sliced odd potatoes into a pie-dish, with severe brows and compressed lips. And a young rabbit, disembowelled and skinned, ready for disembowment and interment, leaned languidly over the edge of a blue plate, waiting the widow's will.

There was a heavy step upon the flagstones outside the closed half-door that kept the expectant group of fowls assembled at the outer threshold from intruding into the kitchen. The upper part of a tall man's body appeared over the half-door, blocking out the sunset. Its long shadow fell over the chopping-board and the widow's active hands. She knew whose was the step, and her hands were arrested in mid-movement. Had her grim nature permitted it, she could have cried out with joy. As it was, a dimness obscured her vision, and the roaring of the blood in her ears drowned out the click of the latch as he came in.

"Joshua! . . ."

"How are you, mother?"

The tall, manly, soldierly figure, towering in the oblong of open doorway against its background of flaming sun-

set sky, farmyard, and stubble sloping to the jade-green river crawling between its frosted edges, stepped to her and took her large, hard hand, and kissed her underneath the high, yellow cheekbone, with a dutiful peck of lips.

"I am well, thanks to the Lord!" said Sarah, regarding him unflinchingly. He was so like her dead husband, his father, that a wild surge of emotion strained the books and eyes of the brown wino gown and swelled her lean throat to choking anguish.

"That's right. But you always are well, ain't you, mother? Bobbily, if not tol-lol?" And Miss Nelly?" For she had entered at the moment, bringing the radiance of youth and happiness to illumine the somewhat gloomy farm-kitchen. "No need to ask how she is, if looks speak for anything! How do you do, Miss Nelly? Let me hope as you've not quite forgotten an old friend!"

"No, for sure! and I be nicely, Mr. Joshua, kindly thanks to 'e!"

With her quilted sunbonnet shading a face that the February wind, or some more ardent lover had kissed to glowing rosiest, from the widow's hard black eyes, she put her pink hand in the by-critical fellow's large brown one, and gave him modest welcome.

So modest and discreet, even in those rigorous eyes of Sarah Horatian, that the extraordinary snoring sound emanating from Jason Digweed, who, heralded by his characteristic perfume of pigsties in combination with unwashed humanity, had appeared outside the half-door, startled the widow as though a geyser, suddenly opening in the brick kitchen-floor, had been responsible for the utterances.

"Bain't you seabased, man?" she tartly demanded of the offender, "to make noises like the beasts that perish?"

"No-a!" retorted Jason. He stepped boldly across the kitchen threshold, permeating its slightly onion-flavored atmosphere with a potent suggestion of pigs, and planted his huge and dirty boots definitely upon the spotted floor-bricks, in defiance of the mute appeal made by the rope-mat to the entering

visitor. He scratched himself leisurely, within the open bosom of a shirt of neutral hue, and as he scratched he looked from one to the other of the three faces that bore degrading testimony to the daily and thorough use of water, soap, and flannel, and his little eyes burned redly under their populous thatch. It is not often that to a piggy man who has been wounded by the dart of Amor and roused to resentful frenzy by the fair one's contemptuous rejection of his love, comes so complete an opportunity for vengeance upon a triumphant rival as Jason savored now.

The soldier's rashness hastened the descent of the sword. . . .

"Why, 'is Jason," he began, with a stinging in the muscles of his strong arms prompting him to push a head, and an urgent impulse concealed within the toes of his spurred Wellingtons, that had ended before now in somebody being kicked. "No need to inquire after your health, I see. A perfect picture. . . . Isn't he, Miss Nelly?—if so be as a chap could see the picture for the dirt upon it!"

"Let Digweed be. He is as the Lord made him" boomed the deep retaking voice of Sarah, "and a burning and a shining light of holiness such as I have peeped in vain the son of my womb might be?"

"The Lord made him as clean as the rest of us at the start, I reckon," retorted the soldier, rushing on his fate, "and a burning and a shining light in a mucky lantern is no better than a bad 'un at the best. Eh, Miss Nelly?"

At this homely piece of wit Miss Nelly laughed out merrily, and Sarah, turning her long narrow face and stern black eyes on the blushing offender, bade her be silent in so harsh a tone that she began to cry.

Mightily relishing Nelly's tears and confusion, Jason perpetrated a whinnying imitation of the silly little laugh that had drawn down her mistress's rosy cheeks upon her. But upon a sudden forward movement of the angry-eyed trooper, he hastily turned the whinny into a groan of the prolonged and gusty kind, wherewith searching pulpit utter-

ances were ordinarily greeted at the Market Drowning Bethesda.

"Now, look ye here, Digweed," began the trooper, upon whose rising anger the groan had anything but a mollifying effect, "if so be as you're a man, and have anything upon your tongue's end, out with it in human language, and ha' done w' bellocking and grunting—or besake yourself where the company are more likely to understand ye."

The speaker slightly jerked his thumb towards the littered yard, in shape an irregular square; the long straggling mass of the farmhouse occupying the upper side, the stables, sheds, and cattle-byres enclosing it upon the right hand; a goodly row of populous pigsties flanking it upon the left, where a hollow depression was occupied, during ten months of the year, by a brown pond of gruel-like consistency, much patronized of paddling ducks and a large black maternal sow, at that moment engaged in roosting investigations upon its plucky borders.

"Let be!" sounded in the deep tones of the widow. She checked her son's impulse towards continued speech with a semaphoric-like movement of the lean little arm with the great bony hand at the end of it. "If you have anywhet to say, say it!" she commanded, seeing her unwashed faciotam to be in labor with speech.

"Mis'ess," said Jason, getting out the word with a violent wrench and twist, "since Babylonish luxury and scarlet doing be 'lowed on this here farm, my time 'oat be up come Mickenmas—and I'll be ready to up-stick and bundle!" He wagged his shaggy head at his mistress, but his piggy eyes were on her son.

"Silence!" boomed the great voice of Sarah Horatian. She put up her large hand as the soldier opened his mouth to speak. She set back the rabbit on the blue plate from which it had leaped as though overwhelmed by the secession of the fogger. Then she folded her lean arms upon her triangular apron-bib, and confronted the shining light with judicial severity.

"Who speaks of luxury and wickedness doing on this place," she proclaimed,

"must make his charge good. Out with yours, man! . . . Let us hear what you have to say!"

"I were gettin' my munched o' bread an' chase up to th' owd barn," said Jason, with another spasmodic effort, "lean-in' my back agen th' boards to th' wind-erd side of 'n, as I chudd, when I heern a nice-like inside. Like so!"

The pigman primed his lips, and brought out a long-drawn, chirping kien. The sound plopped into the silence as a stone plops into a pond, creating rings of consternation. Two of the three faces the narrator scanned with the bilious little savage eyes under his heavy brake of eyebrow were flaming crimson. The third was pale with wrath, as Sarah exclaimed indignant-ly:

"Trapesters again!"

"A male man and a female woman," continued Jason, "kissing and cuddling!"

He turned up his eyes and groaned again. The soldier's leather stock grew strangling in its embrace. The milkmaid's bosom lifted on a gasp for air. Josh and Nelly, each in their different way, prayed that the ordeal might be soon over. . . .

Meanwhile thunderclouds gathered upon the high fallow forehead of Mrs. Horatian, between the county loops of her black hair. A suspicion sharpened and yellowed her. She reviewed possible offenders in her narrow mind a moment, then said:

"Be you swearing-certain they sinners were tramping bodies?"

Jason returned, plunging two heasers into a hot and cold bath of perspiration: "Noe, I hain't!"

"Med-be," said Sarah, with a vinegar free of disgust, "that to-yielding girl of Avey Alabam's has been straying with some becheol-munkind hereabouts. Both Joe Chinney and Tudd Dowell be sinners prone to fall!"

She waited for no answer:

"Was it Joe Chinney w' Nancee Alabam?"

"Noe!" returned the piggy man. And drove home the negative with a vigorous headshake. . . . Horror stiffened Sarah's facial muscles. Her great voice

deepened to a blood-curdling whisper as she said:

"Jason Digweed, do you mean to tell me the Seventh Commandment has been broken in my barn?"

For answer Jason raised a gnarled and stubby forefinger and made a malignant jolt with the digit in the direction of the tall, martial figure in the blue, white-faced uniform.

"Best ask your sager son, Widder Horrobian. Mad-be he'd took unto his-sels'n a proper missus some-where before he made'n mother-in-law to your own milkin'-munch!"

XXV.

There was a moment's horrible silence in which the white-faced clock was drowned, or so it seemed to the married lovers, by the thumping of their hearts. Then the drowned voice boomed forth:

"Joshua Horrobian!"

"Here!" said the soldier, as if the roll were being called.

"Your miserable mother has a question to ask. Are you, the son I bore, a villain, or an honest man? In this girl whom I have sheltered under my roof, and fed of my charity, virtuous woman or a weak, to-yielding trollop?"

"I should ha' knocked down the ship who'd asked me them two questions," said Josh, turning a blazing crimson countenance, illumined with a pair of indignant espid eyes, upon the widow. "But I suppose, being my mother, and a professing Christian, it's your privilege to think the worst of your own flesh and blood, no less than other folk. And so far as I can remember, you always have, I'll say that for you! And though such usage goes far to the making of a decent young fellow into a villain and a blackguard as well, I am neither of these things, I declare before my Maker!" He added, with a clenching vigor that drove home belief in him: "And this young wife of mine is as clean as sin, if not as innocent—before Him I say it again!—as when she came into this charitable-thinking world a naked baby!"

The strengthening sensation behind the leather stock had lessened, the ripe-to-

mate hue that had swamped Joshua Horrobian's open, florid countenance had faded to a more normal tinting. The flaming sunset of the cold, clear evening showed up his stately height and vigorous handsome proportions to rare advantage. He was only private trooper in Her Majesty's Hundredth Regiment of Lancs., but in the eyes of the stern mother, whose love of him was intense in proportion to her rigorous concealment of it, no less than in those of his shy, worshippish wife, he seemed a king among men. But while the wife rejoiced in his beauty, his mother loathed it as a snare. She had no words in which to bid the soldier take not the Holy Name in vain. She turned her hollow eyes away from him, lest she should offend the grim Moloch she worshipped by excess of pride in this perishable shape of clay, formed from her own body. And the resonant manly voice went on:

"Here's the extent of my defaulter's sheet where you're concerned. I've married you're milkmaid without asking leave of you or anybody. Why? I'll save you the trouble of asking the question I set on the end of your tongue. Because I love her and she me! Come herealong, my Pretty!"

He held out, with his dead father's well-remembered gesture, the strong arm in the blue cloth sleeve, and the masterful look of affection and the becoming air of pride he did this with, the widow of George Horrobian well knew. An insufferable pang pierced her when Nelly, with a little, eager cry, ran into the welcoming circle of the embrace. It closed upon the rounded waist as if it never meant to let go, and a squam of ragged, despairing jealousy clutched Sarah as she sat; and her heart fluttered and claved and pecked in her own bosom like a starling barrowing in a crumbling wing wall. She closed her haggard eyes to shut out the sight of the hateful creature who had robbed her.

And yet, although she did not realize it, to the rigid woman who had yearned for a mid-child and been denied one, this creamy, rose-tinted, hazel-eyed orphan of a ruined farmer and his rag-

ged-out young wife, was dear. Nelly had come into grim Sarah's life too late to bring about a softening change in it, and garland it with flowers. Indeed, she shrank with loathing from the widow's bony touch, and shivered with secret hatred at the sound of the railing voice that had driven her Josh from home before she knew him. But such affection as Mrs. Horrobian had to spare from the son whom in her own characteristic and uncomfortable manner she idolized, was bestowed upon the girl who was now his wife.

Unimaginative as the woman was, her bitter love for both of them had brought its cruel gift of clairvoyance. The premonition of a growing tenderness between the two had set by her sleepless pillow many a night past. The secret conviction that it was not to see his mother, but this bright-eyed, silken-haired interloper, had made, for months past, a whispering-gallery of her poor tormented heart. She had been driven by the nagging dread, against her better nature, to favor Jason's piggy wooing by tacit assent rather than by words. . . .

And now—the thing she feared had come upon her. She was never, never to be loved by her son as her great love deserved! And the girl she had taken in and protected had proved herself a traitress. For her she had no cure; but was not Scripture fruitful in denunciation of children who disavowed a parent's right? And yet "a man shall quit his father and mother and cleave to his wife." When she, the mild, Sarah Doddridge, daughter of a well-to-do yeoman-farmer of the young lord, eloped with her penurious young lover, the couple had solved their smothering concealment with this text. Now, behold punishment meted out. . . . As she had served her mother, this son of her womb had served his.

Inexorable, awful justice of that grim idol her own imagination had made, set up on high, worshipped, and misnamed God! She weakened at the blow her memory dealt her. A harsh sound that was barely human came from her dry throat. She took hold of it as savagely

as though it had been an enemy's, and rocked upon her flat, slippish feet as she wrestled with herself. Her son and her son's wife eyed her anxiously. They saw her moved in that strange inarticulate way, and a faint little hope awoke in both their hearts, and bobbed that she might even melt and bless them—as parents, at first reluctantly, usually ended by doing in story-books and theatre-plays.

But it was not to be. The billions eye of the piggy man was upon the widow. And Jason, with extra garlanding of words, repeated that he was ready to go at Michaelmas. Such was his spirit, he added, that he'd be dalled if he served under a secret-master, on The Upper Clays or any other farm!

"Swear not!" trumpeted Sarah, turning her long chalk-white face and resentfully-flaming black eyes upon the factotum. She plunked herself from a brief descriptive verbal chart of the particular place in the Lake of Fire specially reserved for profane persons, to add:

"And as long as I am mistress at The Clays there can be no other voice in authority. While I choose, I rule!"

"Your sager son there says different," proclaimed the piggy one. "A's to be master here, what time you buys 'n out of 't! My, and then there's none on earth he'll hang her pretty yead for. . . ." He jerked a grimy stamp of a thumb contemptuously towards Nelly. "Least of all mother-I-las, Widder Horrobian!"

"Mother!" broke out the soldier, controlling by a violent effort the urgent impulse to punch the speaker's motled heel, "will you let this mangy dog make bad blood between us? Something of what he was repeating I did say to my wife. But I'll take my solemn oath, without a word disrespectful to you! You promised to buy me out of the Army, and let me manage the farm for you, and in the course of Nature—and may it be long a-come!—a day 'lll dawn when I am master of The Clays. Then, as I hope my mother never has laid or will have reason to be ashamed of me, so never may my wife! The words were harmless, twist 'em as

the eavedropper will. Upon my soul there were!"

Sarah swallowed something that might have been an iron choke-pear of the Middle Ages. She looked in her son's hot blue eyes, and said with stern composure:

"Pledge not your soul to its undoing, though I dread it be lost a'ready. My father left this farm to me, to use it at my discretion. 'Tis for me to decide when my son be fit to rule. Jason Digweed here were one of th' witnesses to your grandfather's Will. He made it his own self, without borrowing words from any man, an' 'twas read out here, in th' best parlor, by Lawyer Haycock, after the Funeral. Digweed remembers the wording, I'll warrant. Speak out, Digweed. Prove to this undutiful and rebellious son that his mother does not lie!"

Thus adjured, Jason cleared his throat with a sound like the scraping of rods, and recited with relish:

"And I Leave this 'our Varm w' all of the 'Foresaid Memmors and Lands herjoining and Distant To Sarah Ann Horrobin my Dear-Beloved Daughter Trusting to her Usings and Employings and Dispoosings of the Same For the Benefit of Her Lawful Son Joshua Who shall succeed to the Use and Enjoyment of the Property when in the Judgment of my aforesaid Daughter Sarah Ann Horrobin He shall Her' Attaindered to Years of Discretion."

"You hear?" said Sarah.

"Ay, I hear," her son returned with bitterness. His chest heaved; his bright blue eyes burned reproachfully upon the haggard indomitable little woman in meagre wintry brown.

"And I see, too," he added, with a bleak smile that showed the sour woman's portion in him, "as my mother is like to go back on her promise of buying me out of the Army, and setting me to manage the farm."

"If so be as the Almighty can recall His word because rebellious creatures to whom His promise was given have backslidden and become perverted," proclaimed Sarah, "His servant may do the same!"

"You piece folks have always the Bible to back ye," said Josh bitterly, "when you'd wrong your neighbors—or betray your sons?"

"I betray no creature born. After such a down-bringing, paltry, miserable marriage as ye ha' made, doe ye suppose I osh answer to my departed father as for your discretion? Back w' ye along to Barracks, and hide there! Discipline be the only rod for a stubborn nature such as yours. Behold, in *My love will I chasten you and will not refrain from scourging*." She added, upon the heels of the text: "Nor shall a penny of my money go to buy you out of th' Army. Selah!"

"You... won't... buy me... out?" Sarah answered, in one short bark: "No!"

He clenched his great fist and shouted:

"Who is the blackguard has egged ye on to this? Not—Jowell?"

Her stern conscience forbade her to deny the counsels of the Contractor. Yet, as a pious body of her type will, she evaded the answer direct:

"Mr. Jowell no more than yourself, that be gritting your teeth and clinching your fist at the mother that bore and suckled you."

Involuntarily Josh's eye went to the white-spotted brown earthenware teapot, that, as far back as he could remember, had sat in the middle of the second side of the oak-dresser when not in active use. The ghost of a twinkle flickered in his blue eye, the hovering shadow of a grin was on his solid countenance. He remembered the First Exodus and its cause. His mother may have read his thought. She said in clanging tones, as intolerable to her son's hearing as though an iron tray were being benten with a poker close to his ear:

"Was it my doing that you cased in your lot with the shedders of blood? No, but your own upping pride, and wicked stubbornness. Back w' ye to Barracks, and hide there! I ha' got no more to say!"

The fleshy, red-whiskered face that aged and bleached under her indomitable regard sent strange shudders

through her, in its likeness to the pinched, gray woman mask she had kindled upon the stiff-frilled pillow of her husband's death-bed. From the mouth that had straightened into a pale line under the flaming mountaineer came words, uttered in the very tones of the dying:

"And my wife?"

The broad hand shook that spread itself protectively over the little brown head that shed its wealth of dark silken ringlets upon Josh's stalwart chest. A voice came from their ambush; no frightened whimper, but a clear and resolute utterance:

"Her goes w' her own dear husband, as a wife ought!"

He groaned, forgetful of the triumphing Digweed, and the hard black eyes of his listening mother. . . .

"My girl, my girl! you don't know what you be talking about, or what kind o' women you would have to live alongside."

Nelly lifted her cheek from the blue coat it nestled to, and met his look. Perhaps, if you had seen the quivering of the short upper-lip with the golden dust of freckles on it, and the brave way in which the hazel eyes laughed through a veil of tears, and the twisting of the pink fingers shyly interlacing upon her apron-band, you would have loved her nearly as much as Josh did. "They would be soldiers' wives, like I be myself, dear heart."

"But what soldiers' wives, my girl! Trollopes and jades many o' them, married in a moment of drunkenness. Honest women the rest; decent enough, but rough as hemp. And using language, the best o' them, such as 'ud send these little ears to hear! . . ."

A sob broke from him with the bitter cry:

"Mother, you'll never deny my wife a shelter in the house where my dear father lived with you in love!"

Said Sarah, upright as a ramrod and grim as a steam-hammer:

"I ha' not gone to say as far." With his manhood melting in him to the point of tears as he gave back the faithful look of the dark eyes that wooed him, he stammered:

"God bless you for that!"

"But," said Sarah, grimmer than ever, for the pink fingers had tapped his lips, and he had pecked a passing kiss on them, "as she has earned her dose of food and her penny of wages with service here, so she shall continue to do. I keep no idlers, nor shall!"

"Nor were asked to, I reckon!"

From the safe rampart of the blue cloth bag Nelly launched with the words a bright eye-dart of defiance. Sarah thundered in reply:

"Young woman, check your tongue!" She added, with an afterthought of precaution: "And show me your marriage-lines!"

"My lings? . . ."

The trooper said, in answer to the puzzled knitting of the girl's soft eyebrows:

"The paper the parson as married us 'scribed out and gave ye, Pretty. . . . The certificate of our marriage 'twas. The wife always keeps that!" He added, dipping his tongue in salt pickle saved over from a brief experience of the lower troop-deck: "Tis our cable and sheet-anchor both in the stiff gale we're weathering. Out with it, my girl!"

He looked to see her take it from the darling fastness of her bosom. A hand flustered there, then dropped. The irises of the hazel eyes usurped the golden-brown-gray until they seemed all black. . . . A frightened voice said:

"Why . . . I mind you taking o' that paper to keep for me. . . ."

"Nonsense!" he broke out, so roughly that Nelly winced, and faltered:

"But indeed and 'deed 'tis true! . . . Pray do, do remember! Think how I had no pocket to my gown, having made 'n on the sly in such a hurry as never, up to th' garret where I sleep, working by the light of saved-up dipends hours after your mother had took th' flat candle-stick away. . . ."

Sarah's gloomy front contracted ominously. Were not those dip-ends fished? Nelly went on, appealing to her moody, frowning lord:

"I were for putting the paper in my l-som. . . . 'Twas you said 'Nay' to that!"

So you took us and put 'n in th' pocket o' your pants."

"That I never! . . . Stop, thought! . . . His mouth primmed itself into a whistle of dismay, so ludicrous that Nelly tittered through her tears. He felt in the single pocket permitted by Government, patted himself all over the blue covering of his big chest and solid rise in the hope of divining forth a paper crumple, finally bellowed with the full strength of his vast lungs:

"Right, by the Lord Harry! So I did: there's no denying!"

His eyes grew, circular and bulging, his healthy, florid, intelligent countenance was stricken into the very idiocy of consternation, his bushy flaming whiskers seemed to droop, grow limp, and fade in color as he stuttered:

"And never thought about it after or since! . . . And the chap belonging to the Rifle Corps—that lent me the plain-cloth suit—if you can tack on 'plain' to a chess-board check in half-a-dozen colors—it being many sizes too big for him! offered me the tops as a harguin, him being ordered out to Bermuda on Foreign Service. . . . And I hadn't the money—and he sold the chess-boards to a Jew. . . . Whew! My eye and Betty Martin! . . . Who's got those pants on now?"

"Then," said his mother, in tones that cut like broken ice-edges, "you that are a married couple have no lines to show me?" She paused and delivered a sentence, woman-like wreaking vengeance first upon the daughter of Eve. . . .

"You poor, to-yielding wench, this man has deceived and ruined 'e! A woman without her marriage-lines be no wife at all!"

XXVI.

Do you who read cry "Bosh!" at the preposterous notion? . . . Not so those unlettered, homespun Emily Victorians, who never dreamed of its being possible, by the payment of a few shilling pieces, to obtain a copy of the original entry in the Marriage Register pertaining to the sacred edifice where the matrimonial knot had been tied. Go, search through

the literature of the period. You will find shelves of musty novels, piles of foxy old dramas reeking with this very situation. The cry:

"Where are my lines? . . . Lost—lost! . . ." meets invariably with the pertinent, potent answer, making Edwin beat his brow in despair, sending Angelina into syncope or convulsions: "Then also lost, unhappy one, art thou!"

So did Nelly cry out in anguish, falling, not into syncope or fits, but into the stalwart arms of her man—who received her in them, and as she sobbed upon his broad breast, tried, with a heavy heart under his white-freud blue-cloth jacket, to cheer and comfort her.

"Fiddlesticks! We're legally married, my girl!" he said. "Why, hang it, the knot was tied by Special Licence, and again! I still owe half of the two-pun-ten I paid for it to the chap that loaned me the cash! If the paper's lost, the yellow iron church is standing still, I suppose, at the bottom o' the Stone Road near Dullingslake Junction. Nobody's blown it up with a mine, I take it? and sent the measly-faced young parson up aloft before his time! Bless my button-stick, what a silly little soul it is!"

All this he said, and more. But stout as his words were, the heart of the trooper was as water within his body, and he knew, as he had never known it, even when marched in before his Colonel to receive an orderly-room wiggling, the sensation of being gone at the knees. His mother's impenetrable self-command, her pale face of judgment between the scanty locks of her black hair, flaring torches of terror to evil-doers, began to dumb and quell him as though he had suddenly alunked to a mere truant boy. She spoke, not to him, but to Nelly:

"This is an honest house. I don't say but its doors will be open to you, and its roof will give you shelter, if so be you come and ask your husband's mother for it, with your marriage-lines in your hand. But till you can show them, get you gone out of my sight! Go with the man you say's your hus-

band, forth out of these my doors!"

"So be it, then," said the trooper sullenly. "I'll take her back to Spurham w' me to-morrow!"

"You'll take her to-night."

"Mother, you'll not turn us out like that!"

She had wrung the entrails from him at last—humbled the hardened man who had braved and defied his mother! A spasm of savage triumph shook her inwardly, but to all appearances she might have been a wooden image of a woman, the pleading seemed to leave her so unmoved. She said, still speaking to Nelly:

"Get you up to chamber-over, and make a bundle of such odds as you'll need. Pack your box,—'twill be sent by the Railway to the Cavalry Barracks at Spurham, come to-morrow. You, Disgraced, lie the clout on the gait as a call to 'e' carrier when he passes by." She added, addressing her son, as the pigmy man departed with much alacrity to execute the congenial errand, and Nelly, obeying the order in her husband's eye, quitted the kitchen and shortly afterwards was heard tripping about with short, quick steps on the joint-supported whitewashed boards that served as ceiling to the kitchen and flooring to the room above:

"If you be hungrier or athirst, there's cold bacon and bread on th' dresser there; and she you call your wife can draw you a mug of ale."

He did, drawing himself up to his splendid height, and using a tone of cold civility that somehow cut his mother to the quick as his fierce up-braidings had failed to do:

"No, m'm, I thank you!"

She found herself urging, as Nelly opened and shut drawers and cupboards overhead, and was heard to drag a box across the floor:

"You have had a day's journey, and started with but a dem-bait. You'd better take something to stay you. 'Twill be wise!"

Her bowels yearned over him, knowing him unfed. He said, as a stranger answers a stranger:

"I thank you kindly, but I could not, m'm."

She began to tremble at the thing that she had done. She said, almost entreatingly, and with the metallic resonant quite gone out of her voice: "Twould be a nut of common kindness to let you go fasting!"

A red-hot spark of resentment burned in his blue eye. He said, measuring his words to the tap-top of Nelly's little thick-soled shoes, descending the short carpetless stair:

"I have had my bellyful of Christian kindness under this Christian roof." He added, as Nelly appeared, wearing her Sunday cloak and bonneted, and carrying a rather clumsy bundle of soft consistency tied up in a workaday shawl:

"And I leave it with my wife, to return to it no more! Come, my girl! We'll quarter in Market Drowning to-night, and take the route for Barracks to-morrow. Where did I put my haversack?"

His eyes passed over his mother and lighted on the regulation canvas bag lying on a shelf of the dresser near the home-made loaf and the rejected cold bacon, towards which he expressed a yearning that filled his mouth with water and plucked at his resisting pride. He picked up and slung on the pack with a vigorous movement, caught his cap from a wall-hook, took his wife by the hand, and, not without a certain manly, soldierly gallantry, led her out of his mother's house, leaving Sarah standing in the middle of the kitchen-floor with her great hands folded over her triangular apron-bib.

"Good-bye, Old Broody and the rest," said the bride, so rosy a little while since, pale now and fighting with tears repressed, as some hens, accustomed to receive from her hand the supper-scraps about this hour, hurried to her with squawking, scaly-legged haste. "Who'll feed 'e now, poor thing? and milk the new-calved cow to-night? Her never emill hide the sight o' Jason, that there red Devon w' the crumpley horn! . . ."

"Sensible beast!" said the exiled son

of the house, picking up a little frilled nightcap with a Prayer-Book inside it, that had escaped from a yawning fissure in the bundle. That little nightcap in Josh's great hand transformed Nelly from a white roe into a red one, and was responsible for a sudden rise in the mercury of the trooper's spirits.

"Ha, ha, ha! Well, to be sure now! And uncommon becoming, I'll swear, though my money's on the curls without a cover! Give me the bundle, Pretty!" He stepped in the act of shouldering it to exclaim: "Halloo! We're forgetting another bit o' property we're bound to take with us! Can't you guess? My horse Blueberry. . . My own good beast! . . . Come back-along and fetch him."

Together they retraced their steps, crossed the farmyard, and Nelly kept guard over the canvas bag and the shawl-bundle, to which the little frilled nightcap that had wrought such a bright and hopeful change in Josh's downcast face had, with the Prayer-Book, been returned; while the trooper disappeared into the warm bay-scented darkness within the stable. From which, after some "Come up's" and "Woe, there's!" accompanied by the creaking of a girth and the clanking of a bridle, he emerged, leading a handsome horse of strong and powerful build with one white patch in the middle of his broad hairy frontlet, gentleness and courage in his great misty blue-black eyes, and so rare a purplish sheen on his gray coat, of equine health and vigor, as justified the name bestowed on him by his master.

And Nelly kissed Blueberry's velvet nose, and told him how he and she and his master were all going away to be happy far from The City; and Blueberry whinnied his pleasure at the news; and then the canvas bag and the shawl-bundle were strapped behind the saddle, and, with a kiss from the lips that never more need seek her own in secret, Josh—in defiance, Sarah thought—but really in oblivion of the gaunt eyes that stared at them over the starched muslin blind, and the hedge of winter-housed geraniums and fuchsia-cut-

tings that blocked the kitchen-window, —lifted his young wife to the young horse's back. She faltered, as her hands left his broad shoulders, and clung for a brief instant about his strong neck:

"Turn round your head a minute, dear Josh, and look at the old home, and all you've given up for the sake of your poor Nelly!"

He said, with a brief glance at the old gray-stone building of the farmhouse, from whose mossy tiled roof and small diamond-paned casements the reflected glow of the sky was fading fast:

"Good-bye, old place! And if so-be as I must stick to soldiering all my life; I carry from you the two things a soldier needs the most,—supping him a cavalryman! . . . a good horse and a sweet wife!"

Nelly's tears broke forth at that, but the bright drops were more of joy than sorrow. She urged as he took the bridle and told her to sit fast:

"You're quite, quite sure you'll never repeat it?"

"As sure," he said, walking with measured pace beside the now moving horse, and with a stern ignoring of the pale oval patch that showed against the darkness of the kitchen, above the muslin blind, "as that she will, come her dying day. . . Why, I am damned if I'll put up with this!"

A nervous little shriek from Nelly, caused as much by the sudden appearance of the piggy man, starting up like a frowsy gnome or kobold under Blueberry's very nose, as by the resulting swerve which had nearly unseated her, provoked the oburgation.

The kobold danced a dance of triumph, accompanying his salutory exercises upon the voice; and the burden of his song was that the sger and his lass, who had said they were wedded and could produce no bit of screwy poster to prove their tale true, had got the dirty kick-out, and he, Jason, was main glad of it, that he were!

Dealing separately with the feminine offender, duly visited by express judgment from the skies, for trifling with the affections of a piggy man, he reverted, as the incensed soldier strove to

control the restive horse, and Nelly clung in terror to the saddle and Blueberry's name alternately, to a kind of recitative. . . .

"She—he—aa—Arr!"

Thus sang Jason, solemnly gambolling in the mud and litter, close to the edge of the odious and strongly-smelling brown duck-pond previously described, which, reinforced by theavings from many pigsties, and diluted by the melting of recent snows, filled the hollow it occupied to the very brim.

Changing the case, but not the meaning, the pigman hinted as he now advanced, and now retreated, doing wonderful things with his handy legs, and achieving marvels with a set of features which, naturally grotesque, lent themselves with indiarubber-like adaptability to the exigencies of grimace:

"Her—he—aa—Arr!"

And with a final, fatal inspiration followed up with

"Soger's—Arr! . . ."

The epithet hit like a lump from the dunghap. The clumsy pironette that accompanied it brought the pigman within the reach of retribution.

The gaunt eyes of Sarah saw the stalwart arm of her son shoot forth suddenly. The iron hand belonging to the arm seized the pigman by the rearward combination of matted hair, unwashed skin, and sleek smock that served him as a scruff. As a rat in the mouth of a bulldog was Jason Digweed shaken, then hurled away with a rotary motion, a human testotum spinning against its will.

Splash! the brown pond received the gyrating one in its oozy yielding bosom. A horrible wallowing succeeded, accompanied by a smell of such terrific potency, that Adam and Eve, as they retreated from their forfeited Paradise, were forced, after homespun rustic fashion to hold their noses.

Suppose you have heard the white-washed gate with the carrier's wisp of rag tied on it, clash to behind the horse, the man, and the woman. . . . Even so, you have not done with them yet; —not quite yet. . . .

Nor with Sarah, praying in the emp-

ty farm-kitchen, clamorously justifying herself before the Face of her Maker, as the white-faced clock ticked sorrowfully by the wall. Old Time has seen so many of us drive away the being we most loved and longed for. When has he ever seen that banished joy return in answer to our desperate prayers?

XXVII

Dunnoise never had sought, never would seek, news or speech or sight of the faithless friend; but now at last, without seeking, within a few days of his return to Paris, came the vision of de Moulay. . . .

It rose before him in a flare of artificial light that made a yellow patch upon the foggy gleaming of that fateful day when the White Flag of Orleans that dropped—or dripped in rainy weather—above the stately central Pavilion of the Palace of the Tuileries began to show unmistakable signs of coming down.

Such signs as the unceasing, resistless rolling of huge, dense, continually-augmenting crowds of the people along the boulevards; through the wider of the ordinary Paris thoroughfares, murmuring as they went, with a sound like the great sea. With other crowds streaming in upon these from the suburbs. With thirty-seven battalions of Infantry, one of Chasseurs d'Orléans, three companies of Engineers, twenty squadrons of Cavalry, five thousand veterans of the Municipal Guard, and five batteries of Artillery, garrisoning the capital. With students of the Schools of Technical Military Instruction, students of Law and Medicine, students of Art, students of Music, starting the *Marseillaise* in the Place de la Madeleine. With the chant taken up by the Titanic voice of the people. With the breaking of a tidal wave of humanity over the palisades of the Chamber of Deputies; a rolling-back of this before the tramping horses of an advancing squadron of Dragoons; a similar advance upon the Ministry of Foreign Affairs, repelled by Municipal Guards; a shutting of shops, a mushroom-like

springing up of Barricades, radiating from the Cloisters of St. Marie in the very heart of ancient Paris, extending from the mouths of tortuous streets to the gulleys of narrow, crooked alleys, so as to form a citadel where Revolutionists concentrated, waiting instructions from headquarters of secret societies,—pending results of sittings of Committees of Insurrection, held by day and by night in the offices of the Republican Journals,—ready to act without these if they were not forthcoming. While by rail and by road, in answer to the urgent summons of muddy despatch-bearers on wearied horses, or at the imperative tap-tapping of the electric needle; amidst the roaring and grinding of iron wheels and the trampling of iron-shod hoofs, a never-ending flood of armed men rolled down Paris.

Now, upon a deputation from the Fourth Legion of the National Guard, calling upon a certain Crémieux, Deputy of the Opposition, with a petition to the Chamber, demanding dismissal of Ministers and Electoral Reform, came by the dawning of the twenty-fourth of February the rumour that this demanded change was actually To Be—a rumour meaning little to some, welcomed by others as the first indication of the sceptre of St. Louis falling from a weak, relaxing Royal hand. Huge bonfires, made by students, of the heaped-up wooden benches belonging to the Champs-Élysées, had showed officers of the Staff galloping hither and thither with orders and counter-orders all through the raw, bleak night, had illuminated the crowds assembled to stare at the spectacle of Royal troops bivouacking on boulevards and public squares, and had been reflected in the shining bronze and polished steel of cannon, posted on the Places du Carrousel and de la Concorde.

But as yet, though Paris had seen the pulling-down, by detachments of the military, of the barricades choking those narrow labyrinthine streets that were the veins of the heart of her, and had winked at the building-up of these by the Revolutionists as fast as they were demolished; but, though a volley

or two had made matchwood of the tables and chairs, the market-carts and omnibuses of the Barricades; though some minor conflicts between the People and the Police had ended with the tearing of tricolours and the capture of a red flannel petticoat mounted on a barber's pole, and the despatch of a few laden stretchers to the Hospitals; though a beyonet-point or so had been reddened; though the edge of a sabre may have been used here and there, instead of the flat; though a guerrilla warfare between scattered groups of Socialists with revolvers and bludgeons and small parties of Dragoons and Cuirassiers made public streets and squares perilous for peaceable citizens; though Republicans had disarmed the National Guards of the Batignolles and burned the station at the barrier, and though the rappel had been beaten and Legion by Legion these tax-paying citizen-soldiers were answering to the call to arms,—as yet the anticipated insurrection had not begun.

The seals of the Red Windmills that grind out Civil War hung slack, though the pickets of Dragoons and Chasseurs, posted at the openings of the streets and thoroughfares, had been on duty for thirty-six hours; were swaying with weariness and hunger in the saddles of their exhausted, tottering horses, their haggard faces half-hidden as they doped behind the high collars of their long gray cloaks. . . .

How did the spark reach the powder? Processions had been formed in token of popular delight at the unannounced change in the Government. Blessed workmen armed with pikes and sabres and pistols that had done duty in 1793, half-edged boys with bludgeons or cheap revolvers, women of the Faubourgs with babies or choppers or broomsicks, the swarming line of the poorest quarters formed into column under the Tricolour or the Red Flag. Such a column came muddily rolling towards the Ministry of Foreign Affairs, filled the Rue de Choiseul with no sound beyond the trampling of feet, many of them in wooden shoes, many more naked, while the head of the col-

umn advanced upon the front of the Hotel, that, like its assemblable sides and rear, was protected by a steel hedge, the bayonets of a half-battalion of the Line, hastily summoned from their barracks in the Rue de l'Aeyrie, some twenty-four hours previously.

The Colonel and one or two officers who were personally acquainted with the Minister in popular disfavour had been summoned to a conference—involving dinner—in his private apartments looking on the garden—from which he was a little late to escape, disguised in a footman's livery. An assistant-Adjutant commended the companies of infantry that stemmed the onward rolling of those muddy waves of humanity that threatened to swamp the front courtyard—a slender, black-eyed, soldierly young Staff-officer of perhaps twenty-seven, with a reddish skin tanned to swarthiness by desert sunshine and dust-winds.

It was Hector Denoisse. He sat upon an iron-gray half-breed Arab mare at the upper, outer end of the bristling double line of bayonets and red *képis* that were flanked at either end by a squadron of Municipal Guards. The shake of a subaltern officer showed at the rear of the files, behind the Lieutenant rose the white-pointed, gill-headed railings topping the wall that enclosed the courtyard of the Hotel, carriages and cabriolets waiting there in charge of their owners' servants, the broad steps under the high sculptured portico dotted with curious groups of uniformed officials or liveried lackeys, or neutral-tinted strangers who had taken refuge there before the advancing column with its flaring naphtha torches and its Red Flag, and its raucous roar of voices. . . .

There were even ladies amongst the groups in the courtyard. One, who wore a costly mantle of ermines, revealing between its parting folds a brilliant evening-toilette, upon whose bare white bosom diamonds and rubies glowed and sparkled; who had a coronet of the same jewels crowning the rich luxuriance of her curled and braided hair, stood apart, isolated from the rest, under the

tall wrought-iron standard of a gas-lamp not yet lighted, talking to a tall, heavily-built young man wearing the chevrolite, gold-buttoned, semi-military frock-coat that, in conjunction with trousers striped with narrow gold braid, formed the uniform of secretaries and attachés of the Foreign Office. And that the young man was very much more absorbed by the conversation of his companion than the lady was in her listener was evident. For while his light brown head with its carefully massed locks and accurate side-parting was bent down towards her so that you saw his profile, the accurate tuff of reddish whisker above the black *sa'n* stock, the large handsome ear, the heavy, clumsy nose, the jutting underlip and loose, obstinate chin, her full face was constantly turned towards the parked and seething thoroughfares before the tall iron gates, and the living barrier of human flesh and horsemen and steel that guarded them. And that face was very fair to see. Even in the uncertain gloaming, the loveliness of it went to the heart like a sword. . . .

Now as the foggy day of the gray February day closed coldly in, and the muddy sea of humanity surged up against the wall of steel and discipline that Authority had built before the lofty-gill-topped railings of the Hotel of Foreign Affairs, the oil-crests on the gate-pillars and above the central arch that spanned the entrance were lighted by the porters, the great gas-lamp in the courtyard and under the portico roared and hooted into an illumination that dimmed the smoky, flaring torches of the men who marched with the Red Flag. As the Adjutant on the iron-gray charger rode along the gleaming gray line of levelled bayonets, bidding the men close up,—as he called over the heads of the rank-and-file, giving some order to the Lieutenant, the young attaché who was conversing with the lady in the ermine mantle started and looked round. There was something in the clear, frosty ring of the voice that recalled . . . a voice he had once known. His hard blue eyes met the eyes of the black-haired swar-

thy officer on the half-breed Arab the next instant. And—with a cold, thrilling shock of recognition, dying out in a crisp shudder of the nerves, Redskin and de Moulney knew each other again.

The fiery, sensitive Arab felt her rider's violent start, a sudden contraction of the muscles of the sinewy thighs that gripped her satiny sides drove both spurs home to the quick, behind the girths. As the Red Flag showed through the thick rank smoke of naphtha-torches held high in grimy hands, Djelma bounded forwards, snorting fiercely at the unexpected sting; reared at the checking bit, backed, still rearing, upon the goading steel points behind; lashed madly out, wounding herself, yet more, and knocking down two linesmen; then plunged forwards, kicking, screaming, and hitting, into the thick of the crowd.

Those who moved with the Red Flag took the rebellion of Djelma as obedience, and reented being trampled, after the manner of mankind. Dunoisse was struck on the hilted-arm by a blade-gown yielded by a red-capped, bloused, bearded artisan. A frowny, hare-hoamed woman aimed a savage blow at him with that deadly weapon of the lower classes, a baby. The man who carried the drum went down at a blow from the Arab's fore-foot. The empty-

sounding crack of the splintered instrument, the oaths and yells and curses of the crowd were mingled in the ears of Dunoisse with the snorting of Djelma, the cries and exclamations from the thronged courtyard behind the wall of soldiers. A single shot cracked out behind him: the finger that pressed the trigger upset the Cabinet, changed the Government, toppled the rocking House of Orleans over with one touch. For instantly following the detonation of the shot a sharp, loud, bold, imperious voice cried:

"Fire!"

And, the next instant, jagged tongues of flame ran along the front line of levelled bayonets, the deafening clatter of a volley of musketry reverberated from the many-windowed facade of the Hotel, mingled with the splintering and shattering of glass; ran rattling up and down adjacent streets and neighbouring thoroughfares, mingled with the echoes of shrieks and curses and groans. . . . Tumult prevailed, the Municipal Guard charged, striking with the flat of the sabre . . . the Red Flag wavered and staggered, the column broke up, its units fled in disorder to the Rue Lafayette. Pandemonium reigned there, a hundred voices telling a hundred stories of massacre deliberately planned. . . .

"Between Two Thieves" will be continued in the June issue of MacLean's Magazine



My "Back to the Land" Move

The almost hackneyed expression of back-to-the-land has emanated from the city. Upon examination it will be seen to arise from selfish sources. The city man wants cheaper bread and butter. The slogan was not begotten from his intense desire to better agriculture and aid in developing a higher community spirit among the dwellers on the farms. The writer of this exceedingly interesting article is well-known in Canada as the removal of his neo-de-plume mask would verify. He has touched some of the sore spots in rural life not from the critic's distance, but through the avenue of a personal experience following a commercial life in a metropolis.

By Simon MacBeth

AFTER all, farming is not a bit like golf. Of course the two are played in the open air, but that is about all they have in common.

I make this explanation because it was while playing golf that I did most of my talking about going "back to the land." Most of the fellows in the club were interested in farming, and it is no wonder. There was a hen run at the fifth hole and a market garden beside the water board and from the club verandah we had a splendid view of a dairy farm. Every Saturday and Sunday, after tussling with Col. Bogey, we used to sit around smoking twenty-cent

cigars and discussing the kind of farming we would go in for when we finally retired. Not one of us had the slightest doubt that he had in him the makings of a successful and up-to-date farmer. Why, we even used to discuss con-records and the best methods of feeding so as to produce a maximum of butter-fat and were quite outspoken in our criticisms of the kind of farming we had a chance to observe while making a round of the links. I am willing to bet a bushel of seed potatoes that if I dropped in on them to-day I would find them still hard at it and over a couple of highballs could get more expert ad-



"To begin with, they turned me loose in a ten-acre field with a hoe."

vice on the best methods of farming than I have been able to get from the Department of Agriculture in the past year. And yet nothing short of an earthquake will ever send any of these men "Back to the land." I know because it took a financial crisis that wrecked several trust companies and started a Congressional investigation to dislodge me. When I finally did go I went with all the grace of a tom-cat that is being dragged, spitting and meowing, from under the spare bed.

Do you happen to know anyone who has gone back to the land? Of course not. "The land" seems to be the original

"Undiscover'd country from whose
bourn

No traveller returns."

Some people go, of course. If they didn't, how could the magazines get the articles they publish telling how to make \$1,266.02 in a year by raising chickens and garden truck on a deserted farm with no help but that of a lame horse that is blind in one eye? Now

that I am back on the land I read these articles with the same interest and wonder they used to inspire when I commuted to Upper Golfville, New Jersey. I have never been able to find any of this particular brand of "back to the land" people either in the city or the country and I have never seen a trace of the kind of farming they describe. Do you wonder that I sometimes suspect that I am the only man who ever really went back to the land?

Yes, I am back on the land. What is more, I am here to stay. I like it. As far as I am concerned New York and London, England, are "One with Nineveh and Tyre." I do not care if I never see them again. Coriolanus scornfully told the people of Rome that "There is a world elsewhere." I have discovered that world and it is very good. Let me tell you something about it.

Two years ago I landed on the farm where this is being written, a physical wreck, with a nervous system that was frayed at the seams and ravelled at the edges. I came on the advice of my doctor and also of my lawyer. The doctor couldn't do anything for me and wanted to get me out of his sight. My lawyer wanted to get me out of the sight of my creditors. Between them they convinced me that the only thing for me was the seclusion and quiet of farm life. Since that time I have been living on a farm and doing farm work. During the first year I did everything that farmers do, except making a living. That I did not make a living was not the fault of the farm. A man cannot close his office in the New York Life building one day and start doing business on the next as a successful farmer. There is a transition period, more or less painful, through which he must pass. During that period I gained the experience that enables me to look forward to the future with confidence.

During the first year I formed for exercise and life was one round of surprises. None of the skill I had gained or the muscles I had developed while playing golf was of any use to me. To begin with they turned me loose in a

ten-acre corn field with a hoe. This primitive instrument at once struck me as being very much like a golf club and before I had made a dozen strokes with it I had made up my mind to write to all my golfing friends advising them to carry hoes in their bag. It would be just the thing to get the ball out of a water-hammal or long grass. It would beat any niblick that ever was made.

But I was not playing golf. I was hoeing corn and was out for a record. Remembering something I had read in the papers about "efficiency engineers," I began to figure out the exact number of strokes needed to properly hoe a hill of corn. I would show those farmers, I would. But in trying to cut down the number of strokes I cut a number of thrifty hills. That made me stop to think out the true method of doing the work. As I stopped I straightened my back. That was my first surprise. My back felt as if every muscle and cord was being shredded. I had gone at the hoeing with a "crouch" for which I had no training. By exerting myself in that unusual position I had brought into play a set of muscles that had not been disturbed for years and they all resented it. By persistence, however, I brought these muscles to time. After I had done this and could lean upon my hoe in Markham's best manner, without looking as if I were bowed by the weight of centuries, they asked me to help at the haying. If hoeing had made me feel as if I had been lashed with a knout, pitching hay made me sympathize with those who had been stretched on the rack. It was the same all through the year. Every new kind of work was a new kind of torture but I lived through it all and developed an appetite that enables me to eat anything in the shape of food that is indifferently pleased within my reach.

In getting established on the land the real difficulty does not lie with farming. Farm work does not necessarily mean unendurable labor. Farming has been reduced to a science and the man who goes at it in the same spirit as he goes at a business need have little trouble. The Department of Agriculture and the

agricultural colleges have done all the experimenting that is needed and you can have access to the results without any more trouble than that of making enquiries. You can readily find out just what crops or industries are suited to your locality and soil, and can get detailed instructions covering every phase of the work, from preparing the ground for the crop to marketing the product. That part of the problem is easy and rational. This year I am doing real farming. "On my own hook," and though I am still too much of a poker player to stop and count my chips I am sure that I am doing well. On the table we have bacon and beef of our own curing—we "killed half a cow"—fresh milk and butter, our own potatoes and vegetables and fruit of our own raising and canning. All are of a quality that you cannot get in the city and we scarcely know the butcher and grocer when we meet them on the street. We would hardly recognize one of their bills if we saw it.

The real trouble in getting back to the land is caused by the unexpected things, by the things that the authorities on agriculture do not consider worth mentioning. Take the question of the family wash. In town you have washwomen come in to attend to it, have it done by the hired girl or send it to the laundry. In the complex life of the city the wash is never heard of



"Every Monday I have a back-breaking session with that washing machine."



"It's the cows that keep my nose to the grindstone."

unless you undertake to audit the household expenses. In the country it is different—oh, so different. There are no washwomen, there are no hired girls, there are no laundries.

One day a few weeks after we had moved to the country I found my wife struggling with the "washing machine" that went with the farm. I didn't need to be a Sherlock Holmes to discover there was trouble. Going to her with my tenderest "There-little-girl-don't-cry" air I took hold of the business part of that machine and went to work. As I look back it seems to me that I have had hold of it ever since. Every Monday I have a back-breaking session with that washing machine, and the language I use is heavily charged with pique and acid. I now measure my weeks by Mondays instead of Sundays. I do not go into details of this job because we are told that we should not wash our dirty linen in public. With four growing boys and one girl you can make a guess at how much of it there is to wash. If I didn't help her my wife would have to do it alone and I see no reason why she should when she has more work than she can do without the washing. Do not ask me why we haven't a hired girl. When girls work out they want to work in the cities and they are scarce enough even there. But enough of this. Let us draw the curtain, after it has been washed, over the painful business.

Then there are the "chores." Most

people when talk of going back to the land speak of the chores—if they mention them at all—as light work that is almost negligible. They are light compared with the regular farm work. It is the "damnable iteration" of them that galls. They must be attended to both morning and evening with a hard day's work sandwiched in between. About five o'clock or six at the latest every morning

"A muzzler from the tower of darkness cries"

Get up and milk. It's time to do the chores.

If you farm you must keep a cow or two. Yes, indeed. Who ever heard of a farmer being without milk and clotted cream and fresh butter? But did it ever get through your head that the cows must be milked twice a day, every day in the week, Sundays and holidays, summer and winter? Having been brought up on the farm I can milk. Moreover I am the only one of this particular back-to-the-land aggregation who can milk. Also I milk. Cows may come and cows may go but the milking goes on forever. Of course a cow goes dry after a while, but you must have another ready to take her place. You must milk every day—every sunny, happy day. I have learned to regard the cows on the place as a prisoner regards his cell and fetters. It is the cows that keep my nose on the grindstone and make it impossible for me to take any holidays. When the wanderlust touches me and I plan a pleasant excursion to the city or the old Golf Club a sweet voice asks gently:

"But who will milk when you are away?"

Then the skyscrapers fade from the eye of fancy and with a few more pique and acid remarks I return to the milking.

And yet despite these little drawbacks that will be overcome when the boys grow big enough to help—and they are growing like weeds—I am satisfied with the country.

But besides the physical and social adjustments there are mental adjustments that must be made before you can settle down comfortably to life on

a farm. You must learn to content yourself with using your executive ability in making a hen run and a garden progress harmoniously and in getting results from a few slim-tailed cows and a weedy pasture-field. But if you are as tired of the strain of city life as I was you will not find that hard. You will find yourself taking pride in the fact that your hens are laying strictly fresh eggs and that your eggbeats and beets have been brought to maturity without being scratched at. You will find yourself absorbed in cow-records and developing thrills of mild excitement when you get a cow that yields a percentage of butterfat above the average. If you have enough vitality left in your system to be interested in your work you will soon find that country work is just as enthralling as any other kind and when you learn to estimate the profits correctly they are just as great as if you were the boss of a trust. But you must learn to estimate your profits in terms of home-building rather

than in dollars and cents. You will find that you are able to provide with your own labor the essentials of life, food, shelter and clothing, and that somehow they are better and more enjoyable because they are the direct result of your own labor.

To get the best results from country life you must fling away ambition, just as the poets and philosophers advise. You must give up any idea you ever had of being wealthy or being a figure in the world. You must get it into your head that the seed-time and harvest come every year and that if you are industrious in the proper seasons you can produce enough to keep yourself and family in comfort until the next season of growth and fruitfulness. You will be living up to your income, of course, but as ninety-nine people out of every hundred do that in the cities the man who goes back to the land should not find it disquieting. Besides, if he takes the trouble to think it out he will find that what is pure reckless-

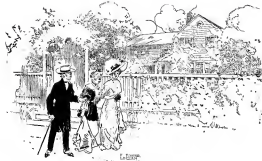


"I have incurred no less than three effects in the aspect"

ness in the city is perfectly justifiable in the country. In the city few men have any assurance that their incomes will be permanent but the man who deals with Nature instead of with an employer soon learns that his income depends on his own industry instead of on the plans or whims of a fellow-man. But the man who undertakes to get his living from Nature must not expect to get rich. Men do amass small fortunes on farms but only by driving such virtues as industry and thrift to the point of being vices. By working to the limit of their strength and scrimping themselves of every enjoyment they may be able to save some money, but while doing this they usually destroy any capacity they may ever have had of enjoying it. Remember that although the country marches up to the gates of the cities with the message, "Come unto me all ye that are weary and heavy laden and I will give you rest," all it promises is rest. Having discovered this I am now enjoying life as I never did before. I refuse to be hurried about anything. I have declined to have a telephone in the house though they are in almost every house in the neighborhood. For twenty years I lived too close to a telephone and let it worry the life out of me with its eternal call to make haste about something. If I cared to take the trouble I could have a daily paper with the news of the world on my breakfast table every morning, but it serves me just as well to have the children bring it home with them when they are returning from school. There were many happy homes in the world before telephones or newspapers were invented and I have not yet found it an inconvenience to be a few hours behind my neighbors in knowing about the latest political deal or railroad accident. I

have time to think for myself instead of having my thinking done for me hurriedly by some distracted editor who is trying to grind out a column editorial on some subject on which he is imperfectly informed, before the paper goes to press.

Some may be inclined to call my attention to the fact that country people as a rule get little out of life but hard work and sordid surroundings. I admit all this without hesitation. The people who have been trained in the country and have lived in it all their lives lack the breadth of outlook that a man gets from life in the city. As a matter of fact the city man who goes to the country in the proper spirit can get delights from it that are undreamed of by the people of the country. I find myself as deeply interested in the wild flowers and birds as are the children and we study them together. I have learned that all money can do for me is to buy delights that I can get direct from Nature and from my surroundings without money. I have learned to see Turner effects in the sunsets and can find Corot and Constable landscapes every time I walk the fields. The people of the country know nothing of the richness of their surroundings. But I see no reason why I should adopt their narrow and sordid point of view simply because I have come to live in the country. Enjoyment is about the last thing the average countryman thinks of, but that is no reason why those who return to the land should make the same mistake. If they have trained themselves to enjoy life in a sane and healthy way the country is the place to enjoy it. And there is no place like it for the children. They are as healthy and carefree as the young cattle.



It was still early when we left our home to walk through the fields of the Allis estate.

Garlands and Love Knots

The proverbial fancy, fun and flowers of returning spring time have tickled us with their romance and aria. The age has not yet been reached in meanness, when a good love story in such a setting as this, does not charm a dull moment. This is a charming story by Zona Gale, author of the "Loves of Pelicene and Etarre."

By Zona Gale

BETTY shook her head, once each way, for emphasis.

"Not if I live for ever," she said. "And ev-er," she added, to make the matter clear.

Pelless and I looked at each other in distress. We are seventy years old. We fell in love fifty years ago, and since then we have done our best to bring about as many love-stories as possible in a willing world. But the case in hand was beyond our simple art.

"My dear, child," Pelless said in perplexity, "you have not even heard what the will really says."

"Please, Uncle Pelless!" said Betty, like a warning.

"Really, the condition is not half so bad as you fancy, dear," I coaxed; and I could not possibly keep from laughter.

"Pesse, Aunt Etarre," Betty begged. Betty is not even our grandniece, but we all love this innocent pretense, as an apology for our fondness. Pelless turned to me with a twinkle in his eye.

"Ah, very well, Etarre," he said to me. "Betty may be right, after all. I dare say that she is."

I think that the very flowers in the garden must have understood what Pelless and I meant as we smiled in each other's eyes.

Betty kissed me wanderingly on the hair and blew a kiss to Pelless.

"I could never marry to please anybody else—even you," she said. "Never, never!" she added, and went away down the walk into the deep heart of the garden.

Betty had just come ashore that



morning, back from her four years at school in Switzerland. Her return had been hastened by the death of her uncle, Philip Allie; but when Pellaea, who was executor of the will, had just assayed to make its terms known to her, she had flown into a very pretty passion and refused to hear another word.

"To my beloved niece, Bettina Allie," Pellaea had read, "I bequeath one hundred thousand dollars, on the occasion of her marriage to—"

Upon which Betty had swiftly risen, and I think I remember that she stamped her foot, though Pellaea has gallantly forgotten.

"Uncle Pellaea—please!" she had cried, "I don't want to know! Please—I will not know! Oh, how unspeakable of Uncle Phil!"

Thereupon Pellaea had glanced across at me with a smile and a warning to keep silence.

"Dear," Betty had gone on steadily, "I know whom Uncle Phil means. I know without your telling me. He sent him to me with a letter, in Zurich. I couldn't marry anyway; but if I knew certainly that Uncle Phil had done this, I—I especially couldn't marry him anyway. And besides, I should hate him—don't you see?"

At this, Pellaea and I had fallen into delighted laughter.

"Oh, no, you wouldn't, Betty, dear," we had told her sweepingly.

When she left us alone, Pellaea and I smiled in each other's eyes, and in his was the adorable look that I have seen in his face whenever something very charming and daring had come into his mind. As for me, I was all sympathetic expectation. For we have both found, in our seventy years, that the world is a place whose seams are embroidered with garlands and whose ragged edges are set with love-knots. Here, we told ourselves delightedly, was about to be a love-knot of our own tying; and all the flowers in the garden turned toward us little faces which would do excellently for the garlands.

"Suppose," Pellaea said, "that we were not to tell her?"

"But, Pellaea," I objected, "she ought

—she really ought, you know—to understand about the codicil."

"I don't see it, dear," said Pellaea. "It will make no difference to her if she is in love. Do you happen to know whether she is?"

"I have only talked with her for fifteen minutes," I apologized somewhat guiltily, "and I'm not sure. But when I asked her whether there were many Americans in Zurich, she looked up at me almost searchingly. I rather fancied—"

"Ah, well now, of course, that isn't really evidence," Pellaea suggested.

To which I reluctantly agreed; though I am persuaded that evidence is by no means the only thing in the world which is convincing.

We sat in the garden, smiling a little at our temerity, smiling at all the heavenly possibilities which the days hide and yield. As for me, who am a most sentimental old woman, I never so much as look at a clock without thinking what happiness its hours will harbor, or at a bottle of ink without fancying the most delightful secrets issuing forth from it, or at a rose without trying to read it, as if it were a letter. A great many more things are letters than people dream. At all events, it is not wonderful that a few minutes later, when we saw Betty flying back toward us from the garden's deep heart, both Pellaea and I were instantly alert to read the meaning of her eyes and her frown and her flushed cheeks.

"Who lives in the lodge, dear—do you know?" she demanded of me, as if I were somewhat the one who should have protected her from the situation.

It was Pellaea who answered.

"Herbert," he said; "young David Herbert, who is—"

The crimson flamed high in Betty's cheeks, so that Pellaea stopped in amazement.

"David Herbert!" she repeated, and looked from one to the other of us until I think that Pellaea and I all but turned to each other with some sense of unguessed guilt. "So," Betty said, "he is the man! And you knew! And you've brought me here on purpose! Aunt



"I am David Herbert, don't you remember me at all?"

Esther — Uncle Pellaea — was that fair?"

I looked at Pellaea with mirth in my eyes, but he was answering her with perfect gravity.

"My dear Betty," he said, "if you will not allow me to tell you who the man is, you must not expect me to tell you who he is not."

Betty is irresistible with a hint of sob in her voice.

"Uncle Phil adored him," she said. "He talked about him all day long that spring we spent on the Riviera; and afterward he sent him to me with a letter, at the school. He was in Zurich twice, this M-Mr. David Herbert. Once

he brought a man with him — a M-Mr. Allen Justin. And I thought—"

"He brought a man with him—a Mr. Allen Justin?" Pellaea repeated with attention, without so much as meeting my eyes.

"Yes, somebody Mr. Herbert wanted Uncle Phil to know. He wanted everybody to know Uncle Phil. Oh, I thought of him first thing when you told me about the will. And I don't think I like anybody in the world!"

"My dear Betty!" we cried, hasting after her up the path.

We must have looked most absurd, Pellaea and I, with our white heads

hant over her bright hair. We tried to soothe her, knowing all the time that we were in the wrong, and that we should instantly have told her the truth about that young David Herbert.

But no sooner were we alone again on the terrace in the warm noon sun than Pellens turned to me with all his adorable air of daring.

"Etarré," he said hesitatingly, "I thought of it not ten minutes ago. Suppose—suppose—do you think we could prevail upon David Herbert to have down a guest or two at the lodge?"

"I should think that now would be the very time when David Herbert would want a guest," I agreed, seeing dimly what he meant.

"Since Betty mentioned that he and somebody named Allen Justus are friends how would it be if he asked down this Allen Justus?" Pellens pursued.

"Of all people in the world," I assented as gravely as I could, "I should say that Allen Justus is the one to ask; and that now is the time of times."

I remember how the white terrace, and the summer garden, and the very sun on the green, looked brighter as we surveyed the possibilities.

"Oh, Pellens," I said, "I don't know whether that will be wise or not. But somehow, when I look down in the garden, I feel as if something very charming were about to happen."

Betty, utterly forgetful that she liked nobody in the world, was singing within doors—some quick little lilt without a word to bless itself with, but very sweet and tender.

"Something charming is about to happen. I can hear the very prelude for it," Pellens said positively.

II.

I THINK it began at noon, three days later—at noon, when I was stupidly indoors, so that Pellens was obliged to tell me what occurred.

Betty was in the garden, on the side farthest from the lodge. On a seat in a corner of wild grape-vine Pellens sat, with his morning paper; but the paper hardly counted in that company, for Pellens dozed and nodded at every para-

graph. When one is seventy, the most alluring head-line will wait till one wakes from a dream or two.

A maple vista skirted the terrace on this side, and from its depths a man walked out and stood looking at Betty, who was gathering sweet peas. Betty glanced up, saw him, and stooped to reach a difficult blossom, without a word of greeting. Pellens saw this, for a man cannot be expected to sleep all the time over his morning paper. The man—tall, loosely jointed, quizzical—hant surprised eyes upon her, crossed, and thrust a lean hand over the fence.

"How do you do, Miss Allis?" he said.

"I beg your pardon," said Betty. "I am David Herbert," he told her. "Don't you remember me at all?"

Betty gave him two fingers.

"Certainly—in Zurich," she said.

Herbert hesitated, in doubt. He had admired her immensely when he had culled with her uncle's letter. Later, in passing through Zurich, he had taken Justus to see her, and Justus had thought—

"By the way," he said, "Allen Justus is spending two weeks with me. He comes to-morrow. We are in the lodge."

He hesitated interrogatively. The faintest possible color crept into Betty's face.

"Mr. Justus?" she remembered evenly. "Ah, yes! I will tell my aunt."

Herbert stood still, with something else on his lips, in which Betty's manner betrayed no interest. Whichever he had meant to say, he thought better of it, and, as Pellens saw, howled and went away.

"Now, what the deuce—" Pellens said he looked as if he were wondering, in the conclusion of the maple vista.

And then Pellens appeared to waken. He shook his paper, and was seized with a longing for a sweet pea in a hot-house.

"Betty," he said casually, as she drew the pink bloom in place, "he is a fine fellow, that young man—a very fine fellow."

Betty caught up her basket of sweet peas.



He took away her garden shears quite as if that was why he had come from Switzerland.

"But the idea is odious—odious!" she cried. Here, again, I think she stamped her foot, but I have never been able to have Pellens say so. "I would never marry David Herbert—never, never!" she concluded solemnly.

When Pellens told me this, we could say very little about it, for our laughter; though I admit that I grieved not to have been present in the garden that morning.

The very next morning I took care to sit with my sewing in the arbor. My nasturtium-heds extend to the wall of the lodge garden; and that year the nasturtiums were blooming as if the goblets were pulling at the buds. Every morning the beds were blissfully orange and yellow and old pink. Now, every one knows that if nasturtiums are to bloom,

they must be picked daily; and who was there to pick mine but Betty? I had made it a personal favor that Betty should gather them that day. While she did this, I had the joy of watching her bright hair above the bright bloom; and after a time I observed that I was not enjoying this pleasant pastime alone.

I had never seen Allen Justus, but as I looked beyond the nasturtium-heds, I was certain that it was he. He was strolling leisurely in the lodge garden, coming toward the low wall. If he saw the flaming beds of old-fashioned flowers about him, they cannot be said to have impressed him, for he was looking only at Betty.

As for Betty, she had on a wide white hat, and she saw nothing but the flowers above which, butterfly-wise, she hover-

ered. At least, I do not think that she did, for she gave no sign in the world.

Allen Justus came close to the low wall.

"Good morning, Fraulein Allie," he said. "I have dropped over from Zurich to look at your nasturtiums, please."

Betty stood up in the orange and yellow and old pink, so that their faint flame glowed a little in her face.

"Good morning, Mr. Justus," she said, and it crossed my mind that Betty is as charmingly non-committal as a nasturtium. "You can tell that she is beautiful, but you cannot in the least tell what she means."

"Have you no nasturtiums in Zurich, then?" she asked; but she smiled.

"They have nothing whatever there since you left," he told her gravely.

Then he vaulted over the low wall, picked his way among the flowers, and held out his hand. Usually, I would as lief that some one should point my nasturtiums as step among them; but that morning I was superciliously indifferent.

Betty gave him her hand in that little field of color; and he took away her garden shears, quite as if that was why he had come from Switzerland.

"You carry the basket," he said, "and I'll slip 'em. When did you land?"

"But you'll cut off the buds," Betty objected. "A man always shuts his eyes and cuts flowers in the air."

Allen Justus slipped away at her feet.

"These buds," he observed impassively, "are as safe as if I were only imagining myself with you, as I have so many times. When did you land?"

"I landed on Tuesday," Betty answered obediently.

I have no idea what I was seeing that morning, but I protest that as I sat there in the arbor I embroidered the seams with garlands and set the edges with love-knots. For here was likely to be a love-knot of a heavenly sort of tying, and the very flowers in the garden were making it come true.

Presently I slipped from the other door of the arbor and went to find Pelless—awake over his paper, opposite the distant sweet pines.

"Oh, Pelless," I said, sitting beside him, "something charming is about to happen?"

"That," Pelless replied, wide-awake on the instant, "is never very difficult to believe."

"Isn't it strange, Pelless," I said — for I am never tired of thinking so — "that everybody in the world has something special to remember?"

"Like ourselves," said Pelless contentedly.

"Oh, no; indeed, no?" I cried. "Not in the least like our love-story, Pelless. Very few have a story so charming as ours."

"Ah, well, now," Pelless said, "I suppose everybody thinks that. I suppose," he theorized, "that there isn't a woman in the world who does not believe, in her secret heart, that her love-story would make a wholly absorbing novel."

"And as for most men," said I, "I dare say they fancy themselves the possible heroes of whole libraries."

"Well, everybody is right about it," cried Pelless stoutly. "Everybody is a love-story. Doesn't that make a very wonderful place of the world?"

But it seemed to me that the matter lay a little nearer to the every-day.

"Not everybody's," I said. "Everybody would make a story," I objected; "but look into some of the happiest and most loving hearts, and I fancy you would find what is commoner than a story—just some charming little happening of the days when they were in love. A garland or a love-knot," Pelless, I explained.

"Yes, garlands and love-knots," said Pelless airily, "are what shape the world. They keep it the shape of a heart, instead of a dollar."

I know no more charming theory.

III.

NEXT day—I am not sure, looking back, that the sun itself was not the shape of a heart that morning, in its rising—Pelless and I were on the terrace, after lunch, when we caught sight of a carriage driving down the maple vista toward the lodge. On the top of the carriage were two trunks; and with-

in the carriage we saw—or so we fancied—the flutter of a lace veil, and of a handkerchief signaling us in greeting.

At this we looked at each other, like conspirators.

"Pelless," I said hurriedly, "don't you think this would be a fine day to go over to the Allie house and look through the library, before the sale?"

Pelless agreed with suspicious alacrity—which made it appear almost as if, for some reason, we were eager to be away from home: though, to be sure, we had long been intending to look through Betty's uncle's fine library, which his will directed to be sold at auction. Betty, of course, was to go with us, and it was still early when we left our house to walk through the fields to the Allie estate, adjoining our own.

I shall not soon forget those hours among the beautiful old volumes with which Philip Allie had spent his life. Betty, too, as years by the recollections of her childhood in the great house, fingered in the hushed library, until Pelless and I were forced at length to walk outside for a breath of the sweet, summoning afternoon air.

We walked twice and again the length of the terrace, and were returning, when we saw three figures—a woman and two men—cross from the drive and enter the door. There was no mistaking them. The situation which Pelless and I had wanted—courted, in our love of a jest, was full upon us. We had been conspirators of silence.

We hurried forward—feeling very miserable, I will confess, yet with a little voice of laughter in our hearts, for all that—and we reached the door of the library just at the high moment.

Betty had risen from the window-seat, where we had left her, and the books were scattered about her, and the sun smote through the window in a glory—a kind of glory of laughter, I do protest. Before her stood Allen Justus and David Herbert; and that fine young David Herbert, whom she had so much doted, was presenting to her his wife—an adorable creature, the bride of a year, just returned to the lodge that very day from a first fleeting visit to her home.

Betty is quite perfect. I have never known her betray herself by even a glance, and at that moment her delicate, telltale color did not mount. I have always insisted that her lowered eyelids are more alluring than many a woman's eyes.

"We came over," Herbert explained to us, "to see about having Justus's books sent over to him."

"Mr. Justus's books?" Betty repeated a little stiffly.

Allen was bending to speak to Betty, with an expression which Pelless and I could not regard as unfashionable. Pelless and I are seventy, as I have said, and our sight is not what it was; but flowers, angels, and that look in the eyes of youth we are still able to discern with perfect clearness.

"Will you come into your uncle's study?" he said to us all, but looking at Betty. "I want—I do so want to show you my mother's picture."

"Your mother's picture?" Betty repeated again.

"I thought you knew," he said simply. "I think, if you had not been away, you must have known. Of late Mr. Allie never made it a secret from us that he had loved my mother when she was a girl. He has her picture—it is to be mine. She was very beautiful."

Betty looked up at Allen Justus breathlessly.

"Uncle Phil!" she said. "I thought you said in Zurich that you didn't know my Uncle Phil!"

"I never did," Allen said, "until this last year. He never would let me come to see him, because—because he remembered my mother, and it gave him pain; but at last David persuaded him, and then I saw him often."

Betty turned, and she sent to Pelless and me the little edge of a glance that left us defenseless. We stood there miserably while she moved toward the study to see the portrait. Then Pelless said, with a beautiful and commendable dignity, that we two found the house very close, and we would walk on before the others, if no one minded. We went away across the terrace, confident that we had ruined the whole matter from first to last, and that the very flow-

ers of the garden were turned toward us accusingly—flowers that should have been garlands for love.

Dinner was at eight o'clock, but at eight o'clock that night Betty had not come to the drawing-room, and a maid came back to tell us that she was not in her room. She had not dressed for dinner. She was not in the house. Pelless said I, in the middle of the great drawing-room, looked at each other tremblingly.

At last we went through the glass doors to the garden, with the troubled notion that the garden might be able to help us. Indeed, I have seldom known the garden to fail us in any distress, and it did not fail us now. We went a little way into its dusk, and almost at once we saw, moving between us and the veiled brightness of my nasturtiums, a little white figure which must be Betty.

But before we could speak, or go to her, a shadow stirred on the low garden wall, and some one crossed swiftly from one end of my nasturtium-hed to the other. I hardly remembered the presence of my flowers, and only welcomed the shadow that moved over them.

"Betty! Betty!" the shadow said in Allen Justus's voice.

Betty stood still. We could see her white frock in the starlight. When Allen came to her, and I think—if I am as wise in these matters as I pretend—would have taken her in his arms, she moved sharply away from him.

"Betty!" he cried—and oh, I assure every one that Pelless and I had as much right there as the nasturtiums themselves, for our hearts were quite as sympathetic—"I love you! I love you, dear! This afternoon you wouldn't listen. You shall listen now! I have loved you ever since I saw you at that Zurich pension. There isn't a peak of the Alps that I haven't looked at by the hour in the hope that you had looked at it, too!" cried the young lover. "Betty, I can't tell you, dear. But if you could only know—"

It was a boy's wooing—the April of the heart. For very gladness, Pelless and I clasped each other's hands as we heard, and trembled a little for all the

heavenly possibilities that the days hide and yield.

To our amazement, little Betty's voice was clear and cold as she answered this April message.

"Mr. Justus," she said, "do you mind telling me whether you were mentioned in my uncle's will?"

What must have been thought? Pelless and I, who had lingered in the vague hope that we might somehow be able to set matters right, were minded at this to make the world stand still while we explained. But I loved Allen Justus for answering quite simply, and as if, for the happy tumult of his heart, he had hardly time to wonder at her words.

"Mr. Allis left me some books that had been my mother's," he said, "and—end a little present. Not—not much, you know."

"Oh!" Betty said sharply, dimly realizing what she had seemed to be asking. "But I mean, did he mention you—did he mention me—oh," she cried distressfully. "I am so afraid that he has left me a fortune if I will marry you!"

Ah, and then there was a new note in Allen's voice. It was easy to guess that he had read something in Betty's words that I think she did not know that she had said.

"Betty!" he cried. "I don't know anything at all about that. If it is so, I do not know it. But, dear, do you love me? Do you love me well enough to marry me, even if your uncle wished you to?"

And at that, Pelless and I turned and fled. There was no more possibility that we should be needed to set things right. Oh, these lovers of to-day! Was not that modernity on the lips of a youthful wooer? And Allen's words must have held divine logic, for I was certain, as we turned away, that Betty was in his arms, in a world of nasturtiums of dusk.

"Something charming is happening!" said Pelless, as we hurried between the flowers.

Dinner was disgracefully late. I think we only managed to have it at all when Pelless had gone calling through



Pelless had brought them both in with a light in their eyes which the gloom of the garden seemed to have taught.

the garden and had brought them both in, with a light in their eyes which the gloom of the garden seemed to have taught.

"Betty," Pelless said over our coffee, "there is, you may remember, a certain clause of your uncle's will which you have never heard. There is also a codicil. Could—could you be persuaded to listen—now?"

"Perhaps so, now," said Betty. What a word that "now" may become!

So, with Allen looking at Betty, and Betty listening a little fearfully, Pelless repeated that clause of Philip Allis's will which had caused us both such happy laughter.

"To my niece, Bettina Allis," he quoted—"for he could say it off, by now—" "I bequeath one hundred thousand dollars on the occasion of her marriage to the man whom she loves."

I wish that every one could have seen our dear little Betty's face.

"Really, Uncle Pelless? Really, Aunt Etterre?" she said; and I think she may have wanted to stamp her foot—at

herself—under the table; but Pelless says that she was too happy to think of that.

"And then the codicil, Pelless," I urged with happy tears.

"Oh, the codicil," Pelless said carelessly, "provides fifty thousand more to you both in case that man happens to be Allen Justus, son of a loved friend of your uncle's, Betty, dear."

We made an excuse to go to the verandah to see about the awnings, so that we might leave them alone over their coffee for a moment or two.

"Everybody is a love-story, Etterre," Pelless repented with conviction, while we stood there, looking down on our garden.

"Not a love-story like ours, Pelless," I protested; "but, at all events, a heart with a garland or a love-knot about it."

"Ah, well," Pelless said, "I think that that's the same thing."

Perhaps he is right—in a world of possibilities which the days hide and yield.

The Young Man Finds Himself

By Dr. O. S. Marden

In every field of activity we find young men in the most responsible positions—presidents of great institutions, heads of enormous trusts, managers of large department stores, presidents of great railroads, etc. We find young men who have just been graduated from college, occupying professor's chairs; while others scarcely thirty years of age are presidents of colleges and universities. In fact, this is the young man's age; and America, preeminently a continent for young men. We believe in young men; we believe in thrusting great responsibilities upon them.

It is astonishing how this confidence in their ability develops youth. We often see young men reared in luxury, thrust suddenly into responsible positions on account of the death of their parents, or because of some unexpected emergency; young men who had never shown any special adaptability for business, and yet, all at once, when these great responsibilities were put upon them, they developed marvelous executive ability which no one ever dreamed they possessed.

A fire, or a disaster at sea, often develops heroism out of the most unpromising material. People who were never known to do anything worthy before in their lives suddenly develop marvelous heroism. They rush into burning buildings, without the slightest fear, to save those who are perfect strangers to them, risking their own lives and often losing them. So young men and young women who have never exhibited any special ability, when made dependent by some great emergency or thrown into responsible positions by death, suddenly develop marvelous ability.

Probably the majority of people in the failure army to-day are there because they have never discovered themselves. This was either for the reason that they were in an environment which did not happen to come in contact with sufficient friction to arouse the sparks in their nature.

A man in trouble once wrote to a friend, "I am in a hole, and if you don't help me out, I am stuck." His friend replied, "Sorry I can't help you, old fellow, but if you are in a hole you can't get out of I am coming to see the hole. It must be a wonder."

The men got out.

The most important thing, at the very outset of his career, is for a man to get aroused, to find himself—to get into an atmosphere which will awaken his dormant energies and call out his reserves.

It is said that some of the world's greatest generals were never thoroughly aroused and their personal reserves of power never were called out until they were fighting desperately for their country in the midst of a great, decisive battle.

Human ability seems to be in layers. The school teacher may

discover one layer and give us a little glimpse of ourselves; a friend who trusts us when others misunderstand may lift another layer, and give us a little further glimpse of our hidden resources. The death of loved ones, or some great sorrow or affliction may open up other depths in our nature which no experience before had touched. Some great catastrophe, loss of property, a homeless family and hungry children tagging away at our sleeves for bread and protection, may call out our unexpected strength. Some bitter personal disappointment, love unreturned, or the betrayal or treachery of friends, may strike still deeper into the great within of us and unlock yet other forces which we never dreamed we possessed.

The successful candidate ought to know at the very outset of his career just what fund he can draw upon. If a man is starting out in business for himself he should take an inventory of all his possible assets and all his resources.

The great majority of young people start on their careers with very little knowledge of their mental capacities and they are usually discovered, after all, by piece-meal.

Some kinds of explosives ignite at a low temperature and with very little friction; others require more friction. Then, there are others like the Maximite shell, for example, which may be thrown about or baked in a hot oven, without exploding. The giant powder in it can only be exploded by firing it through a foot of prepared steel in the side of a warship, when it explodes with terrific force, tearing into shreds everything in its path. Man's ability, his resources, can well be compared to the various explosives. Some of them are on the principle of the hair-trigger and will explode at the slightest touch; others require a little more friction.

Only a small per cent. of those in the great army of the employed ever discover more than a small per cent. of their ability, hence the multitude of perpetual clerks, who might have been proprietors if they could only have found all of their ability assets. Tens of thousands plod along in mediocrity who have resources, if they could only detect them, to lift them into superior positions.

But somehow they never come in touch with just the right kind of ambition-arousing material; they do not come into the right sort of ambition-arousing environment, or do not come in contact with just the necessary material to ignite the giant powder of the great within of themselves.

The most fortunate moment in any human life is that moment when one catches a glimpse of his real ability, discovers himself in his latent powers. The most fortunate experience in any life is that which has aroused him. The most valuable thing which ever comes into a life is that experience, that book, that sermon, that person, that incident, that emergency, that accident, that catastrophe—that something which touches the springs of his inner nature and flings open the powers of his great within, revealing its hidden resources.

The Confessions of a Publicity Agent

William Jennings Jones Earns his Living in the Grocery Business and Uncle Henry Sprouts an Idea

The first of this series appeared in the April number of MacLean's when the career of the hero of the story began as a publicity agent for the town of Milham. The flat failure of his methods and his dropping into an obscure position at the close of the article will have drawn the curiosity of the reader into this the second of the series where his apprenticeship in a grocery store is paving his way to success. The illustrations are by Dudley Ward.

By James Grantham

MY uncle the night I was fired called me up on the telephone.

"That you, William?" he demanded.

"Yes."

"Got another job?"

"No."

"How much money you got?"

"What's that?"

"Got any money?"

"Oh, I guess I won't starve. How much have you got Uncle Henry?"

"Don't be luzzah, son," he returned, his voice a little more placatory. "I've been in your place before now and I've been broke. No shame in being broke. Called y' up only to see if you needed anything and whether you still want to keep on tryin' to make little towns grow into big cities, or whether you'd maybe be just as glad of a nice quiet job in the store down here."

"A job in your store? Down at your place? I guess not, thanks, Uncle Henry. I guess I can make good in the newspaper game. Thank you, though. I maybe might've been some use to you, but I'm afraid storekeeping is not in my line."

"A' right," he drawled. "Do as you please, but if you want the job, drop in. 'I'll keep it open, in case you need it."

"What are you going to do?" asked my wife as I left the telephone. "Are

you sure you were right in refusing Uncle Henry?"

"No, of course I wasn't," I told her, petulantly. "As a matter of fact I ought to have taken the job and glad of it. I don't know, dear, just what I ought to do."

"Dear," she said, "you were foolish. Take Uncle Henry's offer. We — we need it."

Two days after, when I saw that I wouldn't even have enough money to move out of Milham, much less waste time trying to get a fancy job, I took Uncle Henry's offer. "I apologize, Uncle," I mumbled. "I was upset. I'd like the job you spoke of if there's no objection."

"Mean it?" he growled.

"I do."

"Then it's yours. I want y' t' print signs for the goods we put in the window, keep an eye on the books, because my eyes are getting poor, and help with the customers on rush days. Fact is, you got to do everything and anything, from shifting orange crates to counting the money over to the bank. Wilfing!"

"I'm game," I said, clenching my teeth and thinking of the customers who would see how I had fallen from glory.

"Then I'll give you twenty dollars a week and groceries found."

Somehow, after the ups-and-downs of the newspaper business, I came to like the grocery trade. It seemed to me to be more substantial than just writing squibs for newspapers. I felt that I was really being of some service to the community, and I knew that in the grocery business, hard times, if they should come, would not knock the bottom out of things quite as badly as if I was only a supernumerary on a newspaper. I liked thinking up attractive notices to put on the goods in the window. I wrote them with green ink on bits of white cardboard—the bottoms of old candy boxes. After a time I began to study the art of window-dressing, and one whole night I worked building a castle out of soap in the big roomy left-hand window. I took more pride in that pile of soap than in anything I had ever created before, and next day people came flocking into the store to buy the soap. Something about that window display made them remember that they wanted soap. They bought out the whole stock in no time. Uncle Henry was pleased.

"Look here, son," he said one night. "You're making good. I'll raise you to twenty-two a week. I like them window fixin'."

That summer I learned a good deal about the psychology of the shop. I saw there are lots of things people will buy if you only present them right. Away in the back of the shop I found some old stock Uncle Henry had given up trying to sell—one of the things was a gross of patent mops. I asked him what was the matter with the mops, and he said they hadn't sold because people didn't know how they worked.

"Well, how do they work?" I demanded.

"I dunno," he said, "Traveller showed me but I couldn't get onto it. Neither could anybody else, I guess. I marked them down, but there was nothing doing. Folks in this town like the old-fashioned kind of a mop. There's no use tryin' anything else on 'em."

"I think you're wrong," I said. "Look here, this is how these things work. See! It saves work and its neater and clean-

er. I had secretly been experimenting with one of the mops and had found how it worked. It was a good mop."

"Well," said Uncle Henry, "Maybe you're right. But they won't sell. Or if they do, I miss my bet. You can have the profits on 'em if you sell the lot."

"It's a go," I said.

And it was. I sold those mops in a week—a gross of them, just by asking every woman who entered the store if she'd tried the new kind, and then showing her how it worked. Most of the customers confessed that the mops they had been using were old as the hills, and were always scratching the floor and the sur-lace. So they bought! And I made a profit.

Well, I was getting to like the grocery business. I used to love the smell of the oranges and the leeks and spices. The clean hardwood floor and the tiers upon tiers of neat-looking cases and bottles and packages were a picture to me. I loved them, and I longed to get a chance at the buying. But Uncle Henry kept me away from that. "Buyin'," he said, "is an art, son. I get stung myself sometimes. You talk about your old newspaper business and the writin' profession needin' judgment—Ha! It isn't one, two, three, with the judgment y' need to buy raspberries, or golden prunes, even!"

I admitted it, not reluctantly either. But I was not destined for the grocery business. One June morning Uncle Henry drew me aside behind a big stack of brooms.

"Listen, son," he said, "you got to quit groceries."

"You mean——" I was taken off guard.

"No, I don't mean that you aren't a good man, or that I want to fire you. But there's something bigger for you than shop-keeping."

"What?" I demanded.

"Town booming."

"Town publicity."

"Yes."

"That's not square, Uncle Henry," I protested. "What do you want to string me on that old subject for?"

"I'm not stringing you. I mean it."

"But I was fired because I failed when I had a job here in this very town."

"I know. You'd be fired again if you took the job now, but that isn't what I want y' t' do. I want y'to learn the trade. It's the biggest trade out. It's a bran' new field and there's money in it."

That night Uncle Henry—who was a bachelor—came down to our house and talked business with me while the wife washed the dishes and put the boy to bed,—we had a baby by this time.

"I know," he said, "towns is just like folks. They have characters and characteristics just like you and me and everybody in the town. Towns, if they are any good at all, have destinies, just like people have destinies. The average man isn't fitted for his business at all. He pegs away all his life trying to become a successful grocer, or an architect or an alderman, when all along he isn't any more fitted for that line of work than I am for preaching. D'ye get it?"

"Sure," I answered. "But what's the application?"

"Application?" with a snort, "why to towns of course. Didn't I just tell you towns were like people. Look at the scores of little towns springing up all over Canada. Look at the old towns like Milham trying vaguely to boom themselves. Look at the money they waste in bad methods of advertising, and how they waste their lives trying half-heartedly to be something they can't ever be—just the same as if I went trying to learn preaching."

"Well," I said, "what do you think we could do?" "What should these towns do?"

"Do? That's what you and I have got to show em, beginning first of all with this one—Milham."

III.

MILHAM WAKES.

If you think about it long enough and keep your eyes wide open, you will see that my grocer uncle's philosophy was right. Not every town can hope to

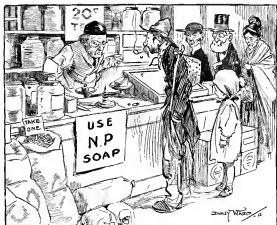
become a seaport, or a manufacturing centre, or a jobbing depot. Not every man with ten fingers can hope to become a great pianist. Not every man with a tongue can hope to become a temperance lecturer or a politician. Now, in the third chapter of our experience Uncle Henry and I had decided to find out just what Milham was good for.

There were two railways running through the town, each with two branches. Then there was a good big river on which, as I told you in the first article, were some old water-mills that had fallen into disuse. The cost of living was modest enough. The two factories we had did just about enough business to keep alive, and that was all. Their owners were old residents whose personal connection kept people buying their small output. One was a flour miller and the other operated a small hosiery factory. They employed all the spare hands in town—about two hundred. The rest of the town was made up of railway employees and retired farmers.

"We can't get heavy industries," summed up Uncle Henry. "Because they want water carriage. Steel mills and that sort of thing will squat right down on the water-front—remember that, and let a little town go to pot. Foundries and heavy machine shops won't come here because the labor market isn't good here—yet. They get men like that in Toronto and Hamilton."

In this wise did Uncle Henry educate me. He had taken up the study of town growth because he had seen me fail as publicity commissioner for Milham, and had been possessed of a longing to search out the real reason for my failure and the real science of town-promotion. What he had learned he taught me. Then we went on studying together.

There are in Ontario two inland towns, whose careers serve to illustrate how two communities, given the same chances, can ruin or make themselves. Neither of these towns is bankrupt. Both are good enough. But one is a



Few people realized, as the old fellow weighed them out half a pound of cheese or a bar of N.P. soap, that behind his grizzled old temples lay such an audacious scheme.

better business town than the other and will achieve a great future. The first of these towns is a railway divisional point on two railways—a splendid location as far as shipping facilities are concerned. The second town has only one railway service. But by sheer pluck and enterprise it has so won the respect of the railroad company, that every train stops there, and the freight and express service by that one line are unexcelled. The first of these towns is filled to overflowing with wealthy retired farmers, men who have money and who know by grim experience how hard money is to come by. The second contains rich, retired farmers, but they are German or of German extraction, and this fact counts for a very great deal. The farmers in the first town are conservative in their interests. They have enough to live on and a pleasant town in which to live. If it is not quite as busy as other towns, they do not see that hurts them.

All they ask is the right to live comfortably and educate their children comfortably, before death intervenes.

There is a great deal to be said for this point of view. When you stop to think about it, you may very well be found saying to yourself—"Well, why should the town grow? Why shouldn't I prefer to live in a quiet modest town if I like? What right have town-boomers and promoters of manufacturing concerns to come here, erecting factories that keep up their noise all day and all night, and raising great chimneys that only belch dirty smoke into the sky?"

Why should your town grow? Why should you not continue living in a quiet municipality? What right have the town boomers? Just this. Every citizen and every town in Canada owes it to the country, if not to itself and himself, to grow and achieve the most it is capable of achieving. What was

true of the unprofitable servant in the Bible story, is true not only of men and women to-day, but true also of the towns they live in. It is up to you and your town to do your best and play the game, to the end that Canada may the earlier reach full nationhood.

As to the quiet neighborhood—that, true, is your own personal affair, but this much has to be remembered, that the mere fact of amassing a fortune or a comfortable bank account, does not entitle any man in Canada to creep off into a corner—unless he is very old and sick, or has troubles of his own—and say, "I've got all I want. I'm done." If a man has made enough to retire, he should retire from active life only in order to be able to encourage and advise others younger than himself.

As to the town boomer's right to "boom"—so long as he is honest and earnest, he should have full play, save only for this point; watch him! That is where the old head can make itself felt. Check him up when he goes off on false starts, but when he strikes the right scent—cut the leash and urge him on.

Now in the English Ontario town there is so much conservatism that scarcely anything can be done. Any new industry that comes, or talks of coming to the town, is received in silence and suspicion. But the little German town—welcomes the new-comer, watches him kindly, and when it can, lends him a hand.

This matter of lending a hand is a pretty important consideration in discussing town-promotion, and a very delicate one. There is such a thing as lending too much help. That is bad. But of this, more elsewhere.

Uncle Henry's plan for the immediate future was to make me the editor of the Milham newspaper and educate Milham up to being a good town. He wanted to get the farmers out of their rut and get everybody talking about Milham. Few people realized, as the old fellow weighed them out half a pound of cheese, or a her of N. P. soap, that behind his grizzled old temples lay such an audacious scheme.

"But can we buy the paper?" was the first question I asked, when he had explained his proposition. "Will they sell out?"

"Had to."

"Had to?"

"Yes. I bought it three weeks ago—understanding—present management keeps in power till I'm ready—a month's notice to them."

"Phew!"

The details of how we took over the Milham paper and how we started our campaign, do not matter. First of all we determined to get the paper on a paying basis itself. This we did by getting a better advertising man. Then for circulation we interested the boys of the town—and the rest was, in our case, at all events, a matter of editorial content. Don't think we fed the readers nothing but town booming stuff. We made a contract with the Canadian Press for a good telegraph and cable service. This didn't cost us any more than the old system the previous management had had—and which they had refused to change on account of a personal tiff with the press service promoters. Then we bought a syndicate picture service from a Toronto paper and bought new type for headings. All around we improved that paper one hundred per cent. And when the big dam on the Credit burst—a month after I took over the work—end wiped out a couple of our old mills and damaged a lot of property, I went out myself, got the story, and between Uncle Henry and the foreman and myself, got the first "extra" the town had ever heard of.

Uncle Henry wrote the editorials, that is to say, he would drop over from the shop the night before and dictate the stuff to me—sitting on our office safe the while.

"Tell 'em," he'd say, as I sat there ready with my pencil. "Tell 'em they're slower'n all get out. Tell 'em, the man that sets back in his bought house en' snoozes out the rest of life just because he's made a fortune, is a— a menace to the community. Tell 'em it's up to them to take an interest in things as other folks an' not sit back 'n say

things is good enough, when they know damned well they ain't. Tell 'em— Oh, give 'em— and he'll be tellin' 'em."

I didn't put these editorials into fancy newspaper editorial language either. I created a mythical character whom I called "Old Squidge" and under his supposed name I ran a little "sermon" or "talk" every day. I disguised "Old Squidge" so that they wouldn't suspect Uncle Henry, but if they had been lively people they'd have recognized his way of speaking from the first—all but the expletives. No two editorials were alike. Sometimes we'd leave our pet subject out of the paper for weeks, and Uncle would dictate things he had seen in the store that morning, or funny little episodes from the street. Sometimes we'd get a good joke on some well-known man and Uncle Henry would tell it in his dry cocking way—but without hurting anybody's feelings. Then we'd come back to the question of Milham and how interesting it was getting to be and how it was nearly as lively as certain other towns we could have mentioned but didn't. Whenever we criticized anything we blamed it on "a minority of narrow-minded fellows" in the town. Whenever we praised anything we gave the credit to the people of Milham.

And our little home-made campaign caught on. Our circulation went up from twenty-two hundred to thirty-three hundred in five months. Everybody in town got to thinking well of the town. Folks would write in and kick about sidewalks that hadn't been mended and that were "a disgrace to a town like Milham!" The townspeople began to take a real interest in things. People kept their lawns better and even took more care to wash the mud off their huggies before going out driving on Sundays. Pretty soon, instead of reporting that "Milly Briggs had a rare delightful party for her cousin Nellie from Pike-town" we wrote "Miss Mildred Briggs was the hostess at a charming bridge given in honor of Miss Helen Briggs who is spending a few days in town from Picketown. The charming rooms in the old 'Castle' (that is what

they called the Briggs house) were tastefully decorated with yellow daffodils," etc. The whole town began to take a pride in its existence. A couple of people bought motors and took to giving afternoon teas under their apple trees. The town was in the first stages of regeneration.

In the midst of all this, the Mayor and Aldermen revived the idea of getting a publicity expert to go after new industries for the town. Several of the Aldermen and the Mayor dropped in to see Uncle Henry about it. I happened to overhear a part of the conversation one night.

"Look here, Henry," said one of the Aldermen, the one who had suggested me, "that nery of yours was as good as a town boomer, but that don't say town-booming's no good. What'd you think of gettin' up a good man an' payin' him a good salary—an' boomin' the town right? What think?"

"Nothin'," said Uncle Henry. "Nothin'. My nephew failed because he didn't know his job. He hadn't studied it. Neither 've you. You leave the experts alone just now."

"Is that what you really think?" asked the Mayor, timidly.

"I do," said Uncle Henry, "and if you're wise you'll think so too."

From that moment on I knew who was "Boss" of Milham. It was my old Uncle Henry Allburg, the grocer. I conceived an idea then too—quite a good idea.

Now a town that thinks well of itself in a hubbubbing-over and enthusiastic way, is on the road to success. Mind it may stray off the road and get into a blind lane, but a feeling of pride in your town is the first step in making the most of it.

Three months after the deputation had quizzed Uncle Henry, I sprang my idea.

"Harry Allburg will run for Mayor!" That was all that needed to be said. If he ran, he would win. The only thing was that nobody had ever thought of his running, any more than he had himself.

He came into the office puffing.

Son,"—he panted. "Son! what in _____?"

"Well, why not?" I demanded.

"Why n-not—why—Oh what's the use?"

"Everything's the use, Uncle Henry," I retorted. "Just because a man has built up a comfortable business and is doing well, is no excuse for him shirking his duty." (He winced.) "You've got to run."

He shook his head and mopped his brow with an old red handkerchief.

"Never made a speech in my life," he muttered.

"Yes you have. You talked to them at the lodge one night till folks nearly died laughing."

"Laughing—yes."

"Yes, and they did what you told 'em to do, too."

"Humph!"

"Old Henry," as people called him, though he was not old by any means, run, and was elected. Dressed up he was a distinguished old figure. On his feet he could hold an audience for an hour at a time. With his installation began the last stage of Milham's decadence and the first stage of her prosperity. The town had learned to take a pride in itself and an interest in its own welfare. Uncle Henry now became its unofficial publicity expert, as Mayor.

One day a quiet-looking man descended from the noon train from Toronto and went to the Bellington Hotel for lunch. The hotel had benefited by the recrudescence of civic self-respect to the extent of a complete overhauling and re-organization. It was one of the best little hotels in the country. Commercial travellers, unable to get home for the week-end, used to spend Sunday at the Bellington Hotel. It was a good hotel.

The town owed something to that hotel for what followed.

The quiet traveller who honored it with his presence, was a big business man who wanted to locate a plant for making light castings. The hotel service was good. The luncheon was good. The place was clean and cheerful. When that afternoon H. B. MacKenzie,

of the firm of MacKenzie and Smith, sent his card in to Uncle Henry, he was in a good mood.

"Mayor Althure?" he said.

"Tim Althure," said Uncle Henry. That was all the stenographer overheard. But that night we were able to announce the new industry come to Milham—one that would employ two hundred men.

Let me explain how Mayor Althure became our publicity agent. In the first place Milham's reputation for being a bright, cheerful town, was due to his secret influence in our paper. That reputation spread over the whole country by means of the commercial travellers who enjoyed the Bellington Hotel. In contrast with the other hostilities they had to endure, and they recognized that Milham shop-keepers treated a travelling man, not like a dog, but as a welcome guest, with whom to exchange ideas, if not always orders and goods. Some of those same merchants used to be the crumblingsort that give a town a black eye for miles around, through the naturally disgruntled commercial men, but they had had a change of heart, thanks to the revived spirit of the town.

As for me, whenever I had a chance I sent in good healthy, cheerful stories about Milham to the big city papers, and when we had a slight outbreak of small-pox—two cases—I confess the telegraph men and I did our best to keep it from getting to the outside papers—until the scare was over. Little by little Milham became known all over as a bright town. One of the first moving picture shows to open in Ontario, outside of Toronto and Hamilton, located in Milham. That brought us quite a bit of local trade on account of the farmers who came in for entertainment. Then we got the favorable attention of the big banks, and away back in the heads of the managers they began to remember Milham as "a bright little dump," and when it came to filling a vacancy or increasing the local staff in Milham, our town received the bright fellows from head office, instead of the sleepers who once were ridiculed into our midst. Wholesale jobbers

no longer put off their old stocks at Milham. It was known for a wide-awake town.

We still had, up to the time the new foundry came, only our pitifully small laboring population. It was to increase this Uncle Henry worked, and somehow or another he managed to join a club in Toronto, a big business men's club. Every time he got the chance, he spent a day in Toronto, and little by little he came to know the big men of the city. He was a story-teller and a capital maker of little informal after-dinner speeches. Every now and then he would drop a word about his town—Milham, not a flamboyant advertisement, but just a quiet word. Sometimes business people would ask him questions. On those occasions he told only the truth—and always took pains to understate it rather than over-state things. He found in the big city, men who felt that the overhead expenses were too high, and that the cost of living was too great in Toronto to suit them.

"Come out to Milham some day," said Uncle Henry to one of these men. "I'll take you fishing. Nicest little trout stream you ever knew of."

They came to fish—and remained to absorb small doses of knowledge of Milham. The foundry was the first fruit of Uncle Henry's "fishing" excursions. Then came a carriage works; then a knitting factory. A boom in industrials began to grow up all over Ontario, and first thing we knew Milham had doubled its population and was still growing. Sometimes men came who wanted houses or free sites, or exemption from taxation.

"Nothing doing," said Uncle Henry.

With Milham everything in the town prospered. The paper grew so big and there was so much advertising, that I bought new presses and hired a city editor from Toronto. We prospered—Mary, and the baby and I.

This is the second of the series, the first having appeared in April issue.

They conclude in the June number.

IN EXILE

I am longing for the marshes and the meadows,
I am lonely for the sand-dunes and the foam,
For the night-wind crying free on the heaving moon-swept sea,
For the orchard-lawns and clover blooms of home;
In dreams, Elysian East, again I see thee,
For the rapture of thy forest-bowers I yearn,
Take me back and let me rest on thy tender mother-breast,
Where my longing, lonely heart must ever turn.
When the sea-gull builds his home in reeded shallows,
When the vernal violet gleams with rippled rain,
When the sweet arbutus twines in the shade of sighing pines,
When the robin tells his tale of love again,
Then distant East, in dreams again I see thee,
Take me back at last to loe amid thy fern,
Take me back and let me rest on thy tender mother-breast,
Where my longing, lonely heart must ever turn.

—Cyrus Macmillan.

Don't Spend Your Money Before You Get It

The financial conditions in Canada seem to be brightening. Mr. John Appleton, associate editor of *The Financial Post*, and special contributor to *MacLean's Magazine*, sums up the situation in this article.

By John Appleton

IF the men of the money world were in the habit of talking freely they would at the present time have a good deal to say. It would be with the object of getting Canadians to move cautiously in business undertakings, unless they had the ready money to go on with. There do not appear to be at the present time any bears on the monetary situation. For instance, Sir Edmund Walker says get the money before you spend it. There has been too much of the other policy that is to borrow from the bank, spend the cash and then go to lenders to dispose of securities. That policy carried beyond a certain limit always leads to trouble. Canada has been following this policy and the banks are not a little to blame for having made it possible. What financial men advise now is not to incur any liability until you know that you can get the cash wherewith to meet it.

This advice is good in all seasons, but at the present time, and for some months ahead, it would seem to be the best possible. It is given by men who are in closest touch with money supply and who are therefore in a position to know that extraordinary conditions exist. To illustrate the distinction between normal and the abnormal in Canadian money market conditions in case of Toronto might be quoted. In no part of the Dominion is money quite so free, at the moment, as in that city.

Collections in Ontario have been such as not to excite complaint and its industries have been flourishing. Nevertheless the head of one of its largest financial institutions stated to the writer that if he could get it, he could place \$1,000,000 in small loans, on mortgage security, at 6½ per cent. in two weeks. This is, for Toronto, abnormal. Normally money on good mortgage security has sought employment at six per cent.

Admitting the correctness of the foregoing the obvious inference is a very keen demand for money and a shortness in the supply that has kept the "pot boiling" during recent years. If conditions in Toronto have changed to this extent it can be taken for granted that similar or greater changes have occurred elsewhere. In fact changes have occurred. During the present month, as in March and April, the evidence will be in the diminishing rate of increase in bank clearings, in building statistics and eventually to some extent in the volumes of business. There has been during the past month a declining rate of increase in railroad earnings. Business mortality statistics for the first three months of 1913 show liabilities of bankrupt firms aggregating \$3,750,520, as compared with \$2,842,077 in 1912. But these signs of slackening tension are not wholly devoid of hopefulness. A diminution in the volume of bank clearings indicates a cessation of unproductive speculative ac-

tivity rather than a decline in actual commercial transactions, and a decline in building is but a further evidence of the same decline in so far as real estate speculation is concerned.

In the West the most marked decline in bank clearings has taken place and it is there that the most widespread activity in real estate prevailed, but is now steadily subsiding. This change is welcomed by the best Westerners themselves. Mr. J. T. Gordon, of Messrs. Gordon, Ironsides and Fares, who is also president of the Standard Trusts Company, and who exercises a controlling hand in many financial organizations in the West, says that present conditions are not by any means to be deplored. They will, he intimates, drive many bright and capable men from the unproductive vocation of real estate dealing into activities that will add something to the real wealth of the Dominion. For some years they have been "pyramiding" real estate values with the inevitable result following that exciting occupation. A halt is now in order to permit of the productive resources of the Dominion, its population and general development being brought up to the advance line of values. The latter may have to fall back, but no serious recession need be feared. Immigration, industrial growth and improved methods of agriculture will thrive better without the accompaniment of real estate booms. To industry the latter is a handicap. It adds fictitious values to land which eventually fall on production in the form of higher wages. Worse still is the result when a manufacturer finds it more profitable to sell his factory because of the enhanced value of the site, and take the profits left after sacrificing a productive industry.

If building declines in volume during the present year it will affect a few industries but not very materially. Sub-

stantial progress will continue and for it money will be forthcoming. But for buying real estate, for lending on the security of it, there will be but a smaller amount of money available and the gross results will be anything but unsatisfactory. From the absorption and excitement of real estate activity the public mind will turn its attention more to the creation of wealth than to the bolstering of up fictitious real estate values. The latter, as already stated, may rest on their present level, but no advance is likely to take place in the near future except as a result of purely local causes.

The fact should not be lost sight of that Canadian industries are not declining, that orders during the past three months have been easy to get; that collections on the whole are fair. Meanwhile the country as a whole is on the eve of another crop season for which the agricultural industry was never better prepared. In the West the seeding season has commenced favorably and in the East the wheat and clover outlook is promising. Immigrants are streaming into the country and amongst them are many with a substantial measure of capital to be employed in Canada. The door which admits trade to the South promises to be opened wider and this will have desirable effect. All these circumstances warrant the conclusion that the balance of the year in respect of business generally, will be normal. But as to new capital expenditure there will be less of it. The old plant will, however, be kept well employed. The only real cloud ahead, and at present visible, is that still hanging over the Balkans. Peace men are, however, casting their charms around this source of trouble and if they are successful there is no reason to expect that Canada will in any way show commercial decline, or diminished production of wealth.

Holding Up the Firm for a Raise

Another Little Problem in Business Ethics

The business affairs of the nation of to-day differ from those of even the last decade in many startling ways. It is but natural that in the evolution of business manners and methods there should develop new ethical questions, the right solution of which considerations men deem the better part of valiance. There are many troubles such as are detailed here which have perplexed young men in salaried positions. The writer of this has dealt with this subject in a most laud manner. Another article on a similar subject will appear in an early issue.

By Arthur Conrad

Johnston is a job printer in a Canadian city. He has built up a large and fairly prosperous business. He is a man of unimpeachable character and a good master for whom to work. Having come to the conclusion that it would be worth his while to put his selling force on a more systematic basis, he decides to raise one of his city travellers to the position of sales manager, and in his place to employ a new man. Accordingly, he looked around for a capable young fellow to act as city traveller in an important business district.

There was at the time in the employ of another printing firm in the neighborhood a young man, of whom wonderful reports were current. He was reputed to be an exceptionally fine salesman and Johnston decided to offer him the vacant position. He sent for him and asked him if he would be willing to consider an offer from him. The young man, whose name was Sutherland, expressed his willingness to leave his present employers, if, of course, Johnston would make it worth his while. The upshot of the matter was that Johnston made Sutherland an offer well in advance of what he was then receiving; adding that he would like Sutherland to join his staff at the earliest possible moment. He con-

sidered the matter settled and went about making plans accordingly.

But Sutherland, who always believed in looking out for himself in every move, thought he saw an opportunity here to do something for himself. He went to his present employers and told them about the offer which he had received, with the implied comment, "What do you intend to do about it?" As the firm valued his services highly and did not wish to lose him, they promptly informed him that they would increase his salary as much again as Johnston had offered. Sutherland was not slow in agreeing to this. He accordingly wrote to Johnston and told him that he had changed his mind and was no longer willing to accept his offer.

This is an occurrence which has happened many times. It may not always have come about in the same way or been attended by identical circumstances. But in its basic elements it is pretty much the same in every case. The point at issue—the debatable ground—is this: *Was Sutherland justified in acting as he did? What are the ethics of the problem?*

It is quite apparent at the outset that opinion will be sharply divided on the question. There are those, and they are perhaps in the majority, who will

maintain that Sutherland was quite right in behaving as he did, and that it was perfectly legitimate for him to make use of the offer he had received to force his old employer to raise his salary. Others will point out, however, that it is a questionable procedure for any man to hold up a firm in this fashion and, if not absolutely dishonest, at least unfair.

There are two extremes to the problem. The first is an example that shows how unfair the proposition may be made for the firm making the offer. A United States company, having decided to open a Canadian office, cast about for a man to place in charge of it. It was necessary to secure some one acquainted with Canadian conditions and with a knowledge of their particular business. A man in the employ of another house was considered the best person available and he was duly approached and offered the position. It was a favorable offer and the man agreed to accept. He went further and signed an agreement to this effect, only stipulating that he should not leave his old firm until his employer returned from a trip to the west.

Then the man's employer came home. One of the first documents placed before him was the resignation of his employee. He received it with surprise, sent for the man and told him that he could not let him go. He offered him a very considerable raise in salary, which was too much for the man to withstand and, notwithstanding his written agreement with the American firm, he capitulated. He telegraphed to New York that he had reconsidered his decision and would not leave his present place. The head of the American firm immediately jumped on a train and came north. He remonstrated with the recalcitrant fellow and pointed out that he could force him by law to live up to his agreement. But the man was obstinate, and won out by the argument that you could bring a mule to the water but you could not force him to drink. If he were compelled to take charge of the Canadian office, he would do so but he would not

bring the necessary enthusiasm to bear on the work that would make it a success.

At the other extreme one finds a situation such as occurred recently in a Canadian city. A young man in the employ of one firm was offered a corresponding position in another firm at a raise of fifty per cent. of his salary. He was at a loss to know what to do, as he much preferred to remain with the firm for whom he was then working. He made no false expression of opinion to the firm making him the offer, but the increased salary was a strong inducement. He referred the matter to an older man, who advised him to go at once to his employer and tell him of the offer, explaining the circumstances to him. In his opinion the fair course was to give the latter an opportunity to do something to hold the youth. The employer received him very kindly, expressed his appreciation of the young man's behavior and informed him frankly that he could not meet the other firm's offer, but that he would give him an advance of thirty per cent. if he would remain in his old position, with the promise of a further raise at the end of the year. This was satisfactory to the young man and he agreed to remain.

Neither of these instances illustrates the genuine salary hold-up, where an employee deliberately makes use of an offer from another firm to secure a raise from his employers. But they show how a man may very easily slip into a position where loyalty either to the firm making the offer or to the firm employing him may be in question. If he has committed himself to the former, honesty demands that he should abide by his first decision. If he is true to the latter, no consideration should make him play a double game.

That there is a very considerable use made of offers from outside sources to secure more advantageous conditions in an office, is patent to any one having but the slightest business experience. It is an old dodge that has not yet been worked to its limit. Time and again an employer will be advised by man-

bers of his staff that such and such a rival firm has made them an offer, with the obvious intention of getting an increase. Sometimes it is effective. Sometimes it fails—altogether dependent on the character of the employer.

But the serious side of the situation is that in numerous cases the supposed offer is purely an imaginative one. There are certain young fellows who are continually receiving wonderful offers which on investigation prove to be entirely fictitious. On hearing one of these fairy tales, one is naturally inclined to wonder why it is that they continue to draw the small salaries that they do. Yet, unfortunately, there are some cases where the ruse works, else it would no longer be practiced.

Those who support the contention that it is quite right and proper to utilize an outside offer to secure a salary increase, base their argument on the seemingly fair assumption that such an offer furnishes one of the best means of estimating a man's worth. His services are in the market for the highest bidder and, if one firm thinks he is worth more than another firm is paying him, their figure is the correct estimate of his worth. To let his employers know this is regarded as a fair procedure. If it appears like an ultimatum, it is only one of the conditions to be met with every day in business life.

Those who look upon the hold-ups as little better than a real Jesse James affair take a different view. To their mind the circumstance that an offer has been made may be regarded as a very gratifying commentary on the worth of a man but it should not be used to influence an employer. If the latter is not paying his men fair salaries and if it takes such compulsion as the fear of losing a man, to induce him to raise his pay, then he is a pretty poor man to work for and it would be just as well to leave him at once. The proper step to take according to these people is to have a heart to heart talk with the head of the house and get from him a statement of what he proposes to do in the matter of salary and advancement.

If he is honestly desirous of doing the right thing and encouraging his employees, his proposition will be a fair one, in spite of anything a rival house may be prepared to do.

Employers themselves are largely to blame for the state of affairs in this connection. If they are pestered with persistent employees who are constantly coming into the private office and talking about accepting some other firm's offer if their present employer won't too the mark, it is largely because they have encouraged this sort of thing by failing to do the square thing by their men. The plaintive lament of the deserted employer, "If I had only known you had received that offer before you accepted it, I would have given you just as much," is a sad reflection on their lack of appreciation of merit or else it is a straight confession that they underpay their staff. If a man is worth a certain sum after he gets an offer he is certainly worth it before and it should be an employer's duty to see that he is drawing what he is worth.

Of course there is a class of employees who will stand on nonsense and the least impression they receive that an employee is trying this hold-up game to get an increase of salary is enough to decide them against making any concession. These are the men who believe they are paying fair salaries and usually they are the men who are really paying them.

However much one may be inclined to consider the hold-up a legitimate way of dealing with the situation, it must be conceded that the more honorable course is to deal direct with an employer on the merits of the case. You may hold the outside offer in mind as a basis on which to estimate your value in dollars and cents, but the final decision should rest on what you are worth to your employer both to-day and to-morrow. If it takes the compulsion of a competitor's offer to induce an employer to raise your salary, you had better be accepting the other man's proposition. He at least recognized your worth, and would doubtless be more inclined to advance you in the future.

Canada's Volcanic Menace

By Ethel M. Chapman

WHEN scientists told us that Montreal was built on a volcano ridge which some day might burst forth like St. Pierre or Vesuvius, we looked upon it as an absurd theory evolved in the study of some very learned, but very impractical professor. We were forced to admit that volcanoes did exist in the vicinity of our commercial metropolis, but they had burned themselves out hundreds of years ago. We also knew that earthquakes in recent years had shaken the district to its foundations, and when we learned that a few months ago a similar extinct volcano on our North-western border had developed into one of the most terrific eruptions in the history of the world compared with which Vesuvius and St. Pierre were pigmies, it made us treat the learned professor with more respect. When our Western cities felt the fumes and our meteorologists reported the ashes from this great explosion as far east as Nova Scotia, the subject became interesting. However, these learned men assure us that there is nothing to cause alarm, but rather the reverse. The vent created by the recent gigantic explosion on our west border would quit for many centuries to come.

If it is possible to find any good feature in the ill wind of this Alaskan disaster, it lies in the fact that the interest taken in the suffering survivors may create a warmer feeling for the inhabitants of our own Northland with its poor social conditions, its flourishing hotbeds of vice, its almost complete abandonment by civilization except for the gold that can be brought out of it.

To the National Geographic Society alone we are indebted for any definite knowledge of these phenomena. Katmai

was one of the least known of the many extinct volcanic Alaskan peaks, and had been so long dormant that there were, apparently, not even local legends of its former outbreak. No observed warnings of its renewed activity were given other than copious steaming and minor earthquakes. These attracted little attention even among the few dwellers in that thinly settled land, for dozens of other volcanoes along the Alaskan coast steam freely from time to time. The peak is usually hidden in the clouds, and local earthquakes are so frequent as to cause little comment. Then without warning, on the sixth of June the Katmai volcano proclaimed itself by a violent eruption. The column of steam and ash rose several miles in the air, and was immediately seen as far away as Clark Lake and Cook Inlet, distances of 600 and 850 miles. This cloud of ash was carried eastward by the wind and within a few hours had shed a shower of ashes over all the east end of the Alaskan peninsula and Kodiak Island.

THE PEOPLE OF KODIAK.

The inhabitants of the Alaskan Peninsula include a few hundred people in ten or twelve small native villages, a handful of traders and prospectors, and the employees of four or five salmon canneries. A very unique picture the interior of these canneries presents. Most of the workers are women and girls, the men having charge of the boats and the unloading of the fish. They stand ranged in two long rows behind troughs of water, and steadily as the pendulum of a clock each works at her own special task whether it be to clean the fish, cut off the head, or wash it ready for canning. Squaw, and Pol-

ish women, young and old, with bright kerchiefs wound like turbans about their heads, are scattered promiscuously along, about every third one having a baby strapped to her back. The girls are slim and supple-looking as young deer,—the women squat and (which is not to be wondered at) decidedly sour-looking.

The largest, as well as the quietest and most attractive town on the Alaskan coast is Kodiak. Its population includes the largest proportion of Americans of any town in south-western Alas-

Packer's Association, who put it there, and they were beginning to be won as completely to the sweet, grave, soft-eyed lady in white who cared so tenderly for their sick babies, dressed their broken limbs and bandaged wounds, and when they were brought to her, wasted and torn with coughing made the rest of their journey to the Happy Hunting Grounds as easy as possible. Just now the nurse was not busy. The hospital and town alike were almost deserted during the fishing season, so the doctor was not surprised when he found her

but he remembered what she had left,—the protection and pleasure and culture of an Eastern home. So he merely looked toward the water and said,—
"Of course you have some of the girls so well broken in that they could manage fairly well."

A CRAZED DEMON IN THE INNER EARTH.

Then without warning the sound of the first mighty explosion carried down the coast even across the Alaska range

dust. The temperature rose rapidly, and the air became heavy, sultry and stifling. A bird scoldered, crying wildly and fell against the canvas wall.

With the instinct of the true nurse, the girl's first thought was for her patient. "I have just one," she said.

"A native?"

"No—a sadder case—a mere boy,—some mother's boy. Tuberculosis."

The doctor lighted a lantern and



Native church at Kodiak before the eruption of Mount Katmai.

ka, and while it has almost outlived the memories of its former glories as capital, it may justly be proud of the new activities which have recently come through the establishment of salmon and halibut fisheries and of important agricultural industries. Moreover, on this particular summer it was graced with the novel addition of a tent hospital.

The natives looked with doubtful eyes and no little awe upon the strange, white structure, but they had grown to fearlessly confide in the boy doctor, brought out from Toronto by the B.C.

staring with lonely, wistful, homesick eyes toward the sea.

"Wanting to leave us again?" he inquired.

She smiled bravely. "I think," she replied, "that there is nothing left for me to do. I am really not needed here now."

He wondered for a moment how she could want a broader scope for her usefulness, and he wanted, more than he had ever wanted anything in his life before to tell her just how much she was needed here, even though there should never be a sick Indian again;



The same scene during the eruption of Mount Katmai, June 6, 1912, showing the great drifts of volcanic ash.

into Canada as far as Dawson and Fairbanks. The sun was blinded, the earth quivered beneath their feet like a living animal, twilight deepened into velvet blackness save when a fitful yellow light glared from the awful crater like the eyes of a crazed demon of the inner earth. And now began the real rain of ashes; it fell in torrents; it swirled and eddied. Gravity seem to have nothing to do with its fall. It penetrated the wells of the tent and covered everything with a thick layer of

hung it against the wall. Such cases were becoming far too common. They were almost beginning to shake his own fortune, these horrors of the Northland. He helped the girl wring sheets from cold water to make a screen about the bed for the dust was now filling the nostrils, sifting through the clothing and smiting the eyeballs like flashes of acid.

In his half delirium the boy cried hoarsely,—
"Is it hell? They always said I'd end there but, somehow, I

thought He'd sort of make allowance." A pause of unconsciousness followed for a few minutes, then the pricks of pain resumed him again. "Say nurse," he gasped painfully, "I don't mind this heat-an' smoke—I'll sleep quiet soon 'spite of that—but—I want my mother—she won't be there. She allus said I'd come to her, but—after she went no one seemed to care. The Gov-ber turned me out—an' I came here—an' say—you know about how much anyone cares about a fellow up here. The saloons an'—you knew Doc—You tried to save me, but I was too far down before you came."

The doctor looked in mute appeal at the nurse. There were tears in his eyes, tears that showed the man that was in him, and seeing it the girl would have given worlds to respond to his quest, but words choked her. She picked up her violin and sweet and clear through the hazy atmosphere of the tent, the strings seemed to utter like a human voice the familiar old words:—

"There were ninety and nine that safely lay
In the shelter of the fold,
But one was out on the hills away
Far off from the gates of gold."

Right through from verse to verse the boy followed with closed eyes and relaxing features. At the end he almost smiled.

"Brings home—His own," he repeated. "I guess—that's me."

They spoke but he didn't hear them. The labored breathing grew fainter and fainter and ceased.

The hours passed. There were painful tasks to be done. There was no telling where the calamity might end. The continuous rain of ash was accompanied by thunder and lightning which seemed to crawl from the earth upward

like a snake. Suddenly a figure staggered through the darkness and fell against the door. It was Fire-Dance, the prettiest little half-breed in the village.

"Where's tillicum?" she demanded wildly. "He sick—Ma leave boat, fish,—run home through the dark."

Her black eyes glaring like beads of fire sought theirs with cunning intimation. She knew the truth. She squatted on the floor in stolid silence. Vainly the nurse talked to her, but she never moved. It was the same old tragedy over again, but her heart was not bitter, it was just turning to stone within her. The Indian women of our Northwest have suffered for and been deserted by the white man for years without nursing their resentment, and why should Fire-Dance think her tillicum faithless? He had died; he didn't run away.

In the morning she, too, was taken, shrinking, lonely, afraid. If someone had only taught her!

The sulphurous vapors subsided and rain fell—rain that tarnished silver and striking the eyes produced a sharp pain. The doctor turned from the form on the bed to the girl but before he could catch her she crumpled up in a heap at his feet. As she was regaining consciousness she heard a voice from somewhere repeating:

"You brave, brave girl. You've had about enough of this. I'll take you home right away."

"I don't want to go," she whispered. "I think I understand that I'm needed here now."

"Then we'll come back when things are green again and—" He said some more about building a house among the trees but he might as well have saved himself the trouble, for the tired head had fallen against his shoulder and the girl was sleeping.

Review of Reviews

In this department MacLean's is running each month a synopsis of the best articles appearing in the leading current magazines of the world. An effort is made to cover as wide a range of subjects as possible in the space available, and to this end the reviews are carefully summarized. In brief, readable reference is made to the leading magazine articles of the day—a review of the best current literature.

The Coming of the Talking Pictures

Edison says that the Synchronization of Sight and Sound is an Old Idea of his

In the course of an article under the above caption a writer in *Munsey's Magazine* gives the views of Thomas A. Edison on the question. Most people, declares this writer, will agree that the ordinary motion picture has become well-nigh indispensable in education and science; in preserving the march of historic and significant event, and in advancing the whole social uplift. How much more effective will all this be when sound becomes part of the reproduction? Pictures of the great battles of the future will reverberate with the roar of guns. Views of serenations and insensations will resound with the buzzes of crowds and the crash of music. The stage of the Metropolitan Opera House may be peopled with stars long since dead, but whose voices and acting will still bring thrills.

Fancy the precious heritage of posterity if the kinetophone had been in use at Washington's farewell, at the charge of the French guard at Waterloo, or when Edwin Booth was playing "Hamlet!"

The visible evidences of the use of the kinetophone, together with the most thrilling vista of its possibilities, posed the spoken authority of the man behind the machine. So I went to West Orange—a place familiar to the historian of scientific progress—to talk to the veteran inventor who by this latest expression of his genius had in reality become a wizard of sight and sound.

I waited for him in that combination library and office which is part of the setting of electrical history. It is big, spacious, and seasoned with an atmosphere of Edison achievement about it. For here is assembled part of the world-wide tribute, in bronze, marble, and print, to that marvellous

brain-product on which the sun never sets.

There were the old roll-top desk littered high with papers, and the big easy chair in which he had dreamed the dreams that had been translated into a far-reaching human service. In a space between stacks of book-shelves you saw, half hidden in the shadows, the plain army cot, with its blankets still touched, on which he had just stretched a few hours' sleep after a night dedicated to work.

The door opened, revealing the shy, modest, almost shrinking figure of Edison. So unobtrusive was his manner that he might have been a humble anonymous carrying a message to his chief. If it had been summer, he would have had on the famous white suit; but it was winter, and he wore an old, wrinkled suit of gray clothes. His collar was wide at the throat, and the well-known white string the twisted into a shapeless knot. A grayish felt hat, its head stained with perspiration, was jammed down over his forehead.

It was the same dreamy-eyed Edison as of old, careless of personal appearance, moving, walking, talking like a man rapt in a mighty vision. In his patient, kindly countenance was the glimmer of an understanding that somehow made you think of one of the prophets and seers of other days. To come into his presence is to get an unforgettable impression of simple, unaffected greatness.

He sank into the big chair, and seemed, for a moment, to literally fold himself up physically and meditatively. I asked him about the kinetophone, and he began to talk in a low, even, well-modulated voice.

"The kinetophone," he said, "or rather

the synchronization of sight and sound, is an old idea of mine that has finally been realized. In one way or another it had been in mind for more than thirty years. Back in the late twenties, when I invented the phonograph, it was stirring, and in 1897, when I was able to perfect the motion-picture camera, that idea of a combination of sight and sound persisted. Some of my earliest experiments in sound included an attempt to work it out.

"The problem of actual synchronization was the least difficult of my tasks. The hardest job was to make a phonographic recorder which would be sensitive to sound a considerable distance away, and which would not show within the range of the lens. You get some idea of the difficulty when I make this comparison—if you estimate the volume of sound at a distance of one foot from the recorder at one hundred, you find that at a distance of two feet it diminishes to twenty-five. The difficulty has now been overcome, although I expect to make my recorder much more effective than it is at present."

"What do you regard as the largest use for the kintophone?" I asked.

"I believe," replied Mr. Edison, "that its greatest use, for the present and for a considerable time to come, will be for music. By this I mean opera, musical plays, and kindred entertainment. I have always wanted to bring the great music of the world within the range of the people. I am interested in the man I call the five-cent fellow. I want him to be able to go to his regular motion-picture house, and for five cents hear the great artists and the immortal music that for years have been denied to him. Thus we can reduce the high cost of amusement, if we cannot put down the high cost of living."

"Of course, as you have seen, the kintophone is and will continue to be more and

more effective in the interpretation of the shorter and more intimate plays. I do not think that it will be used, for some time at least, for long, unvaried dramas."

At this point there arose the very pertinent question as to the effect of the talking motion picture upon the now securely established silent "movie."

"The talking motion picture will not supplant the regular silent motion picture," said Mr. Edison. "Each has its distinct use. In the first place, there is such a tremendous investment in the pantomime picture that it would be absurd to disturb it. I have in mind a development of the kintophone which will enable us to put out an attachment for synchronization which may be placed on the regular machines. Thus the theatre can provide both kinds of motion pictures."

As a matter of fact, the only kind of amusement which seems to be in jeopardy as a result of the introduction of the kintophone is the cheap vaudeville. The elimination of most of this will be a benefit, instead of a loss.

The kintophone has been perfected to its present state for at least three years, and it would have been easily possible for the inventor to announce and produce the talking motion picture a year ago; but he has made it a practice not to release his inventions until he is sure of them.

"You know," he said to me before I left, "I am not really a man of science. I am simply a commercial inventor, and the things I do must be economically right."

Whatever may be the final service of the kintophone, the salient fact that its coming emphasizes is that at last we have a scientific synchronization of sight and sound. Its pure amusement aspect must be subordinated to its possibilities—*as yet*, of course, undeveloped—of practical and useful work in many other fields.

spreading throughout the country. There are 100,000 in Chicago, 100,000 in Philadelphia, 100,000 in Boston, and 50,000 in St. Louis. Practically every American city likewise has representatives.

The United States furnishes the greatest opportunities to Hebrews that the race has ever had. Here they are economically and politically free—unhindered by the restrictions that interfere with their success in eastern Europe.

What use has this indescribable people made of these new opportunities? To what extent is their influence increasing in the United States? The article answers these and other similar questions.

After detailing the success of the Jews in the clothing business, Mr. Hendrick considers the real estate aspect of the subject.

Another most interesting phase of the article concerns the Jewish invasion of the theatrical world and the trust which has resulted.

Perhaps its most marked result is the fact that the Jews are rapidly acquiring a monopoly of the land. New York's greatest single landed proprietors are the old family estates—the Astors, the Goetzes, the Rhine-landers, and the rods—who still tenaciously hold to the soil. Nearly all the new purchasers of land, however, are Jews. This people not only clothes the masses—it also shelters them. One needs only to read the real-estate transfers published every day in the newspapers to learn the extent to which the Jews are acquiring the land. The particular morning on which these lines are written, for example (December 12, 1912), the New York Times records the transfer of thirty-six pieces of property in Manhattan and the Bronx. The names show that twenty-six of these particular purchasers are Jews; one is Italian; one probably German; while seven are unquestionably Anglo-Saxons. The list contains not a single Irish name—although the Irish make up at least a quarter of the city's population. The Real Estate Record and Guide annually publishes a bulky volume containing a complete list of all the property-holders in New York. This book amounts to an almost continuous catalogue of Jewish names. There are comparatively few Smiths, Robinsons, O'Briens, and Murphys; there is page after page of Cohens, Levys, Kahns and Rosenbergs. Outside of the great New York landed families already referred to, the largest individual property-holders in New York are men bearing such names as Appel, Badreker, Buttewisser, Fleischmann, Frankenthaler, Hyman, Jarmulowsky, Lee, Lowendoff,

Mandelbaum, Ottmberg, Salabarger and Weil. Only a few years ago a considerable number of these present-day millionaire proprietors were carrying peeks on their backs or driving push-carts. And they are large holders not only in the East Side tenement district, but in all parts of the city, including the high-class business and residential sections. The chances are, if you wish to lease an apartment in almost any part of New York, to-day, that you will pay your rent to a Jewish landlord. There is not a doubt about this: that in a few years the Jews will own the major part of Manhattan Island—the richest parcel of real estate in the world.

They have accomplished this success as landlords by the exercise of precisely those traits and talents that have led to the control of the clothing industries—their ability to economize, to operate on a small capital, to live on almost nothing, and to find minute profits in hitherto unsuspected corners. Peddlers, pedant-vendors, storekeepers, and confectioners, and competitors in the clothing trade—these overcame the beginnings of New York's future landlordia. In many instances, they break into the ownership of real estate just as they break into the clothing business—as middlemen. Until the appearance of the Jews, there were only two parties concerned in the control and management of landed property—the landlord and the tenant. Under these conditions the Jews could make little progress, as the fee ownership of land, even when it is so liberally mortgaged as it is in American cities, demanded more capital than the average immigrant could command.

So a third party, in the shape of the Jewish leaser, gradually squeezed himself between the landlord and the tenant. By saving and scraping in every direction, the prospective landlord gets together from fifty to a hundred dollars—enough to make a beginning. With these he leases a whole lot of men—their. He then moves himself and his family into the least expensive flat, and proceeds to cut expenses in every possible direction. He dismisses the janitor and takes the job himself. He is also his own plumber, plasterer, carpenter and general repair man, while his wife or daughter usually acts as scrubwoman. Once a week he makes the rounds of the several apartments, collecting the rent. By the end of a year he usually has a safe margin of profit; in five years, the period for which such leases commonly run, he has \$3,000 or \$4,000. With this he purchases a tenement-house of his own. The building may have a market value of \$40,000, but the new pur-

The Jewish Invasion of America

There are More Jews Living in New York than were Ever Collected Before in Any One Place

BURTON J. HENDRICK, a feature writer on the McClure staff, deals in the March issue of this magazine with "The Jewish Invasion of America."

Next to Russia, the United States is the greatest Jewish country in the world.

There are 2,000,000 Jews in the United States, of whom 1,000,000 are found in New York City. There are more Jews living in New York than were ever collected before in any one place.

From New York the Jews are rapidly

owner gives back two, three, four, five or six mortgages, falling due at successive dates. Once more he moves in, his family assumes all the details of management, and the profits of the building are used to pay the mortgages. In this way the industrious Jew in a few years works himself up into the actual ownership of the building. With the profits from this he purchases others. He is constantly speculating in vacant land, and becomes a builder of tenements and apartment-houses on his own account. Finally, this is the mechanism under which the east of New York City is passing from the hands of its old-time possessors into those of this immigrant people.

Another most interesting phase of the article concerns the Jewish invasion of the theatrical world and the trust which has resulted.

The activities of American Jews, however, extend far beyond the borders of New York. They control, in particular, one business that reaches into every part of the country—the business of public amusement. They absolutely dominate the "legitimate drama" on its business side, and are the largest single factors in vaudeville and moving pictures. Indeed, the business of relaxation and entertainment for more than 90,000,000 Americans is almost exclusively a Jewish industry. Here, again, the Jews have conducted a boundless speculative enterprise into an enormously profitable commercial undertaking. In doing this, they have completely made over the business, and have secured control in precisely the same way that they have secured control of the clothing business—by introducing and making all-powerful the middleman.

One needs to go back only twenty-five years to discover how completely the Jews have eliminated all other races in the entertainment field. Just glance for a moment, at the names of the great theatrical "magnates" of a generation ago. They were, nearly all Irish or plain Anglo-Saxon. The legitimate theatre was dominated then by men like John B. Stetson, A. M. Palmer, J. H. Harvery, J. M. Hill, and Augustin Daly. In musical comedy the leading names were those of E. E. Rice and John A. McComb. Scattered all over the country were successful managers of local stock companies of great competence—such as McVicker in Chicago, Mrs. Drew in Philadelphia, and Macaulay in Louisville.

A similar roster now would show an overwhelming majority of Jewish names. It is not only in the matter of race, however, that these old-time "magnates" differed from the new. In many cases they repre-

sented an altogether different theatrical type. Nearly all were primarily theatrical managers; and only secondarily business men; many, indeed, had earned their apprenticeship as actors and playwrights. They understood writing as a technical art, and approached the business of entertaining the public largely from an artistic standpoint. The Jewish managers who control the industry now, however, are nothing but business men. A few exceptions, of course, must be made; certainly no one would say that such men as David Belasco and Charles and Daniel Frohman are primarily commercialists. With practically all the rest, however, the modern theatre is simply merchandise, like ready-made clothing and women's fashions. Wherever the old managers started their careers on the stage, it is significant that nearly all of the new managers started in the box-office or in one of the occupations closely allied to the theatre.

Abraham L. Erlanger was a ticket-seller in a Cleveland theatre, and afterward became an advance agent. Max Klaw started as a newspaper man in Louisville, Kentucky, and also achieved early success as an advance agent. Frederick Zimmerman was a hall-porter. Theodore Lehler a printer and lithographer. Al Hayman did a profitable business in the West, financing stranded theatrical companies on a percentage basis. Martin Beck, one of the two great "magnates" of modern vaudeville, was originally a waiter in a Chicago music-hall. The Graus, who dominated grand opera in this country for forty years, used to work as street peddlers in front of the old Astor House. The Shuberts, originally haberdashers in Syracuse, made their theatrical beginnings as water-boys and ushers. One of the few non-Jewish managers of to-day who could be described as having entered the theatrical business from the "artistic" side is William Harris, who was once part of a popular black-face song-and-dance team in Boston. David Frohman started life as an office-boy for Florence Greeley, and Charles Frohman as advance man for Harvery's musicals. The figure of Charles Frohman marching at the head of the minstrel parade down Broadway is still vividly recalled by old-time New Yorkers.

The charge that the Jewish theatrical men have commercialized the theatre is unquestionably justified; it is also true that a certain amount of commercialization was needed. Thirty years ago the theatre was probably the most demoralized business that made any claim to respectability. Few theatrical managers of that day had advanced

to the dignity of having a private office. Americans are a nation of play-goers, and the aggregate amount spent on the theatre in the United States is enormous. The industry was all at loose ends; it needed re-organization: in a word, here was a splendid business chance for a middleman. In the Jewish firm of Klaw and Erlanger this middleman appeared. These men, keen, alert, and persistent, became, in the years from 1894 to 1900, the great clearing-houses of the American theatrical business. They "summed" the theatrical market by a perfectly obvious expedient. The way to control the business was not to corral the actors, the playwrights, or the managers; the thing to do was to get the theatres themselves. And, in order to monopolize the theatre in the country, it was necessary actually to control only three in the large cities. Therefore, Klaw and Erlanger made Charles Frohman a part of their syndicate. Mr. Frohman controlled many big theatres in New York. Nixon and Zimmerman entered the combine because they controlled leading theatres in Philadelphia. Al Hayman, who owned many theatres in large Western cities, was indispensable for the same reason. Rich and Harris, who had large theatrical interests in Boston, also affiliated themselves more or less directly with the syndicate. With the exception of Frohman, these men were not theatrical men in the old sense; the trust was simply a business organization of men who controlled theatrical real estate.

Having got the biggest theatres in the largest cities in their hands, the next step was easy. Messrs. Klaw and Erlanger went to local managers all over the country with the proposition that they should take the season's "hooking" of "attractions" entirely out of the managers' hands. For a commission, say five or ten per cent. of the box-office receipts, they agreed to provide shows for the whole season. The local managers need take no more expensive trips to New York, or spend time in perplexing correspondence; all they needed to

do was simply to sit at home, see that their theatres were cleaned and lighted, and take such attractions as the syndicate sent them. As a matter of fact, such was the power of the syndicate that local managers were compelled to accept this proposition. "Unless you let us hook for you," the syndicate said, almost in these very words, "you won't get any attractions at all; your theatre will remain 'dark' all winter."

Certain managers and actors—Mrs. Fiske, Belasco, Barrett, and Francis Wilson among others—tried to break this monopoly but without the slightest success. As in the cloak business, the real competition in theatricals has been between German and Russian Jews. The members of the syndicate were Germans, and it was three young Russian Jews from Syracuse, New York State, who finally destroyed their monopoly. When the Shuberts came to New York, in 1910, to open warfairs on the trust, the idea seemed fairly grotesque. Sam Shubert, eldest of the three brothers, was only nineteen years old, and weighed only ninety pounds. These men had started business in New York State in the smallest possible way, getting a theatre here and there in small towns. Their relatives, their grocers, their bankers, and their teachers financed their operations. The three brothers finally scraped together enough money to lease the Herald Square Theatre in New York. In fortunate speculation, Augustus Thomas' play, "Arms and the Man," put the Shuberts in funds and launched them on their career. At the present time the two surviving brothers—Sam Shubert was killed in a railroad accident a few years ago—control fifteen theatres in New York City, and also have theatres in every large city in the country. In all, there are nearly sixty theatres in their hands. They have a large number of travelling companies and look-up-offices of their own. The old syndicate is still very rich and powerful; however, it no longer has the field exclusively in its hands, but now divides it with the Shuberts.

The Protestant Drift to Roman Catholicism

A Series of Lights Introduced in a New York Episcopical Church

THAT the border line between the "high" Protestant Church services, and those of the Roman Catholic Church is becoming less and less distinct has for some time past been a matter of comment among those

who deprecate this tendency. A well known Canadian Presbyterian has expressed the opinion that eventually the Protestant Church would revert to Rome.

"The vast majority of the frequenters

of gambling dens are young men; so are the occupants of our jails and our courts. We are urged to reform our faults," said a leading Methodist clergyman in Toronto recently, "and I am not at all sure that the Roman Catholic confession is wrong. It is a great lead from the heart to have such an opportunity to ease one's mind."

It is claimed, moreover, that last year in Great Britain alone about 15,000 converts were made to Roman Catholicism.

Further evidence in support of this tendency to drift toward Rome is afforded by an account given in the *World Magazine* of a Service of Lights, the first of its kind ever given in an Episcopal Church, held in the early part of Lent, in Calvary Church, New York City.

Seventy-five candles were on the altar. High, seven-branch candelsticks stood on either side of the sanctuary. In the dome over the altar a large star blazed. At every fourth pew along the centre aisle stood a tall, lighted candle.

The choir of fifty men and boys, in their white surplices and singing, "Oe Genu, All Ye Faithful," entered at the door of the north transept. Acolytes and clergy followed. All took their places in chancel

and sanctuary. There were brief descriptive readings of the birth, life, death and resurrection of Christ. After the reading of the Scripture making reference to the Epiphany, the star in the dome disappeared.

The hymns increased in solemnity. In succession the electric lights were extinguished. At the benediction only the candles on the altar and those along the centre aisle remained. Chopin's Funeral March was played as a recessional. Acolytes handed a candle from off the altar to each boy and man as the choir passed from the stalls. The altar lights were extinguished.

Then, when the last glimmer of the candles carried by the choir disappeared in the distance and, save for the flickering lights along the centre aisle and the cross in the sanctuary, the great church was clothed in gloom, a small boy rose from the corner by the first choir stall and sang the words of the hymn "The Star Is O'er." As the voice of the child echoed through the silence and, while the congregation was yet kneeling, a brilliant light flashed from the gallery revealing the singer standing in a blaze of glory at the foot of the cross.

The Scottish and Irish Clans

Ireland Fatherland of Much of Scotch Tradition and Hereditary Power

THE DUKE OF ARGYLE contributes to the *Window Magazine* an interesting survey of the Scottish and Irish clans in the course of which some curious points are brought out. The clan system first received comparatively modern development in Ireland and was thence transported to Scotland, where amongst isolated hillside and glens it flourished greatly. The very name of Scots is Irish. Ireland was Scotia or the land of the Scots and it was only another migration of Celts from Ireland to Scotland that gave modern Scotland its name.

In dress these men of Ireland, these ancient Scots, were fond of wearing but one long garment of wool, which drove or "length" they wrapped round their waists, so that above the knee they were girt by it to the middle, and the rest of the "length" of wool plaiding they threw around their shoulders or drew over their heads of long hair, and fixed with a pin of bronze.

They worshipped the sun, though they had fewer opportunities of seeing their god than had most folk, and they carried in their hands willow-leaf-shaped swords of bronze, and on their left arms they carried a round shield of cowhide stretched over a wooden basker.

The bronze they used was so fine in quality that it looked like gold when burnished, and there was a good deal of natural gold found in Ireland. Often the golden bracelets, that were something of the shape of modern driver lankies, have been found. They are three-quarter circles, heaviest in the centre, and cupped into shallow cups at the ends.

There were even then golden breastplates made for the horses of warriors great in fame, so that a chief and in saffron mantle and with gold bangles on arms, and helmet and sword and rough armour of yellow brass, must have looked like an empress and terrible enemy bird.

Then there was, of course, his hereditary

following — his hereditary shield-bearer, hereditary chariot-driver, hereditary spear-bearer, and, when he went home, hereditary cop-bearer. In short, there were no end of hereditary followers, with the senachy, or bard, or secretary and recorder, whose business it was to put in proper order the claims to hereditary distinction of all, from king to knave.

"I am the hereditary standard-bearer to the O'Toby More, son, and I'd have ye know it, or ye'd be making me, son, and I'll tread on your toes and scatter your ashes to heaven, that I will, be jabbers — murder and turf, son!" an enraged clansman is said to have thundered, on a more Saxon asking why he called himself hereditary anything.

Whether that Saxon still exists to ask questions is in itself a different question to answer, but it may be supposed that he is under the turf, brought to an untimely end by some Celt who considers himself to be the hereditary executioner of people who utter irrelevant remarks on Celtic institutions.

In the Motherland of Ireland the clans were often very small, although some few were numerous enough, such as the O'Neills, but the country did not lend itself to segregation as did Scotland. Once across the Irish Sea the colonists to Alban found themselves in a country where home rule among one tribe on an island or in a glen was the natural condition of affairs, so was also the feud with the neighbouring island or glen. The people of each island still think that to take a wife from another island is a slight upon the fair maidens of their own "gom of the sea," and the results are seen in a population which, to say the least, is often much stronger in body than in mind.

The natural idea which makes the islanders regard their own special isle as the "hab of the universe," and makes them brand as inferior mortals the inhabitants of another, had its full force in the Hebrides.

The story is well known how, in modern days, one of the clergy of the Isle of Canara, in the Clyde valley, always prayed for the people of Cumbray and afterwards for the people of Gumbay, of Great Britain and of Ireland. It is pleasant to believe what one has to be the best of his kind in this world. "Society, male, amusements can be best had at home." If one can believe all these things to be enjoyed to a lesser degree anywhere else,

such belief leads to a selfish satisfaction which is enviable.

Thus a rural parson, seeing four persons playing lawn tennis and four more looking on, exclaimed, "Dear me, what a brilliant scene!" and fully believed that his own parish was producing a vision of animation unrivalled elsewhere. So the clans who got possession of, for instance, the Isle of Mull, believed that none before their paradise save with their permission; and thus the MacDonalds believed in their exclusive possession of the Island of Islay, and grievous feuds arose, and the little fleets of each clan met and fought, and invasions were undertaken and bloodshed continued for long between the MacLeans and the MacDonalds. These little wars continued until comparatively very recent times.

These clans were a law unto themselves. Not only would they not pay just debts, but they constantly added to the heavy counts against them by "scurrying" or "sponging" on all their neighbors, by carrying off their cattle and goods and then retreating to places most difficult to attack.

The most ancient castle in Scotland was Dunstaffnage near Oban where the stone of Destiny, the coronation of the ancient Irish Kings and then of the Scottish monarchy, was kept. Thence it was taken to the Palace of Scots. From thence it was taken by Edward I. "The Hammer of the Scots," as he called himself, and ever since it has been placed in the Coronation Chair, fulfilling the curious prophecy that, wherever it may be, there a king of Scottish blood shall reign.

The Highlanders were dressed as kilted, tuckered, sub-tenants and scallags. The men wore a short coat of home-made tartan and a kilt of Stirling plaid. The women wore this small plaid fastened with a brooch about the shoulders. Their other garments were made of tartan.

Their dwellings were, in some parts of Scotland, made of a round double wall of unhewn stones with sand or moss between the walls. A hole in the middle of the roof let out the smoke from a fire lit in the centre, as in the wigwam of an American Indian. The clan system was devoted to the best of a tribe. Now we hardly recognize any but the nearest relationships. Perhaps we go too far in this, for unless a man has devotion to some ideal, private or public, he is a poor creature. Let us seek and serve a public principle if we cannot serve a patriarchal prince.

What the Slav Question Means

Has Europe any Business to Interfere in the Balkan Dispute?

WHEN we take up the Slav question we enter at once into the politics of Europe. "But" the world is asking "Why have the European powers the right to interfere in Balkan affairs?" Frederick Moore, writing in *The National Geographic Magazine* says that it is, in the first instance, the right of might, but most of the powers have also very definite reason or excuse.

England, the supporter of the Turks in former years, aided them then because the alternative of their occupation of Con-

stantinople when she feared that they, being Slavs like the Russians, would eventually be annexed by Russia. But the three Slav States of South-eastern Europe have given very clear proof to the contrary, and as long as they desire their own liberty of action and independence, Great Britain will allow her Christian sympathies to support those minor States against the Turks.

The position of Austria-Hungary supported by Germany in her interference on



Chadara victims from the trains which came into Constantinople daily for weeks with sick and wounded from the lines.

stantinople, seemed to be an occupation by the Russians, and England has never ceased to guard against the Russians achieving their ambition to acquire an outlet to a Southern sea.

As is well known, England's permanent policy in European affairs is to maintain a divided continent in order that she may remain supreme. She is always to be found balancing the rival European camps, thereby keeping the peace by placing her navy on the side of the weaker group. She is well satisfied that the Balkan States are victorious in the present war, though she op-

posed them when she feared that they, being Slavs like the Russians, would eventually be annexed by Russia. But the three Slav States of South-eastern Europe have given very clear proof to the contrary, and as long as they desire their own liberty of action and independence, Great Britain will allow her Christian sympathies to support those minor States against the Turks.

behalf of the Albanians is one of serious politics as well as of thwarted ambitions. The evident intention of the victorious Balkan States was to divide Albania, an important territory though peopled only by a primitive mountain race and more or less sparsely settled. But the accomplishment of this plan would unite the Montenegrins and the Serbians on the south of Austria within whose borders are many Slavs.

Austria-Hungary desires to keep any confederacy of the Southern Slavs feeble, because though these Southern Slavs intend to maintain their independence, they

are, nevertheless in sympathy with Russia, the great Slav nation, whose religion, like their own, is Orthodox—that is to say of the same form as the Greek.

The great balance of racial power in

taining an intact Albania which Austria will support and assert for political purposes, she may prepare for the future absorption by herself of this section at least of Turkey in Europe.



Slav peasants of Bosnia in the Austro-Hungarian Empire.

Europe being Germanic and Slav, the Germanic powers must prevent a strong Slav Confederacy south of them, as long as their northern frontier is permanently open to a Russian menace. Furthermore, by main-

It is because Roumania is not Slav, yet lies geographically between Russia and the Southern Slavs that she naturally adheres in sympathy to the Germanic Alliance. Roumania's claim for territorial

compensation from Bulgaria, is based on the fact that many settlements of Romanians, not emigrants from Roumania, but remnants of ancient Roman invasion of the Balkan Peninsula will be annexed by Bulgaria with her share of the conquered territory of Macedonia and the Adrianople vilayet.

With the new order of things that must come soon after the several countries are able to mark out their new border lines and extend their respective governments, the various scattered settlements will naturally, to some extent, shift themselves behind the respective border lines of the races with which they are to become assimilated. There will be no difficulties save those that exist already in Balkan countries with the Spanish Jews who took refuge in Turkey in great numbers during the period of persecution in Spain.

As for the Turk, he will look back to Asia, selling out his lands for what he can get, or allowing them to be taken from him, for there is much vindictive feeling

among the Christians. He will dispense with the question of compensation—being a fatalist—as the will of Allah. He will make his way back to Asia as he came away, centuries ago, little changed by his association with the people of Europe—whom he has kept as he found them in a medieval condition, with all the barbarity of medieval Europe, with all its pietism, its color, its squor, and unthinking faith.

Will the Turk change now, and progress and reform? That is a question which I should answer in the negative. He is a Modern, and the seal of the true Modern is indifferent to progress.

But for the enlarged Balkan States it seems safe to predict rapid development along modern lines, for we have seen how all of them, under great difficulties have already fulfilled partially, at least, their aspirations to adopt the civilizing institutions of Europe and to advance in education, morals, and material welfare.

Cancer is Being Cured

The Radium Institute in London has Helped Over 79 Per cent. of the Cases

SINCE medical statistics tell us that sixty per cent. of the deaths of the present age are due either directly or indirectly to this dreaded disease, it is interesting to note what Henry Smith Williams, M.D., LL.D., writing in *Hearn's Magazine*, says with regard to the latest scientific discoveries for its treatment.

Doubtless the greatest single problem that concerns the medical profession today is the cancer problem. It may fairly be said, as indeed it was said recently by Dr. Peyton Rous of the Rockefeller Institute, that the cause of cancer is absolutely unknown. Dr. Rous has had great experience in enlivening cancer and in transferring the abnormal tissues from one animal to another, including mice, rats, and chickens. He appears to have produced cancer in an animal by injecting a liquid that had passed through a filter. This means that no bacteria of size visible under the most powerful microscope. It does not follow, however, that some ultra-microscopic virus, comparable in nature to the virus of smallpox and measles and the allied diseases, is not contained in the fil-

trate. But there are many pathologists who believe that cancer in the human subject originates from changes in the cells of the body without the influence of a transmissible virus.

A good deal of attention has been directed recently to the experiments of Dr. Leo Loeb, of St. Louis, who has long been testing colloidal copper in the treatment of cancer. Dr. Loeb's reputation as a cautious and thoroughly scientific investigator gives peculiar weight to anything that he says on the subject. Some of the results reported are encouraging. Unlike the tentative remedies of Van Wassermann and Ehrlich, the colloidal copper remedy has been tested on the human subject. Its use has led in many cases to a retrogression in the progress of the cancer. Dr. Loeb ventures the hope that when further developed his remedy may prove curative.

Meanwhile the first annual report of the London Radium Institute tells of the effects of the treatment of cancer by radium therapy. Boldly stated the statistics are these: Apparently cured 53, cured 28, improved 245, not improved 76, abandoned treatment

58, died 55. These results are regarded as on the whole very encouraging. It is said that cases reported as apparently cured are those in which all traces of the original disease have disappeared, and there are no indications of recurrence. The cases in which treatment was abandoned were chiefly those who had to leave London or who could not afford to travel repeatedly from the country to the Institute. The cancerous tissues that responded most favorably

to treatment were those located at the surface. Deep-seated cancers, even of the same type, were usually much less amenable to treatment.

Perhaps the most important conclusion drawn from the experience of this first year of the Radium Institute is that, except in the case of superficial affections, such as small cancers, radium should never be relied upon to take the place of a possible operation.

New Profession for Girls

Posing for Illustrations in Advertisements has Now Become a Regular Business

WE LIVE in the Advertising Age, of course, but what should we do for our daintiest and prettiest portals without the Advertisement girl? Posing for advertisements is a comparatively new profession for girls and presents many attractions and advantages.

In the April "Royal," Mr. Elvin Neame who is an expert in advertisement photography, describes the art of posing for advertisement pictures and gives many hints to the would-be model.

The ideal advertisement model is not a girl of marvellous beauty, nor need she possess an elaborate wardrobe of expensive frocks; on the contrary, a blouse and tailor-made skirt are sufficient for the photographer's purposes. Her features should be good, her expression of those pleasing, and her whole appearance that of the ordinary middle-class girl—neat, but not gaudy, smart but not over-dressed.

There are thousands of girls who could fulfil these requirements, of course, but something more is required of the advertisement model. If she is to be a real success in her profession she must possess a certain amount of dramatic instinct, which will enable her to get into the character of the picture for which she happens to pose.

That the profession is one for which every girl is not adapted is evident from the fact that out of something like 700 to 1,000 applicants only about ten per cent. turn out useful models.

Nobody can foretell what the results of a successful advertisement will be. Sometimes they are rather unexpected.

One girl for instance was used to illustrate a catalogue which was sent to Paris, with the result that theatrical managers,

concert directors, and all sorts of other people poured in letters of inquiry as to who the girl was and where she might be found.

In the case of another advertisement, a man wrote from India to ask for the photograph of the girl who had posed, as she was, he said, the living image of a lady whom he loved in England. Curiously enough, another man wrote for a photograph of this same girl saying she was the duplicate of his wife in South Africa.

One advertisement used in the London Tube Railway last year was so successful that the pictures could not be kept up at all. People quietly tore them down and kept them as souvenirs. Over fifty of these pictures disappeared in this way.

An advertisement may easily be spoiled by some little error in detail as Mr. Neame found out when he photographed a girl washing her face with her hands, only to discover that a woman always uses a sponge or flannel—now regarded by sanitarians as a dangerous practice, because of the germs they absorb.

On another occasion in preparing a laundry advertisement, sheets, tablecloths and blankets were placed on top of the white shirts, a fatal mistake, of course, as in every well-conducted laundry the light articles are placed on top of the heavy ones. In a third instance, through bad posing, a girl was depicted at the telephone with her ear to the mouthpiece.

Chocolate and pretty girls go together and a look of pleased anticipation on the face of the model speaks volumes for the quality of the chocolates. It is not often that a girl who poses as an advertisement for chocolates makes an equally attractive

advertisement for cooking ingredients. But a clever model can adapt herself to different requirements—can look delightfully frivolous with a box of chocolate or charmingly serious with the rolling-pin.

The advertisement model will do well to find out what kind of an advertisement she is to be used for, before consenting to pose. Otherwise, she may find herself posing in some dental advertisement, with her front teeth removed, or for some skin disease cure, with her face all covered

with blotches, or with grey locks, for the purpose of advertising a hair dye.

Many advertisement models combine stage work with posing, and walk on or sing in a chorus at one of the theatres at night, in addition to working at a studio in the morning.

The working hours at a studio are probably from ten to one o'clock, and this will bring the girl in an income of about \$15 a week. If she is walking on as well, her income should be about \$25 a week.

Old English and Scotch Ballads

Rich Discoveries of Melodies Being Made in the Southern States

THAT THE mountain fastnesses of Virginia and North Carolina should furnish the greatest unexplored field for old English and Scotch Ballads seems at first sight a somewhat striking idea.

This, however, is the belief of Dr. C. A. Smith, Professor of English at the University of Virginia.

Tremendous impetus was given Professor Smith's ballad-hunting a few weeks ago, says the New York Evening Post, when one of his students—W. E. Gilbert, of Russell County, Virginia—produced a variant of the famous ballad called "Barbara Allen." Mr. Gilbert heard it sung by an illiterate old woman in the mountains of Buchanan County, Virginia. Peggy speaks of this ballad in his diary, and Goldsmith, too, refers to it in several places. After making a number of visits to the old woman's cabin and after repeated failures, Mr. Gilbert at last succeeded in getting her to sing the ballad as it had been sung to her by her mother and grandmother and as she had sung it to her children and grandchildren. He set down the words and brought the completed form to Professor Smith.

Four New Verses of "Barbara Allen."

This variant has proved to be, in the opinion of Professor Smith, a notable discovery, indeed. Other variants of "Barbara Allen," one of the most famous ballads in the world, by the way, have been found in New England. All of them, however, are obviously incomplete in one particular. In the ballad as it has been handed down from generation to generation, that is, in the form in which it is generally

known to-day, Barbara Allen is made to be deeply grieved at the death of her lover, but in none of the known versions is any explanation made of the cause of her grief.

In the variant which Mr. Gilbert has found, there are four verses more than in any other variant hitherto discovered. These four verses give the clue to the grief of Barbara. This fact leads Dr. Smith to the conclusion that the present variant is, perhaps, nearer the original than any that has ever been unearthed before. The verses in point are as follows:

"Do you remember the other day,
When we were at the tavern drinking?
You drank a health to the ladies all,
And you singled Barbara Allen."

"Yes, I remember the other day
When we were at the tavern drinking;
I drank a health to the ladies all
And three to Barbara Allen."

"Do you remember the other night
When we were at the ballroom dancing?
You gave your hand to the ladies all
And singled Barbara Allen."

"Yes, I remember the other night
When we were at the ballroom dancing;
I gave my hand to the ladies all
And my heart to Barbara Allen."

These four additional verses, Dr. Smith is convinced, tend to show that beyond question this new variant is a truer version of the original ballad than any other known one, because they make the story complete by giving a motive for the poignant grief of Barbara over the death of her lover. In all other versions the reason for Barbara's grief is in the dark. In them she accuses her lover as in this new one, but he makes no defense as he does here.

The new variant, furthermore, is called

Barbara "Ellen," not "Allen." Dr. Smith thinks this is another evidence that Mr. Gilbert's discovery is nearer the original than previously discovered variants, because Ellen throughout the ballad makes better rhyme than does Allan.

Still another undeveloped field for the future collector is to be found among the Southern negroes. A former student of the University of Virginia, George P. Waller, Jr., recently sent Professor Smith a negro version of one of the most famous pure English ballads—"Sir Hugh, or, The Jew's Daughter." It was learned from a negro "mammy" near Montgomery, Ala. Professor Smith says this is the first example, so far as he knows, of a negro variant of one of the 305 ballads recognized by Professor Child, the greatest ballad collector of the English-speaking world. It is believed that there must be many of these

variants scattered among the colored people of the South. To round them up would add not only to the world's knowledge of ballad survivals on American soil, but also, says Professor Smith, to the knowledge of primitive negro syntax and vocabulary in the attempt to reproduce European traditions.

In the effort to win these survivals from the illiterate white and black people of the South, a serious obstacle has been encountered. The old people who know the ballads are wary of singing them in the presence of strangers. It is often a very difficult task to induce the old folks to sing them at all, and rarely to repeat them so that they may be set down in writing. But, with a judicious use of "favors" and much diplomacy, this reluctance no doubt can and will be overcome.

Feeding the Public

A Chain of British Restaurants Similar to the Well Known American One

AT THE outset of his career, palattes (fast palates) were of permanent interest to Sir Joseph Lyons, he tells us in the April Strand Magazine.

Sir Joseph is the founder of the large London catering firm, bearing his name, with a capital of eight and a half million dollars, and owning some two hundred and fifty restaurants, something after the style of Child's on this continent, which feed about 2,500,000 of the inhabitants of London. The company is paying a dividend of something like 62½ per cent. on the ordinary stock.

In his early days some of his water colors were exhibited at the Royal Institute and everything pointed to this being his occupation in life. But the incident of a badly served meal turned his thoughts in another direction.

"It chanced that, to satisfy the inner man, one morning in the 'eighties I strolled into a dirty—in me, repellent but a London restaurant, ordered the best waiting dish I could hit upon, and turned things over in my mind during the unseasonably long time I had to wait for the arrival of my repast. I had often enough before this reflected how great fortunes had



Sir Joseph Lyons.

been made by the discovery of some simple universal want waiting to be supplied. In a flash it came to me that I had discovered just such a simple unexploited universal want—clean and decent fare in bright and congenial surroundings at a reasonable price.

And there and then was laid the foundation-stone of a business which now feeds about two million of the inhabitants of London, and which on every working day is the year eaters for over five hundred thousand men, women and children—a business, too, which finds work for nearly sixteen thousand employees."

Thus the artist becomes the successful business man and he attributes his success to the observance of two maxims: "Never bite off more than you can chew" (quite an appropriate motto), and "Advertising's a good thing if you're advertising a good thing."

The twentieth century business man, he tells us, must be a man of ideas; he must wait until he sees his chance, and then seize it with lightning rapidity. To "make good," he must possess three qualifications—Concentration, Originality and Continuity.

"To parents who are perplexed as to what to do with their sons, I would therefore say: Bring them up to appreciate the value of ideas; give them that tuition which will help them to become keen, clear-brained business men. If you do this year boys will prove the truth of my contention that there are as many openings in business to-day as ever there were. The openings are not the same—that goes, without saying—but they exist all the same."

The watchword of the young man of today should be "Anticipation." In that one word lies the secret of success."

Misery in the Blood

A Country Where There is No National Spirit and Guerilla Patriotism Abounds

MEXICAN misfortunes and miseries are in the blood. Insurrections suppressed do not relieve them. Revolutions triumph do not cure them. No military skills from a Madero to a Huerta with cold-blooded murder of the best men in Mexico—perhaps on around the circle, says Maclean's Magazine.

In Mexico there is no national spirit. There is no devotion to impersonal principles, no reverence for unselfish ideals, no inspiration to patriotic sacrifice.

There are no party divisions in the usual sense—groups of men seeking to promote, through their representatives, their view of what is best for the public life. There are followers of personal leaders. There are no conservatives; there are Diazists. There are no liberals; there are Maderistas. There are no radicals; there are Zapatistas or other hands—bushwhackers or bandits—following personal leaders.

The Mexican of the masses can be deceived to his family, meaning flesh and blood to him. He can be loyal, like the same token, to his leader. He cannot be devoted to a party merely of principles.

The masses of Mexico can love their little strip of land. They cannot love their Constitution. They know very well what

their little strip of land is and what it does for them. They have no comprehension of what their Constitution is, or what it is expected to do for them. They are not interested in anything so remote from self. They don't care what happens to them indirectly through their Constitution. They do care what comes to them directly through their leaders.

Government is thus left to be pursued and captured like game by the leaders of an adventurous and ambitious few whose motives, more powerful but not more disinterested than those of the masses, are personal advantage and private gain.

All those conflicting personal interests, ambitions, and passions make constantly for ferment and strife in the race, tribe against tribe, band against band, personal following against personal following. They are the political disease in the veins of the nation. The strong Diaz could mitigate it; he could not eradicate it. The weak Madero intensified it. Others for many years may be incapable of doing much better than Madero. They are very likely to do a great deal worse than Diaz. One party or another uppermost in the government, there will continue to be political darkness in Mexico's future.

The Best Selling Book of the Month

In each issue of Maclean's we are telling the story of the most popular book of the month. For this purpose we have called to our aid the editor of "The Bookseller and Stationer," the newspaper of the book trade in Canada. At the end of every month the leading booksellers from the Atlantic to the Pacific send a report to that paper, giving the list of the six best sellers. This will be most valuable information for our readers who want a popular book, but who, until now, have had no really reliable information to guide them. In addition to telling what the book is about, the sketch will be made doubly interesting by timely references to the career of the author. In no other way can our readers so readily, with so little expense of time and money, obtain up-to-date education in current literature.

By Editor of "Bookseller and Stationer"

ONE of the most interesting personages among the literary men of the day is Jeffery Farnol whose new novel, "The Amateur Gentleman," published in March, has jumped to the position of the selling book of the month, displacing Ralph Connor's "Corporal Cameron," which had securely held first place among best sellers since its publication last November.

Three years ago Farnol caused a literary sensation on both sides of the Atlantic with his "Broad Highway," its success being complete and overwhelming. Last year an illustrated edition de luxe was brought out and it is altogether probable that a similar edition of "The Amateur Gentleman" will be published in view of the extraordinary favorable reception which has been accorded this author's second big book.

It is to be observed that the expression used here is "second big book." There were others, but Farnol's fame rests on "The Broad Highway" and "The Amateur Gentleman." His first book, "My Lady Caprice," was not a success. Then he wrote "The Honey Moon" but it is a significant fact that the latter was not published until after the author's fame had been assured by the public's reception of "The Broad Highway," plainly having been put out on the strength of that big novel, with which it is not to be compared, nor with his latest books.



Jeffery Farnol.

"The Amateur Gentleman" possesses the same charming style, unusual humor and vigorous yet whimsical characterizations as those which distinguished the author's other out-standing successes.

Canadian readers will be interested in learning something of the career of Jeffery Farnol. It is full of human interest. Until three years ago he had for several years been earning a precarious living as a theatre scene painter in New York and it was in the intervals between the times he was engaged in that work, in a grimy studio at 38th Street and 10th Avenue, New York, that he wrote the greater portion of "The Broad Highway." The nature of his employ-

ment compelled him to spend many of his nights as well as days in that dismal place. The moments snatched from his regular occupation stretched the writing of the book over a period of two years and another similar period passed by before the novel eventually appeared in print. Submitted in turn to The Century Co., Scribner's, and Dodd Mead & Co., it was returned. It was "too long" and "too English." In one New York house, though, the read-

who have been similarly circumstanced can know what a disappointment it was. But finally he sent it to his mother, whom he describes as his "severest critic." Fearing that her own judgment might be prejudiced, she passed it on to an old friend of the family, Shirley B. Jevons, at that time editor of "The Sportsman," to whom the book was subsequently dedicated and it was promptly accepted by the first firm to which he submitted it—the London



The Bull Inn, Sittingbourne.

ers were so much at sixes and sevens that in a conference with the author, certain eliminations being suggested in turn, one or another of the readers would strenuously object and they being unable to reach ultimate unanimity, Farnol was obliged to carry his manuscript back with him again. Then a well-wishing actor friend volunteered to submit it to a Boston firm, but it remained in his trunk—forgotten. At the end of a year it was back in the author's hands unopened. At this stage, Farnol had said, he was minded to burn the manuscript, adding that only those

publishing house of Sampson Low, Marston & Co.

In a recent newspaper sketch, "How I Began," by Jeffery Farnol, the author began by going back to the time when as a very little lad he used to sit, round-eyed, while his father read aloud for hours at a time to the family. It was then that the idea of some day telling stories of his own, first possessed him. Through these readings Fenimore Cooper, Scott, Dickens, Thackeray, Stevenson, Dumas—all were familiar to him from early boyhood.

His penchant for story-telling ex-

hibited itself in his school days much to the delectation of his school fellows, now "grave solicitors, stern soldiers, busy doctors, and men of business," as Farnol refers to them. The time for the spinning of these tales was stolen from the hours allotted to that haunting incubus "dreg" or other legitimate school work. Marvellous were the tales told of field and food, chiefly flood because Farnol as a boy had a healthy affection for a really blood-thirsty pirate.

This same yarn-spinning propensity proved his undoing after he had, at seventeen, been sent to a firm of Birmingham engineers and brassfounders where he worked at the forge. "Black George" doubtless was an outcrop of that time. Blows with the foreman ensued in due course and young Farnol was sent back to his father as "no good for work—always writing."

In the days following that period Farnol was an enthusiastic cyclist and the high roads of Kent, Surrey and Sussex became familiar to him, sometimes with chum or brother, sometimes alone.

That most interesting of all his characters—"The Ancient" actually in the flesh—tall hat, smock-frock, shrewd wrinkled face, knarled hands grasping his knobby staff, just as described in "The Broad Highway," appeared, as Farnol was sitting one Sunday evening in the porch of the "Bull" at Sittingbourne, where he and his companion had washed the dust from their throats with good brown ale. That was the inception of "The Broad Highway," although it

was not until several years later, following his marriage and departure for New York where he eked out a not too luxurious living writing short stories for the magazines and painting scenes for the Astor Theatre, that the story came to be written.

The greater part of two years were devoted to the writing of "The Amateur Gentleman." In an easy, leisurely manner, rich in the atmosphere of England's Georgian days, it relates the history of Barnabas Barty, who, falling heir to a remarkable fortune willed him by his uncle, this uncle having been a young scapegrace who sailed away in an emigrant ship, sets forth for London to "become a gentleman." He assumes his mother's name of Beverley. As it develops, she had been of gentle birth, running away to escape a distasteful marriage, becoming the bride of "glorious" John Barty, one time champion pugilist of England. Barnabas' inheritance of pugilistic prowess is proved early in the tale when he knocks down his father who essays, in regulation ring style, to thrash out of his son the notion of entering the world of fashion.

Throughout the novel, there is adventure aplenty with the introduction of naive and lovable characters; a heroine whose beauty, caprice and steadfastness richly complement the true nobility of Barnabas who having set forth to conquer the world of society, ends by consuming himself thereby, in spite apparent defeat, winning true success in love and manhood.

SIX BEST SELLING BOOKS

CANADIAN SUMMARY.

1. The Amateur Gentleman (Jeffery Farnol) 271
2. The Judgment House (Sir Gilbert Parker) 92
3. The Hooper Warrior (A. & M. Hutchinson) 71
4. The Slave of Damascus (John M. Leach) 71
5. Heart of the Hills (John Fox, Jr.) 71
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UNITED STATES SUMMARY.

1. The Heart of the Hills (John Fox, Jr.)
2. The Amateur Gentleman (Jeffery Farnol).
3. The Judgment House (Sir Gilbert Parker).
4. The Slave of Damascus (John M. Leach).
5. The Day of Days (Louis Joseph Vance).
6. My Little Sister (Elizabeth Robins).

The Scientific Development of To-Day

TO review the history of science during the last hundred years is to read a record which would have sounded as an idle dream a century ago. Achievement has been so steady that it has become commonplace, and the most important accomplishments are accepted as a matter of course.

In the field of transportation alone, the development of the locomotive, the electrical street car, the automobile, and last, but not least, the dirigible balloon and the aeroplane, show something of man's progress during the past century. Could any of those who saw the first crude attempt at communication by telephone or telegraph forecast the marvellous invention of wireless telegraphy, as used to-day.

These are but a few inventions showing the progress of man. Still greater than these is the wonderful progress that is being made toward the prevention of disease and the retention of health. What more wonderful, for instance, than the discovery that the life giving property of the atmosphere—oxygen—can be harnessed and delivered at will to the disease racked bodies of humanity by means of the *Oxyphathor*.

It is recognized by the foremost medical men of to-day that their sphere is to aid nature's forces in the human body, to fight against microbes and germs which are the cause of sickness and disease. Only one thing has ever been found which is capable of doing this almost universally and without the least injury, and that is Oxygen.

Oxygen is life. One of the foremost scientists of to-day has said "Life is a constant struggle against oxygen deficiency." What we need to know is the way to get it. *Oxyphathor* is the way—it is the treatment of disease by atmospheric oxygen.

The difficulty has been to reach the seat of complaint with a quantity of oxygen without heavy expense. This can now be accomplished through the *Oxyphathor*.

Oxyphathor is clean, safe, speedy and efficient. It is scientific in its operation and in harmony with natural laws.

Unlike the drug treatment, it does not demoralize, enslave or destroy, but works for health, sanity and independence.

Everyone possessing an *Oxyphathor* is his own physician and thoroughly equipped with the best possible means of defending himself or his family against the most deadly infections. Whether it is in a palace or a hut, city or village, plantation, desert or jungle, the *Oxyphathor* affords its owner an assurance of security against disease the value of which is beyond computation.

Thousands of testimonials have been written as to the value of *Oxyphathor* in every conceivable complaint and disease, some of them perhaps from the readers own city, from neighbors and friends.

They are all genuine, honest letters—every one—just as they came from the pens of the writers—simple, frank, unaffected, and many of them eloquent and heart-stirring. Their authenticity cannot be questioned. The full and complete address of the writers will be given in nearly every case. All may be written to for verification of their statements over their own signature, only we ask that in writing them the courtesy be shown of enclosing a 2-cent stamp for reply. Please do not forget this small but important matter. Many queries answered must naturally necessitate expense, to say nothing of the labor of writing such answers.

Everybody should learn more of this wonderful natural means of preserving health and curing disease for their own self-interest or for some dear friend who is suffering. Valuable information will be gladly sent free to all interested. Write to-day to Mr. J. P. Owen, 701 Yonge Street, Toronto, and get this information which will be the means of bringing new joy to the sick and loving health to those who now enjoy its benefits.



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THE wide fame of the Berry Wagon is perhaps one of the best evidences of the almost universal demand for Berry Brothers' Varnishes.

W. W. Denlow, the famous artist who drew the "Winged Of" pictures, has beautifully illustrated in color for the children, "Around the World in a Berry Wagon." A copy will be sent free on request. One of the illustrations is reproduced herewith in black and white.

For fifty-five years Berry Brothers have been making high-grade varnishes and varnish products. And because the high standard of manufacture has always been maintained, the business has grown to be the largest of its kind in the world. Our storage tanks alone have a capacity of 1,500,000 gallons.

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You can't go wrong if it's Berry Brothers.
You may go wrong if it isn't.



MOGUL

CIGARETTES
EGYPTIENNES



Startled at the stillness broken by this word so
strangely spoken
I crossed the office softly and I peeped out
through the door
But no soul my vision greeted; so went back,
but scarce was seated
Ere the voice again repeated, this time
underneath the floor
"MOGUL! MOGUL! smoke some more."